

# EVA B. ADAMS:

## WINDOWS OF WASHINGTON

### NEVADA EDUCATION, THE U.S. SENATE, THE U.S. MINT

Interviewee: Eva B. Adams

Interviewed: 1973-1980

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#### Description

Eva B. Adams is a Nevada native born in 1908. After spending her early childhood in Nevada mining camps, she received her education in Reno, and then graduated from the University of Nevada. She also earned degrees at Columbia University and American University.

Miss Adams's early career activities took her to a teaching position in Las Vegas, and later to teaching and administrative jobs at the University of Nevada. She is known most widely, however, for her work as an administrative assistant to three U.S. Senators from Nevada: Patrick McCarran, Ernest Brown, and Alan Bible.

Hired by Senator Patrick McCarran in 1939, she soon became the dominating influence of his office staff, and accounted, in no small measure, for the senator's success. Adams ran an efficient office. She was good enough at it to be asked to teach a course in how to run a senator's office—a class attended by many congressional aides and even some senators. Her personal power stemmed from her association with McCarran, but many found it easier to deal with her than with the occasionally choleric senator. She could ease over a situation, soothe irritated officials, and smooth ruffled feelings.

She never forgot that much of McCarran's power within Nevada, and thus his ability to get re-elected, derived from his doing personal favors for people. The McCarran political organization (Adams does not like the word "machine") was built as an aggregation of such individuals, or "friends" as she would put it. The organization was built on personal magnetism, friendship, love and loyalty, and it crossed party lines.

The most prominent and important part of this oral history deals with the years with McCarran. Adams is careful in her discussion of McCarran. If she knew where the bodies were buried, and many would testify that she did, she is not telling. Her loyalty to the senator is always manifest. Still, she is in many ways insightful. Adams has a good eye for detail, and for delineating the senator's character. Her discussion of his health is illuminating. She adds to our knowledge of many aspects of Nevada politics, perhaps most revealingly with her discussion of the casino advertising boycott of the Las Vegas Sun in 1952, and McCarran's role in it.

After McCarran's death in 1954, Adams continued as administrative assistant to Ernest Brown, McCarran's appointed replacement who served only three months, and then to Alan Bible from 1955 until 1961. There is a certain veil drawn over the Bible years, and one can only conclude that neither Adams nor Bible were particularly comfortable with each other. For the most part she keeps her thoughts to herself. Senator Bible is just as cautious in discussing Adams in his oral history.

*(Continued on next page.)*

## Description (continued)

Partly because of Bible's influence and recommendation, President John F. Kennedy in 1961 appointed Adams as director of the United States Mint, a post she held for eight years. Little understood by outsiders, the mint properly appears to be nearly at the center of both government and commerce. Miss Adams is informative and animated in discussing her position as director, and she demonstrates technical competence and economic expertise. She mastered the job and did well by it. Her public career ended when she was replaced in 1969, following the election of Republican Richard Nixon to the presidency, but she continued work as a director on several boards, and was employed by the Mutual of Omaha Insurance Company.

This oral history is a careful one—perhaps too careful—but it abounds in insights on the years with McCarran, and as director of the Mint. It gives Adams's personal background, but there is little about her personal life once she became professionally established. It shows Eva Adams to be a hard-working, enthusiastic woman who knew how to get along with people and how to master situations. This is a useful study of an outstanding Nevada woman who became an unusually efficient and capable administrator.

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**NEVADA EDUCATION, THE U. S. SENATE, THE U. S MINT**

An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler’s meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

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## INTRODUCTION

Eva H. Adams is a Nevada native, born in 1908. After spending her early childhood in Nevada mining camps, she received her education in the local schools of Reno, and then graduated from the University of Nevada. She also earned degrees at Columbia University and at American University.

Miss Adams' early career activities took her to a teaching position in Las Vegas, and later to teaching and administrative jobs at the University of Nevada. She is known most widely, however, for her work as an administrative assistant to three U.S. Senators from Nevada—Patrick McCarran, Ernest Brown, and Alan Bible—and as the Director of the U.S. Mint.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Program, Miss Adams accepted graciously, and proceeded through the busy schedules of the next seven years to record her memoir, in eleven sessions from September, 1973 to September, 1980, all at her Reno home. The volume includes her recollections of her early life and education, and then of her many-faceted careers in education and

politics. Dr. Jerome Edwards' introduction expands this study of Miss Adams' personality and work ethic.

Among the interesting chapters in Miss Adams' active life is that on her Directorship of the U.S. Mint. Little understood by outsiders, the Mint properly appears in Eva Adams' memoir to be nearly at the center of both government and commerce. Students in the future will surely find this segment informative. Eva Adams' review of her oral history transcript resulted in only a few minor deletions and some equally small corrections of language (a reflection of her time as a teacher of English). An exceedingly generous donation of manuscripts collected over many strenuous years supplements the oral history at the University's Reno Library.

The Oral History Program of the University of Nevada Reno Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of people who have been important participants and observers of the development of Nevada and the West. Resulting transcripts are deposited in the

University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas.  
Miss Eva Adams has graciously donated  
the literary rights in her oral history to the  
University of Nevada, and has designated the  
memoir as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass  
University of Nevada-Reno  
1982

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## SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Eva Adams is a Nevada woman who went far in the political world of Washington, D.C. She gained influence as administrative assistant to three United States senators, and as Director of the United States Mint. This influence came when it was comparatively rare for a woman to hold elective office (except perhaps in running for a deceased husband's seat) or even appointive office.

Adams is therefore a woman of great ability. She needed it to be as successful as she was. This oral history points up two personality characteristics which pushed her ahead.

For one thing she describes herself as “a workhorse” (p. 24). In her words,

“I have gotten in trouble with people by saying that I never felt the long arm of discrimination. But see, I had a motto and I believe in it to this day, that if you’re going to be in a man’s world you have to work harder than any man, and then nobody questions and nobody objects and nobody can be difficult because you’re earning

what you get. I certainly believe in equal pay for equal work. Sometimes you have inequalities because perhaps a woman has to work a little harder, but she knows that when she goes in. So, I have no compunctions on that score. I just feel very keenly that it’s up to the individual.” (p. 133)

This work ethic is coupled with an enthusiasm for successfully accomplishing the task at hand—no matter how grubby—an enthusiasm for people, and a zest for the challenge of new situations. According to her, it was “enthusiasm more than intellect” (p. 28) which got her ahead, although she was by no means laggard in intellect, for that matter. One notes, in reviewing her oral history, that Adams laughs a lot as she recounts her past; she finds people and situations, in her words, to be “delightful,” “interesting,” “great,” and “fascinating.” This sense of wonderment was important to her success.

Hired by Senator Patrick McCarran in 1939, she soon became the dominating

influence of his office staff, and accounted, in no small measure, for the Senator's success. A good staff is absolutely indispensable for a senator.

"I shouldn't speak of this because it sounds self serving, but I think that one of the things that makes or breaks a public official is the staff, the people around him. They can get him in trouble or keep him out; they can run an efficient office or have it absolutely useless;..." (p.197)

Adams ran an efficient office. She was good enough at it to be asked to teach a course in how to run a senator's office—a class attended by many congressional aides and even some senators. Her personal power stemmed from her association with McCarran, but many found it easier to deal with her than with the occasionally choleric senator. She could ease over a situation, soothe irritated officials, and smooth ruffled feelings.

"...if I had any power, it stemmed from being associated with him. I might have had a little more influence (let me use that word), because I didn't lose my temper (I didn't think that was dignified), and I made friends on the telephone, which is where ninety-five percent of the work is done. And I sort of was fortunate in that people were so fearful of Senator McCarran [laughs], they were so happy to talk with me. And they had no reason to be fearful of him, except he was busy, he was in a hurry, and he would just lay it on the line and cuss 'em out if it took that, where I could reason and discuss things better." (p. 151)

She never forgot that much of McCarran's power within Nevada, and thus his ability to get re-elected, derived from his doing personal favors for people. "He had a big heart and that was his happiest moment, when he could do something' for an individual." (p. 138) The McCarran political organization (Adams does not like the word "machine") was built as an aggregation of such individuals, or "friends" as she would put it. "Because, to me, what you have in state politics and in national, as well, is loyal friends, who will voluntarily get out and work, and help you." (p. 155) The organization thus was built on personal magnetism, friendship, love, loyalty. And it crossed party lines.

The most prominent, and important, part of this oral history deals with the years with McCarran. Adams is careful in her discussion of the Senator. If she knew where the bodies were buried, and many would testify that she did, she is not telling. Her loyalty to the Senator is always manifest. Still, she is in many ways insightful. Adams has a good eye for detail, and for delineating the Senator's character. Her discussion of his health is illuminating. She adds to our knowledge of many aspects of Nevada politics, perhaps most revealingly with her discussion of the casino advertising boycott of the Las Vegas Sun in 1952, and the Senator's role in it.

Adam's narrative slides off after McCarran's death in 1954. She continued as administrative assistant to Ernest Brown, McCarran's appointed replacement who served only three months, and then to Alan Bible from 1955 until 1961. There is a certain veil drawn over the Bible years, and one can only conclude that neither Adams nor Bible were particularly comfortable with each other. For the most part she keeps her thoughts to herself. Interestingly, Senator Bible is just as

cautious in discussing Adams in his own oral history. Partly because of Bible's influence and recommendation, President John F. Kennedy in 1961 appointed Adams as Director of the Mint, a post she held for eight years. It is here that the Adams oral history comes alive again. She is informative and animated in discussing her position as Director, and she demonstrates technical competence and economic expertise. She mastered the job and did well by it. Her replacement, in 1969, ended her public career, although she continued work as a director on several boards, and being employed by the Mutual of Omaha Insurance Company.

As stated, this oral history is a careful one—perhaps too careful—but it abounds in insights on the years with McCarran, and as Director of the Mint. It gives her personal background, but there is little about her personal life once she became professionally established. Her oral history shows Adams to be a hard-working, enthusiastic woman who knew how to get along with people, how to master situations, and who became an unusually efficient and capable administrator. This is a useful study of an outstanding Nevada woman.

Jerome Edwards  
Professor of History  
January, 1983



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## EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

My father was a very, very wonderful man—great, big, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, stalwart individual, whom I adored, really. We were great pals, but he lived in a time when things were rough for his family. He put his older brother through school, and his younger brother. He was the middle brother of three, and then he had two other halfbrothers. He helped them all, always. He was just sort of the father of the whole clan, and always lived that way.

When we were little kids and lived in the mining camps, Mother and Father were gay and happy, and had a great time. I remember a—do you know what a shivaree is? They had a shivaree for somebody. He owned the hotel there—ran the hotel in Wonder, and I have a strange—I don't know how far back children remember, but above the noise of the music, and the strumming guitars, and so forth, I could hear my father's very deep laugh. He laughed way down here [points to stomach].

Whenever I heard that laugh, I knew everything was all right. He, of course, had grown up in Colorado, and came out here,

as did many, many people from Colorado. Cripple Creek and Victor, Colorado are not ghost towns, but they, too, had problems with survival. And incidentally, that was the early days, you know, of I suppose what has become the mine and smelter workers union, called the IWW. And I only know it through hearsay, but the strikes which occurred in the mining camps at that time caused many families here in Reno and all over the state to leave Colorado and come west to find their fortune. Mother and Dad ended up in this delightful little mining camp of Wonder, which is—you go to Fallon and then you go out to Salt Wells and turn left into Dixie Valley. Everybody wants to go to Wonder and see what's there, and I can tell them before they go, there is nothing there. Many scavengers, many people with metal detectors looking for gold coins and so forth [laughs], but I don't think they find too much. It was an interesting mine because the veins were horizontal, instead of going deeply into the earth, this way. They went horizontally into the mountainside, and in so doing, they made a lot of glory holes.

So I used to get a big kick out of the word "glory hole." And there is a restaurant here in Reno, and I know that half the people who go there don't have any idea what the word glory hole means. But the mining camps were marvelous, really, because there was a bond among all the people who lived there. For youngsters, like my sister and me, growing up there was clean and wholesome. A rough life—. Everybody worked hard, but you spent a great deal of your life out-of-doors, and it was just plain good. It was wonderful.

My mother was a beautiful lady. She was just straight as a string, and proud. In running the hotel, they ran, of course, the restaurant and the bar, the store, which they called the commissary—all such things. I have such memories of both of them at times of crisis—my mother, one night, throwing some boisterous men out of the place, just by standing up in her dignity and telling them, please would they leave. [Laughs] Of course, normally they wouldn't've budged, but she had great force of personality, so they left, which was proper.

But Mother and Father were truly fine, hardworking people of good stock and unselfishness. My father was proud of being what you would call a self-made man. And he did very well, even though times were rough. The bank closed. He was postmaster in Wonder for a while, and they tell the story of a sort of a ticklish telegraph situation when the news came that the next day the bank was not to open its doors. This was a telegram from probably Reno to the man who owned the bank, and it went through my father's hands, and he didn't run over and take his money out. He was too honest for that. I've always thought that was a great, interesting insight into his character because he was that type of person.

He and Mother were devoted, always. That has been one of the happiest memories

of my life. When people say that there aren't any happy marriages, I always think of one which was great. They were very thoughtful toward my sister and toward me. They finally decided my sister should go away to school, you know, so she lived away a good bit of the time—went to school in Canyon City, Colorado, from which they had come, lived with an aunt. So I almost grew up as an only child—fat, spoiled, but happy as a lark.

And it was a very, very interesting childhood. I started to school after we moved to Fairview, Nevada, which was about seven miles closer to Fallon than Wonder. And I went to school with some of the children of the families connected with the mines, and I also went to school (and this is a very happy memory) with Indian children. And I grew to love them greatly and understand them. They have great loyalty, also. Once in a while you encounter someone, even an Indian, who was from Wonder. But Wonder is gone. And Fairview is practically gone, although it still thrills me to go there and see the skeleton of the mill, which was, of course, the heart of the whole operation.

They would dig the ore out of the ground and refine it down to the point where it was in bars; then they would send it over the hill to the Mint. And that was the first time I ever heard of the dear Mint, which later was to have a great influence, of course, on my life.

But, as I say, I have quite good memories of all those years, and, strangely, living in Reno right now are people who were our friends in the mining camps. And my sister and I always kept in touch with my family friends, our family friends, because they are the kind of people you want to hang onto, even though they are older than we are.

The politics in these camps was interesting, because I remember when a politician would come, and stand on the front porch and make

a big speech [laughs] and everybody would applaud. Then a few days later the other man running would come. The same thing would happen, and everybody would applaud. This confused me very much because I couldn't decide what good it did. But, of course, it would have offended the people of the camp if anyone running for office had not come to see them. So that was sort of interesting.

They used to have great dances on Saturday night, and there were many occasions when Mother and Father would be going to the dances, so they would just bundle me up and take me along, and I would peacefully sleep on a chair while they went dancing. I guess it accounts for my ability to sleep under any circumstances, [laughs] which is a good quality to have, however, believe me. Mining camps have not much social life, except the friendly kind, but the Saturday night whoopsedo was always great.

My father never actually entered politics. He was always interested in people, and he used to get upset when something happened, or someone took an office which he didn't feel the man was capable of doing. Dad had great perception. He was a—could see through people. For instance, there was a great crisis one time, when a governor by the name of Balzar, who had been a sheriff, was elected governor at one point. And my dad thought this was the greatest in the world because this man understood the state, understood the people, because he was originally from Hawthorne.

This delighted Dad, and I think gave me a feeling of the fact that people who are going to do well in leading the affairs of a state or country, should first know the local situation, which I think is important. And sometimes people forget, particularly the carpetbaggers, who move in here and expect to be elected when they don't really belong here—one thing I don't particularly like.

My mother was, as I say, perfectly beautiful—great humility in a sense, but also great force of character. She did something in the mining camps which I've never forgotten. We had traveling ministers and preachers and so forth, but she used to try to have a Sunday school for the children. And, I think, if it were carried to the extreme, we would have almost become nature worshipers, because we—you know, were out near that beautiful Fairview Peak up there. But she instilled a lot of sound philosophy into us.

My father was from a line of Baptist ministers who go way, way back. And my mother was originally from Illinois but she lived in Canyon City with some very, very vigorously devout Episcopalians. [Laughs] There was always a little, tiny—all my life, there has been a little "do" between the Baptists and Ee-piscah-lopians, as I call them. [Laughs] My heart is sort of with both of them. But that early religious training, however unorthodox it might have been, in that we all were a little casual about it, nevertheless was very sincere and deep. I belong to the school of religious thinking, that you don't feel you're going to Hell if you don't go to church every Sunday. But yet, I wish that somewhere along the line I'd been told that, because then maybe I'd have gone. I think it's good for you.

We had a great minister here in Reno in the Baptist church, Brewster Adams. I'll never forget one day when Senator McCarran called up and asked if he could go to the Baptist church with us. You can imagine the furor in the Catholic church, right across the street, when one of their most prominent Catholics was seen going into the Baptist church. But that was a compliment to Brewster Adams, when the senator laughingly said if he couldn't get in one door, he might try another, which I thought was quite delightful.

In Aurora, my mother was a great, lovely lady, and she decided there should be a Sunday school. So she had the Sunday school out in the sagebrush; we'd sit on rocks. And she had children probably of all denominations in the group—I don't know, and I don't think she knew. But she was very cautious not to tread on the toes of any church group or anything.

She would point toward the mountains and down toward the flats, and tell them that there must be some higher power, and that perhaps it was beyond human comprehension (although she used a shorter word, I'm sure). But that was the Supreme Being to whom we all were obligated, and to whom we owed our very life, and to whom we owed the hope after death. I've never forgotten that last expression—the hope after death. I thought that was marvelous.

And then another time there was an accident in the mine, an explosion. The men got some sheets, four men to a sheet, holdin' each corner, and others would go around and pick up, obviously, pieces of bodies, put them in that sheet—oh, I cried for a week 'cause I knew one of the men who was killed: But that thing remained so vividly in my mind. They wouldn't let me go very near, so all I could see was these men with the sheets picking up the bodies. People don't realize the tragedy of those mining camps—. The humor, the great fellowship there was among the people who lived there. And that loyalty continues, because some of the people who were in the camps when I was—families—are still good friends of mine. Some of them are here and we communicate all of the time.

But it was a great lesson in many things to grow up in a mining camp. You had to be resourceful, you had to be independent, because your parents couldn't follow you around when you went runnin' over the hillside. I was always fascinated by the cyanide

pond, which, of course, was off limits. And I fell into a pigpen one time [laughs]. About three weeks later I got the mumps, and my mother said that was from falling in the pigpen, which I doubt. We lived in Aurora about two years.

My father worked for Mr. Wingfield, and when Mr. Wingfield started a camp, he would send my father to set up the hotel and the commissary, the bar, and such things as that. So we would go and stay until it was running well, and then if Mr. Wingfield had another—you know, had started another mine, my father would have to go. So we lived in many places, of course, I was born in Wonder—I don't remember much of that; and then we went to Fairview, where my father did the same; and Buckhorn, which is a delightful spot over Austin way, down toward Battle Mountain from Austin, which is a long way in between; and Aurora; and then from Aurora we went to Thompson, which was a copper smelter. But it was very interesting.

It helped me later in the Mint because I knew a little about mining and milling.

*Mary Ellen Glass: What do you remember about the other camps?*

Oh, well I remember one time in Buckhorn when my father, for some reason was away. And the saloon was part of the hotel into which we never went. But one night the miners were getting noisy and drunk, and so forth, and my little mother pranced in there and climbed up on the table and told them that they knew that Mr. Adams ran a respectable place, and she wasn't going to have this rowdyism, and any of them who couldn't be as they knew they should be could just leave. Well, of course, everybody was flabbergasted because none of the men would face that crowd at that point, but there

was mother standing up there just givin' it to them! (And I, of course, was peeking in.)

One time I hid in a laundry basket [laughs]. And I used to sneak in and sit on the laps of the men, and they taught me how to play various games, which my mother didn't approve of.

But it was nice, it was a very happy memory, very.

*Is that where you learned to be a good poker player?*

I would guess so, although my father had a theory that poker was a good game for a man or woman, not for the playing of it, but for the things you learned—to analyze whether people were bluffing or were sincere, to be able to maintain and retain a poker face, and various other aspects. It was interesting. He was a great person.

I haven't played poker for so long, I don't know if I could any more, but I've always enjoyed it.

And then after that, they felt I should go to a larger school and perhaps the mining camp life was too rugged on my mother, I guess. I've always felt that was why he felt we should move into town, so we moved into Reno.

From the sixth grade on I went to school in Reno—and was too young, really, to be in the grades I was in. But this early teaching was great teaching. These teachers who came to these mining camps, I have the greatest respect for. Maude Frazier, who later became superintendent of schools in Las Vegas, started out in Seven Troughs. She told me once she almost came to teach school in Fairview, and I would have wished she had, except I had good teachers there. But I think you learn so much in the one-room schoolhouse, you might say, or they did in those days, because you not only learned what you had to learn, but if you

were a little quicker than those around you, then you could listen to the other classes and it was interesting.

So I came in here to Reno and graduated from high school when I was fourteen, and I went to the University of Nevada. My parents had sort of thought that I should go away to school, but we were right here—we lived in the north end of town, the University was close, and I was just fourteen and fifteen, so they decided to send me to the University. So I went to the University of Nevada, which I just loved. And I was fat and scared and self-conscious; but I was happy because I never found that people were basically mean. I didn't think of it that way. But I think it carries out what was instilled in me—that people are good and that you should like people until you have reason for not liking them.

It was a great life. I had a red Irish setter—"Cap," as we called him, that used to go to school with me all the time, stand out in front of the door when class let out. That dog became quite an institution at the University of Nevada. [Laughs] I'm telling you! Oh, he was something. I loved that doggy.

*Would you like to tell a little bit about how you felt coming into Reno? I mean before we start on the University part of it?*

Well, once a year we would go to the city (and to this day, San Francisco is the only place in the world that you call "the city" without any other explanation). And I always associate San Francisco with shredded wheat biscuits [laughs] because we always could get them there. Oh, I remember one time we came into Reno to visit my sister, who was living with some people here and going to high school. There were some dandelions in the yard, and my mother and father were down at the hotel and I was staying with my

sister, and I went out and picked a bouquet of dandelions for my mother. Well, now you don't make bouquets of dandelions in the city and go traveling down the street, so my sister made me walk behind her. But to me those dandelions were beautiful, because on the desert we didn't have dandelions.

Our desert was a rocky, real dirt-road type of life. And yet the desert flowers in the springtime, and—oh, I love the desert. I think it's great. We used to walk in Fairview, about a mile and a half to school, down a steep canyon. But that, too, was fun because I think it not only made you physically strong (even though it didn't ever make me thin; I don't know why it didn't), but it gave you good strong legs and a lot of clean, fresh air. And that was good, too. I often wonder about school buses, because they are great, particularly if you live a long way away; but that walking to school is also great. In the city, perhaps it wouldn't be so great.

My father told me once, when I was quite young, when we moved from one mining camp to another, and I cried, because I didn't want to leave my friends (he called me Toots)—and he said, "Toots, you must never be homesick. I never want to hear that you're homesick because it is entirely up to you to be happy *wherever you are*."

And I've never forgotten that. When I went to New York the first time, I could have died, but then I remembered that it was up to me. So I've never found a bit of having to be in one place a real burden, because I think it can be a burden if people are unable to change their thinking. But he felt very keenly that you don't lose your old friends, but you certainly work at making new ones. And I think that was important.

But the transition to the city of Reno was not too rough, and that's partially due, I think, to the kindness of the city of Reno,

because it is a great place. And we lived out on North Sierra Street, and I had happy days there, too. I went to high school. Busy as a bird dog. I had to have my nose in everything, and belonged to every organization. I don't know why this was—I think gregariousness. But I had an inferiority complex, of course, because of being fat. But on the other hand, I was happy. I didn't brood. I was too busy to brood. I've often wondered if they kept me busy, or if it was instinctive, or what, but I never let it get me.

I was horrible in math, and chemistry, and I, to this day, give a vote of thanks to the boys around me [laughs] who kind of coached me on the math once in a while. I'd never have gotten through geometry, I swear, without a little explanation on the side. But that's just your bent.

But along in your school life—it's very interesting the things that happen. I think self-confidence is something that you have to be given, sometimes. I wrote a little poem in an English class. A young woman by the name of Eva Hale was the teacher. I wrote this little poem and it didn't seem so great, but she just complimented me, and it was the time in my life when I think I stood straighter and became interested in trying to be able to write. I think that's a great thing because everyone needs a pat on the back, and I got it very, very beautifully on account of my little four-line poem. I've never forgotten it nor Miss Hale, believe me, because it was wonderful. And all through this thing my dad and mother, as I say, were just like rocks of Gibraltar.

Dad had a rough go when he first came into Reno because it was at the time when things weren't easy. He was not a man of education. He had a lot of horse sense, believe me. But I think, perhaps that was as important, in many instances, as a tremendous amount of education. We were not wealthy,

but we certainly were comfortable, and I can remember when times were rough, Dad would come home with a great big beefsteak [laughs] which we just loved. He always had that feeling that you took care of your family.

In the process of leaving the mining camp and coming to Reno, he'd been through three bank failures. And so things were a little rough. Dad pulled us through, and Mother did. She finally decided that it would be wise to buy some property. Well, we didn't have much money to buy it with, but she went down on Lake Street, Fifth and Lake, and bought a lovely home, which had been built by the Fletcher family—a nice corner property. And how in the world she ever managed to build a little house next door for us, and rent the big house—. Then she built some apartments in the back, all—you know, making the payments, making the money to pay, but getting it done.

And I think it was when I was going to the Orvis Ring school when I first had a political interest, because they asked for somebody to pass out cards for Mayor Roberts. You never knew Mayor Roberts, but oh, he was pretty! [Laughs] And so dignified, and so forth. And so I was out there passing out cards for Mayor Roberts, and some big old guy came along and said I was too close to the polls. And you know, for weeks that confused me. I didn't know what was the matter, or what difference it made. That was my initiation into the practicality of politics.

But as time went on, because of my mother's and father's interest, I became very much aware of national things, and I *loved* history. Just *loved* it. And I used to be so *proud* when a teacher would ask a question on some obscure point and I would know the answer. Part of it was because Dad and Mother always saw to it that we had books around, and learned our history sort of—I

guess by osmosis—not necessarily in the classroom.

But this stood me in good stead, and when I went to the University, I didn't find things too hard. Academically, I found myself a little bored with certain things, and I'm not adept at learning new languages. Having to learn French and Spanish and German was the bane of my existence. [Laughs] Later when I had to get my master's at Columbia, and had to have enough German to have at least a reading knowledge, I tell you I looked back and wished I had become a better student, and studied harder at the University. But it worked out all right.

And I *loved* school. I really did. And I was in every sport in the whole sphere, except—. And I've often wondered because I couldn't run fast [laughs], but I think it was my enthusiasm (and my short legs). And then something would happen which would make people laugh at me. I don't know whether this is appropriate for your little project, but I'll *never* forget my most *humiliating* moment. It was when I was trying to learn to play baseball, and we were out on the field. There was quite a crowd and a little gallery because I think the senior girls, or somebody was playing somebody, but we were still able to ask questions. And so I hit the ball, ran to first base, and somebody picked it up and hit me. And so I said in a loud voice, "Does that count as an out if they hit you in the process?"

Well, of course, [laughs] they hit me right here, and everybody just *howled!* I was so mortified, which, again, was my sensitivity, probably. But it was a long time before I went back to playing baseball.

Those were great days. And I had another shining moment in my life when I wrote a theme—or a composition actually, and entered into competition—along the lines of chemistry, in which I was horrible. But I wrote

this theme on the potential of the mineral development in the state of Nevada, and really researched. And I won a twenty-dollar gold piece, and a scholarship to Vassar. And oh, my This was the greatest thing that ever happened in my life. But I didn't go. It was too far away.

There was talk once, too, of my going to Mills, but again it was expensive, and with the University right here, there was no reason. Dad and Mother used to—we would kind of talk things out, and I think that's great. I remember when I was offered this job in Las Vegas, after I graduated, the problems of getting to Las Vegas in those days were something. And they weren't too sure that they wanted me to go, but it was the highest salary—they paid the highest salaries in the whole state of Nevada. And I often think now, teachers here in the state, you know, fuss and fume [laughs] and everything, and want more. We still have, I think, the highest paid teachers in the whole country. Have you ever looked that up?

I don't mean university-wise. I'm thinking around the state, because, oh, they were head and shoulders above most of them, in those days. I had an offer to teach in Iron Mountain, Minnesota [laughs], but the salary was exactly one-half what I got in Las Vegas. So I might have ended up in Minnesota if they'd paid more. But maybe it was just as well that I didn't.

*If you'd like to talk in some detail about your university schooling, I think that would be nice.*

That was very interesting, because, in the first place I knew it was expensive, and the second place, remember, I was a roly-poly, very (I'm sure) unattractive little noisy, bashful, brat, and there was no particular reason why any house would bid me. We had these glamour girls come up from San

Francisco and we had them locally, and it's not always easy in a sorority to—for the girls, for your peers—to decide whom they really want. And I had my heart set on one particular house, which was Theta. I was invited to join another one, and whatever possessed me not to I don't know, but I didn't, and I was told I would never be invited to join another one. But I was bid Theta, the second semester after I entered, not the first. This was good for me because probably I was kind of cocky. But, oh, I had really suffered a little bit, because I wanted to be a Theta so badly. And you know, it was the greatest thing in the world for me—that's one reason I sort of carry the torch for sororities. I don't like the feeling that they are so exclusive that they hurt students who don't make it. Let me put it that way. And then there [are] always certain things that always make a problem, in connection with them. But for a self-conscious youngster like me, the encouragement of those girls—and some of them were marvelous—and the pride they had in me when I would win a prize, or do this or that. And I tell you, I wouldn't have gotten a bad grade at the University of Nevada for any thing in the world, mostly because [laughs] the Thetas wouldn't like it.

Oh, I worked my heart out for that! I think if you're prone to be idealistic, a fraternity or a sorority can bring out that goal and keep you kind of trying to measure up, even though the obstacles may be too great. And also, heartaches; I mean I wasn't the most popular gal on the campus, as far [laughs] as dates were concerned. [Laughs] I just wasn't the type, and I remember having to go to the dances, and get a date, but this, too, was good for me because it got me a little bit out of my busyness insofar as activities were concerned, and into what was a more normal social life, like dancing and all of that. So college was very happy to me, but the happiest part of it,

was, I think, doing well enough to make Phi Kappa Phi, and Cap and Scroll, and some of these organizations, which perhaps seem silly, and yet which mean the world to a youngster of eighteen or nineteen, who's gone out into the world and who needs to learn a little self-confidence.

Do you know, I look back when I think of my parents: I still have all of those pins, a whole collection of pins that I got in college with pearls, gold, etc. And those cost money, and I just wonder if I wasn't a selfish brat. On the other hand, it was that they let me go to conventions, and I was very active in the YWCA. I remember my mother cooking a lamb chop dish for the whole YWCA campus organization. [Laughs] I mean, for thirty-five or forty people, just illustrating my parents' interest and their wonderful, wonderful encouragement to me.

This has meant a great deal to me, and that is why I am still interested in various organizations on the campus. But getting back to Theta, it really meant a lot, because as I say, I needed something to shoot for and somebody to help me shoot. Just being the type I was—bashful and scared, and all of that sort of thing, even though I tried to hide it.

If I hadn't been so very young when I went to the University, I probably would not have needed the influence and help and support that ultimately came to me through the Theta house, but I'm not sure. I think being bashful and shy, and fat, [laughs] I probably would have needed it anyway. We call it a fraternity, the first Greek-letter fraternity among women. I found their encouragement and direction and what they expected of their members was exactly what I needed. As a result, I was the busiest person on the campus. But I was truly eager—really, it was the inspiration that came from Theta.

And then, I'm not sure always, of course, that those who need it are the ones who make the sorority and therefore get the support, which is unfortunate. But, it almost justifies the existence of sororities and fraternities, when you look at the perhaps few, but nevertheless significant help they have given to some, at least. And of course, it's a home away from home for so many, so I am rather prejudiced on the side of continuing the system. I know there's a great deal of feeling that there is no equality, and there is no this and there's no that. But life isn't always—. And why they took me, I'll never know, because I wasn't from a wealthy family, which was—everybody says they take the wealthy people, and I was not pretty, I was not talented in music or anything, and it was just—. As I look back, I think it's great credit to them [laughs]; they had the courage to pick up this fat, bashful soul, and help her.

The yearbook, the year I graduated, was sort of embarrassing because I was in so many activities, not the least of which was the *Sagebrush*. I think it was one of the first times that a woman was editor, assistant editor, or whatever I was of the *Sagebrush*. But what fascinated me was they had me writing heads and doing that sort of thing. I was spending every evening almost, except on the weekends, at the *Sagebrush* office. The men would see my coming; they would say, "Great, now we can leave," which I didn't think was [laughs] quite the proper way to do it.

But it was very interesting, this feeling that I had to accomplish these things for Theta—and for my mother and father, in the back of my mind. I had the scholarship to Vassar, but I was just fifteen and somehow, going clear across to Vassar when the University was eight blocks up the street, didn't seem the correct thing. So I've always been happy I went to the University.

Campus politics I had nothing to do with. And I frankly don't even recall them too much. I remember Procter Hug was student body president. My most vivid memory of him was the romance between him and Margaret Beverly. [Laughs] But she isn't very political, is she? But it was nice.

The University in the middle twenties was really—it was a good school, really good. Some of the people with whom I went to school did beautifully. Dr. Cantlon, I'll never forget because he was older than I. He went away to medical school, but before he went, he sold insurance to get the money. That was my first life insurance policy, I bought from Vernon Cantlon. It was great.

Fred Anderson became a Rhodes scholar. He used to make me mad because I was women's editor of the *Sagebrush*, and people recognize a workhorse when they see one, and those guys—he was editor—would goof off knowing that I would stay there till midnight or morning to get all the heads done and get the thing set up. But it was good for me, and they were nice to me, and I think appreciative.

At that time I met a man who was my first glimpse into another political sphere—one of the men who worked on the *Sagebrush*, and I won't mention his name. I think he was truly a Communist, without any doubt. And the reason I feel that so keenly is later when I went to New York to school, we met accidentally, on the street, and he invited me to his apartment. He was married, and the group around him are, I know, the type that was easily influenced. He was eight or ten years older than I, and so were they, but they were saying things and preaching things, that didn't sound right to me.

That was very interesting, because it was my first glimpse into the idea of substituting another government for ours, and being a

part of helping with that substitution. And it just threw me because I love my country. I believed in it. Oh, my years at Columbia were very interesting because of that. Do you want to go into there yet?

*I think it would be interesting for you to go ahead and detail some of the other things at the University of Nevada first. I ran across an account of your having been in performance of Twelfth Night.*

But the one that I remember most keenly was *The Enchanted Cottage*, and I don't know the name of the part I played, but I threw myself into these things so [laughs] heartily that my mother would give me a handkerchief to carry, a nicer one, you know, than kids would carry, and I did a great job, personally I think, because I sat there, and I literally tore that handkerchief apart, to the chagrin of the coach [laughs], Dr. Edwin Duerr.

We had this great, fire-eatin' professor who really wanted us to act if we were going to get into it. As a result, I belonged to—what would that have been—oh, it was some organization, based on whether or not you had done that sort of thing. Oh, I love, I still love that, I love to ham it up, and there was a great deal of that. We did a lot of very interesting things, perhaps not in a sophisticated way, but certainly in an enthusiastic way, I'm telling you. And I think that was great. I think they did more of it then, probably, than they do now. I don't know. But the Shakespearian things, and all that, we actually lived.

Some of us did a play—one was Isabel Loring, whom I loved dearly. She was from Fallon. She was a wonderful girl. The things that happen to you—. I seem to be digressing, but I'll get back. When we were freshmen, she and I ran against each other for vice president

of the freshman class, and she won by two votes. And when we were seniors, we both ran for vice president of the senior class, and I won. Isn't that interesting? [Laughs] We were devoted friends all through the years, and dear Isabel, she used to—she was somethin'. She was full of vim and vigor, but when we took a class in Shakespeare from substitute teacher—and this shows you what kids'll do—we had a bet that we could [laughs] get through Shakespeare and get a 1.0 out of the course without reading a book. And I got the 1.0 and she got the 1.5, so we [laughs] just sat through—[laughs] isn't that *awful*? When I look back on that, I think to myself, you cheated yourself only, but it was kind of fun. I think the prof knew we weren't doing our homework, but I suppose that's true. We had some great teachers up there.

I took a political science course from a delightful character by the name of Feemster. Did you ever hear of him? He was a weirdy, but he knew when things had to jell. and simmer down, and eventually you see the light—see what they were trying to teach you. I didn't enjoy him at the time, but I look back and realize that he was good. And one who inspired me—well, several, but especially Dr. Church, 'cause I didn't know a statue from a pine tree when I went into his course in art. And I was probably one of the few people who truly developed a love for ancient art and Greek art and so forth—primarily because of him.

I had a bit of background in that because in the mining camps there was a man I adored, a Mr. [Percy] Sheaf, who was six-feet-six or so. He was walking near a transformer with something on his shoulder, which caused a voltage current to go clear through him, burning the bottoms of his feet. So for hours and hours, he stayed at the hotel, and he would

sit and he would read and discuss mythology, and he would show me Orion, and the Seven Sisters, and all the really astronomical—that's not the right word. What do I mean? The study of the stars. Astronomy. But that was a very interesting background for me, and the thrill of my life was when I went to Greece and saw all of the mythological places, and reverting back.

These teachers—like we had a Miss Wier. She was a historian to her toes. She would get impatient, yes, but she knew her history and oh, she tried so hard to instill it into us. And Katherine Riegelhuth and her English classes—. She was a sincere, fine woman. I was very fortunate. At that time at the University there was a Paul Harwood, who did not stay, but we are still friends. He was one of the few people who encouraged me to go back to Washington with Senator McCarran when he asked me. Isn't that interesting?

But I remember vividly my teachers, and then I remember another group, because you see, later I came back and taught at the University and saw these same teachers through a different viewpoint. And that was interesting, really!

I was never a profound scholar, even though I got good grades, but I think I had a retentive memory, and I think it was the enthusiasm more than intellect. [Laughs] But it was interesting. And I always did my homework, I'm telling you. And of course, in the middle of all this, I'm taking piano lessons and my heart is *not* in piano lessons. But I enjoyed it. And I took from a Miss McKenna. When I became Director of the Mint, she read about it in the paper, and so she and I correspond constantly, and I just love that. And she always said she knew I would never make a piano player. [Laughs] But she enjoyed our sessions, and I did, too, and I learned to play the steel guitar.

Mother and Dad were great. You know, I don't know whether they were whims, or true desire, but for them to buy me a steel guitar! A beautiful, beautiful instrument. I still have it. I just love that, and it was good. When I had time to practice or anything, I'll never know. Right in the middle of college, I had my appendix out which absolutely scared me to death. It was the first time I had ever been sick. Ohhhh dear!

You have Walter Cox down here [prepared outline]. Walter Cox will always be to me one of the most unique and delightful people in the whole world. There was a group up there, who were older, of course, because like him, they had dropped out. I don't know why, but they had dropped out and then came back, and they were very interesting. He was particularly interesting.

Oh, there were great ones. I remember a fellow whose last name was Still, so inevitably, everybody called him "Whiskey" Still. [Laughs] He used to scare me to death. One of the highlights of the whole year was the big game—you know, Cal-Stanford. They used to send special trains down and I must admit, I was a little horrified at all the drinking, but this time Isabel and I were sharing a berth. And all of a sudden, the curtain opens and here comes "Whiskey" Still, because he was on there without a ticket. [Laughs] We hid him, coming and going. [Laughs] And I know very well he had money enough to buy a ticket [laughs] but, oh dear, to emerge unscathed from all these things was something.

I laughed yesterday—I saw a fellow who used to go to the University, and I remember painting the N up here on Peavine. Ah, that was hard work. So I said to him yesterday, I said, "Do they keep the N painted?"

He said, "Oh no, these kids are more interested in reforming civilization than they

are in painting the N," which sort of made me sad, because that activity of climbing that mountain and pouring that whitewash just made it part of you. I think that's where you develop a regard for things, like a university, as this symbolized the University and you were keeping it clean and shiny, and well—let the whole world see it! But I think it's too bad. Don't they keep the N painted any more?

*I think they painted it last year. There's a different group all the time.*

That's what he said. It was very interesting, but I was right in there painting the N, playing soccer, basketball. After I got out of college, and while I was in, we used to go and referee basketball games. And I tell you these were some of the greatest experiences of my life, because some of these girls from the state—Fallon and particularly Tonopah and Goldfield and Ely—were nothing but muscles. And you know, there is a thing you can do in basketball called "hipping." [Laughs] I tell you, I used to get hipped more than the other players, because I was still a little fat and couldn't run so fast, but I was brave and loved it!

That was very interesting—not only traveling to the other towns, but also to referee these games, and see the vigor and enthusiasm of the players—girls of course. But try to control them—. And I used to think of all the related things. We used to have trouble with kinetic and potential energy. [Laughs] I've often wondered if they should be using up all that energy fighting each other on the basketball court. But it was good for them and good for me.

I've always been impressed all my life with the attitude of the people of Reno toward the University—the way they support the teams.

And I suppose now it's thought wrong for business places to contribute to a scholarship for a good athlete. I'll never forget the time we tied the University of California. The whole town went out of its mind! My most private triumph was when the women's rifle team beat the University of California. [Laughs] I was on the rifle team, but nobody seemed to care so much about that. But it was very interesting, that the community was solidly behind the University activities, and they had pretty good teams.

Rabbit Bradshaw—. I was pleased with that Hall of Fame deal. He was before I went there, and when they tied the University of California, it was before I went there, but even the high school kids were so excited!

You have a lovely person down here [prepared outline]— Florence Billinghurst [Flagg]. I just think the world of her. You know when you look back there were girls and teachers who had great influence on your life, I think, unconsciously, such as Adele demons who was, I think, a senior when I was a freshman in high school. I used to watch her walk down the aisle there in the study hall. I'd give anything in the world if I could be as she was. And you know, this is good for kids to have—oh, ambitions, whatever the word is—standards set by the older women. That's one of the reasons I wanted to be a Theta because Adele was a Theta. [Laughs] Isn't that interesting? Oh, and my beloved Isabel [Loring]. Cap and Scroll [the campus honor society]. I think the YWCA filled a great need because there were girls (I'm talking about the women, the YW it would be), but I'm talking about girls who didn't belong to sororities who weren't particularly active in athletics, who didn't live in town, but who actually had no real companionship because they didn't belong to other clubs. But the YWCA was a

place where they felt at home. And I thought it was splendid. And then they had an activity, which meant the world to me (I don't know if they still do this; I don't think they do), but down on the coast near Monterey was a YWCA camp called Asilomar. My mother and father used to worry because I lived at home and you know, never got out on my own living with them. So the YW in each university could elect somebody to go to Asilomar to work. Now how do you like that? You could be elected as a "stuck-up." And that was the most thrilling moment of my life when I was elected as a "stuck-up," and I spent my whole summer working at Asilomar, and I think you earned about sixty dollars for the whole summer. But it was great experience.

And for six years (six summers) I went to Asilomar and finally got up to be, oh, sort of in charge of the whole "stuck-up" salad brigade. It was very interesting, really! Because the Y had this thing going, you know. These conferences they had were beautiful and that also meant a great deal to me, stemming out of the work of the YWCA. I think it has great, great potential.

You know they have a younger group called the Girl Reserves. I was very active in them in high school, and I still find myself quoting some of the things from the Camp Fire Girls, you know, "Be true to the truth that is in you." [Laughs] Oh, I think these things make a difference in your later life if you have little bits of wisdom tucked away, little things that matter to you.

The greatest moment of my whole life—and I can still feel it—we went on a Girl Reserve picnic out near Verdi, and they nominated me to be vice president. Ahhhh, I tell you that was the moment when I stopped being fat, and I quit worrying about it, probably—. But it's—I think these groups

have done a great deal. I contribute all the time to them financially.

It's the girls, the quiet type, that probably—the very serious student who misses a lot of college life if they don't have opportunities in a social way to get to know people. I know girls who went through the University probably never belonging to anything, and some of them were my friends, just because I like people. Then there were the people who joined too many, like me. But, I loved it. It meant a great deal to me. I was so proud; I was doing it for Theta. [Laughs] Ohhh, my!

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## EARLY CAREER

### LAS VEGAS

I graduated from college when I was nineteen, and went right to Las Vegas to teach. I've never resolved an my own mind whether it's good for young people to be pushed, and I wasn't really pushed. It was just the course of human events, going to schools and skipping grades, and stuff. But when I went down there and taught high school—and there again was a community where many of the students worked on the railroad, when they were younger, and sometimes they would drop out. The period between grammar school and high school was tragic for them. There was little education of many young men who had worked. They were "call boys," for instance on the railroad. Do you know what call boys are? Not a call girl [laughs], call *boys*. They wakened up the engineers and brakemen to be sure they got to work.

So they would work for two or three years—before they went to high school, mind you. Now you have people dropping out between high school and college, but this was

different. So I encountered probably as tough and difficult a group of young people as you ever saw. And it didn't take them long to find out that I couldn't vote, you know, and things like that. Ahhh, I had the roughest time, but from back in those years, lots of things happened, which helped.

One young fellow I'll never forget as long as I live, stood in the study hall and he wouldn't behave, and he had a basketball and he just threw it at me. And I picked that thing up and I threw it back at him and hit him right in the nose. [Laughs] I've never forgotten—never had trouble with him after that. [Laughs] But now, I don't know if that could happen.

When I went to Washington, and it became apparent I probably wasn't returning to teaching immediately, one of the superintendents or somebody over in Carson decided they should send me my teaching certificate. And [the] teaching certificate read that Eva Adams, "having attained the age of twenty years" is hereby certified to teach school in the high schools of the state

of Nevada. And I had never signed it, but at that date I was not twenty years old. Now, isn't that an interesting little sidelight? I suppose legally I should return all the salary I had earned during the period when I wasn't really qualified to teach, but I thought it was also a bit of a loose system, because somebody should have checked, should check now. I wonder how many teachers we have running around at the tender age of nineteen, who are teaching high school. But it's good. You miss a lot, probably, when you get through school so early. But on the other hand, I don't think it hurts anybody. It didn't hurt me, really.

When I first went to Vegas, it was the end of the earth, particularly in the minds of my parents. I took a train that went around through Barstow. Oh dear, it was quite a trip, but it was very, very interesting. I had sought to find a place to live, sort of casually, not knowing how to do that sort of thing then. And fate was so good to me, because there was a woman by the name of Mrs. William Schuyler, who was a perfectly charming lady who lived on Second Street, where one of the big theatres now is. And she had decided, just at that point, to take in some boarders and roomers, so luckily I was privileged to live with Mrs. Schuyler. And I say privileged because she was one—actually, if there was a social group in the town, she was it. Only *social* isn't quite the word. She had a very high standard of everything, and at nineteen I wasn't very aware [laughs] of what was expected, and I was prone to go riding with high school students who invited me to go riding, which she didn't approve of, but that was immaterial. Nothing wrong was going to happen anyway.

But she had a great influence on my life in Las Vegas. It was through her that I met people like the Squires, and the Brackens; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bracken were as charming a

pair of people as you would ever know. He was the Union Pacific representative there. And the Ferrons, who were charming, charming people, had the drugstores at that time, and later, had an influence on me when I went to Washington. But my whole introduction to Las Vegas was fantastic because of this pure luck of living with Mrs. Schuyler. And I shall be forever grateful to her, because she [was] a wonderful woman.

I stayed there with her for five years, and had dinner there, breakfast and dinner. And her daughter was Ruth Cahlan. Ruth had married Al Cahlan; at the time Al was a newspaperman in Elko, and Al moved back to Las Vegas, and worked for Mr. [Frank] Garside on the *Review Journal*, later becoming the editor and publisher. But the reason I mention this is because we would sit around the dinner table after finishing dinner, and settle all the problems of the day, but in addition, we would philosophize, the history of Las Vegas, through the eyes of Mr. Schuyler.

They had come there when there was truly nothing. It was a wide spot in the road, a spring. Mrs. Schuyler often told of trying to walk down Fremont Street to the grocery store when the mud was too deep she couldn't negotiate it. [Laughs] And going into Los Angeles was a two-and-a-half-day trip, and that was making pretty good time. Usually they went on the railroad. But the Union Pacific was the heart of that area at that time. It was through these people, I think, that I got the feeling, which all through the years has stayed with me, that there will always be a Las Vegas, even without gambling.

And the reason I say this—that is because the climate is hotter than thunder, as you well know, but it is a dry heat. It is good for people. (If you lived in a humid heat of Washington, you would know what distinction I draw.) That desert area down there is superb, and I

truly believe, and I have believed all through the years, that there will always be a Las Vegas, even though gambling should go, because there are many other activities which could fit into it. And the fantastic thing of having Mount Charleston with the snow right there—.

But I think the Schuylers, as I said, and Al Cahlan and Ruth, as we sat around the tables in the evening, probably gave me more feeling for the area, and the people, and so forth. It was through them that I got to know Ed Clark very well. And Mr. Clark was a true gentleman, number one. He was intelligent. He had—through all my years of working with and knowing people in politics and people in public life, the important thing has been their motivation. And there were several whose motivation was purely unselfish. It was the interest of the state. I think Norman Biltz personified that most, but Ed Clark gave me my first initiation into the man who didn't worry if it didn't mean so much to the telephone company, the power company, the utilities, of which he was a part, but which would be good for Las Vegas and the state. And I thought it was fantastic, and I thought it was illuminating as to his character.

He was accused of much intrigue, but I think perhaps it was his seeking honestly to get things going straight. But he had great ideas for Las Vegas, and the reason I bring it in at this point is that the Las Vegas I know now, this fantastic city that you can hardly find your way around in center-wise, was just as Ed Clark and Al Cahlan and many of us used to visualize would happen to Las Vegas.

Nobody ever dreamed, of course, of the houses clear up on Red Rock and clear out in the south. Nobody ever thought "Shanty Town," or whatever you want to call it, would develop into this rather vigorous North

Las Vegas. And of course, there wasn't any Henderson.

But those days were fascinating ones for me because people were so great. Teachers in schools, for the most part, were older, but they were dedicated people. Maude Frazier is a person who will always stand out in my mind. That woman did the work of eight people, easily. And, I might add, when she retired they hired about twelve to take her place. [Laughs] But she—oh, she was magnificent. She asked me to go with her [one] night—I never forgot it, when the tax representative from the Union Pacific was going to be in Las Vegas, because she had heard that they wanted the tax rate lowered, which meant that the schools would get less, and she wanted to impress him with the fact that the schools needed more tax, needed more money, and they were the principal supporters of the schools.

And we had a great evening. She just talked right up to him. And oh, she was marvelous. She was tough, expected her teachers to be extremely moral. She called me in one day, and she said, "I hear you smoke like a furnace." Well, I was absolutely wide-eyed because I had never in life had smoked and I didn't know how. And I thought it was so funny, but on the other hand, my feelings were hurt. But she was just marvelous. She gave me a phrase which I have never forgotten. She said, "Schoolteachers are vulnerable; whenever they make a mistake, it counts twice, because you're supposed to be an example to the students." And she lived that way. She had a mannerism of crossing her arms akimbo, and standing up straight, looking at everyone, but we all loved her dearly.

I was happy, very happy, many years later when at least briefly she was recognized by being appointed lieutenant governor. We've never had another woman, as you know, lieutenant governor, and that just made me

so happy I could have hugged Grant Sawyer for doing it, because it recognized a great woman. She had originally intended to teach in Seven Troughs, Nevada, [laughs] which I thought was great, because Seven Troughs probably had thirty children, and today isn't even existent, and here we have Las Vegas as it is. But she was a very fine, energetic businesswoman, running the school. And business people should run schools. At least you should have somebody with a great mind toward business. Even personally, she was a great businesswoman because she, I think, realized what was coming to Las Vegas. She even said to me, "Why don't you buy some lots?" Well, I was going to Europe; naturally that was my goal, saving my pennies to go to Europe, but she bought two or three lots on Fifth Street, which later she sold for, ohhh, a fantastic amount more than she paid for them. But I merely cite that as an indication of her insight and her "farsight" because she also, at the same time, convinced the school board to buy additional land for the schools. And that is the only reason Las Vegas has some of the buildings they have today.

She ran a tight shop; she expected discipline, and discipline was not easy in that somewhat rough community, for as I mentioned, many of the students were older. But she, to me, was then and still is an example of an outstanding educator. Outstanding. I've watched them all over the country, and I've never seen one like her. She had a romance, too. There was a man who had a ranch outside of Beatty, and poor Miss Frazier had great struggles about whether or not to marry this farmer. And when she found out that he, and I'm quoting, "hadn't had the gumption to run a pipe from the well into the house," she decided that she wasn't going to marry him. Isn't that cute? I just loved her, because she had such practicality, as I say.

Tough, she was. After school, you knew she was your good friend, and she would hug you and do all the sweet things, but, boy, during school, when she would come through the classrooms almost every day—. And at that time, the school was growing; I'm not sure of the figures—I would guess there were perhaps four hundred, because students came in from all around, but it was a beautifully run school.

She brought many outstanding personalities in; she brought Elbert Edwards, who later ran the Boulder City schools, and whose brother was active in political life, more community life. These people were people from up the valley; I guess you know your geography—Pahranagat Valley and Bunkerville, and all those fine Mormon communities. I mean they were fine in the sense of fine people. But they didn't have much; they couldn't have much in the way of facilities and so forth.

She always encouraged these people to have their children come into school, which I think was very important, to the children and to the state. And she always went visiting around among them. We have a system in the state where we have superintendents of schools in each area, and she used to tell of her adventures, because briefly, she served as a [deputy] superintendent of schools, and she would go all over that desert. But Miss Frazier is probably one of the outstanding personalities I'll ever know.

The student body itself, was composed of every facet, every type person you could imagine. The Indian students fascinated me. There was one Indian girl, whom perhaps I should not name—Lucy was [her] first name. And dear Lucy—she just could not learn, but she learned many things—didn't learn much reading, writing, arithmetic, but after about seven years we graduated Lucy. [Laughs] I've

never forgotten her. She was soooo thrilled. So thrilled. But we had Japanese students. The Japanese came to that area because of the fertility of the soil and the water around Las Vegas. I suppose they were moving about, settled there.

The Tomiyasu family comes to my mind, because both of those boys grew up to be scientists, and businessmen, and did beautifully in the business world. When I think of those two, one of them very fat, and the other—just working their little hearts out, with their father, and flowers and plants he was growing—when I realized later that one of them was high up in the world of atomic activity, it seems very incongruous. But it was a tribute probably, not only to the teaching system, but certainly to, his own family. I have great respect for people like that.

There was much religion in Las Vegas at that time, in the very beginning, I tell you, but there were Mormons and Catholics, and that was about all there were. And we who were [laughs] not Mormon or not Catholic were pretty quiet about it, although there were other fine churches there, too. But I loved the activities in the Mormon church. Every night—not to say the others didn't have them, but it so happens they invited me to come and talk, and then to do this, and then to do that. And I found myself—practically every night there was something doing at the LDS. You just never had to be lonely. Every trip I took, I had to come tell them about it. Marvelous, the things they do for their children. And we learned, we danced. I used to dance my legs off at the church, which to me was marvelous. I couldn't sing, but I would lead everybody in song, [laughs] and have a great time. So that was an interesting experience to me.

There was a chemistry professor by the name of Mr. Brinley, Harold Brinley, who was a real leader around the school. Raby Newton,

of course, was the assistant superintendent, or assistant principal. I did not feel then that actually—that his forte was the academic world, and I think that was demonstrated later. He basically felt himself to be more of a businessman. He married Margaret (I can't think of her maiden name), who was so beautiful and so lovely. And it was quite a romance because she was senior in high school. He was from Texas—beautiful guy, really.

Probably the most tragic thing that happened, while I was there, was a situation regarding a coach, whose last name was Butcher. We all called him "Butch," so I don't know what his first name was. He was from Texas and he was a great coach and a great, great person, and all of the rich girls in the community were chasing him. Oh, it was fun! But bless his heart, he tangled up tragically with an explosive type of gas, and it was sad. Everybody was very mournful, and properly so, because he was a real inspiration to all of the students, and is remembered down there. They have an athletic field named for him, and all the rest of it. Oh, he contributed so much.

The teachers—as I said, they came from all over the country. A beautiful character came from Black Hills, South Dakota, an Angie Roosa. She taught English as I've never seen anybody teach English, except perhaps my closest friend, whose name then was Freda Humphrey. She was from here. She, too, came to live with Mrs. Schuyler. She was almost five feet tall, but not quite—tiny, but oh, she taught school beautifully. Everybody remembers her as "Miss Humphrey" and very lovingly. She died about four years ago. I'm a little sentimental about her because she came to Washington, and I used to spend all my weekends there with her.

She had traveled all over the world, and brought a great wealth of knowledge. Miss

Frazier picked these things up; she would hire people who had a little more to give than just a Phi Beta Kappa key or something. It was really, really great.

Our social life was fascinating. Some of us, because of living with Mrs. Schuyler—and she would include my friends—became members of bridge clubs, which met on Saturdays. That was interesting to say the least, because again, you got this insight into the business (outside of school) community, which otherwise you would not have.

I was busy with girls' club things. And I can remember many a morning, getting up at five o'clock to take the Camp Fire Girls out camping. And by camping, we meant going out and cooking breakfast in the desert. Well, I look at Caesar's Palace [laughs], the Flamingo, and I think, you don't know I lost a fork under there one day where we had breakfast! But these were—those friends I made among the students are among my greatest memories, believe me, because they were wonderful students as well as people.

I attended a reunion of the class of '32, and the only thing that bugged me was that some of them had become unattractive simply because they had gotten engrossed in other things. Some of them were beautiful people, and we had a great, great time. Airline pilots, outstanding businessmen—Bruce Beckley was one of the outstanding lawyers in Las Vegas. A little fellow by the name of Teddy Homan who is known as one of the best pilots in the whole airline area—. And it was, to me, a very happy and satisfying thing to go back, and it still is. Those students I met there and became friendly with are all over the world, and I mean that literally. So Las Vegas did only good things for me, except, I was a little bit breathless, in addition to the fact I'd always had a great ambition to get my higher degree.

I wanted to go to Columbia, and Miss Frazier, bless her heart, encouraged me. But she made me promise to come back. [Laughs] That really shook me. So I took a leave of absence and started on my master's, but I only took it for a semester. I didn't realize that, under no circumstances at Columbia do you get your master's in one semester.

But this was a great time in my life, because my folks encouraged me; they had encouraged me, and I had learned a lot about service. For instance, I took a group of these Camp Fire and Girl Reserves because I was a bit offended at the city library. There were books all over the place, and magazines, but nothing was catalogued. You didn't know what they had, nor how to find it, so we were the first to bring the congressional indexing system into the Las Vegas Library. And those little girls and boys worked like mad indexing that library. We got the whole thing done. And I thought that was great, and I still have the little bag it was—what now they would call a makeup thing, you know, that you carry on the plane, that Mrs. Bracken gave me [laughs] in gratitude. Ohh, you would have thought it was seven-carat diamond. I've never been so thrilled with anything.

The community work of those women and the people in Vegas was, I think, vital because with legalized gambling, Vegas could become purely honky-tonk. Particularly with the activity which had come with the start of the building of the dam, and the tremendous number of floaters, and people coming in and out from Boulder, which of course made life very interesting for the schoolteachers. We had dates by the dozens. Many of them, as a matter of fact, did marry. One that I see in Hawaii and Germany and everywhere met her husband during those days. But it was probably a unique community, because overnight it was turned into a bustling, vigorous city. And the

road from Vegas to Boulder, instead of little spots of the service stations, bars, or shacks, as you know, has become one city merging into another. Henderson had not happened, in the beginning. Henderson happened after I went to Washington. So Henderson is perhaps another story, and to me a very interesting one.

But with the good things in Las Vegas, there were bad things. There were people who were tough and ornery, and not "the cream of the crop." They wouldn't have been licensed by the gaming commission, at this point, let me put it that way. And yet they would have respectable nightclubs and so forth.

I had one experience I will never forget as long as I live. Another schoolteacher and I were walking home from having dinner downtown, and this gentleman we knew picked us up. He took us out to what was called the Silver Slipper, where I think Miss Frazier would not have thought we should have gone. [Laughs] But we had a fascinating evening because of dancing about and having drinks. Also there was one of the most hilarious characters that ever lived in the state of Nevada, by the name of Andy Drumm. lie used to throw silver dollars at the orchestra, and he did that night—as this very prominent gentleman dropped us off, he said, "Now I'm sure you won't say anything about our having been out there." He said, "You would be just as badly hurt as I would be." And he said, "Never go out with anyone who isn't equally important or prominent, because if you keep it on an equal basis, nobody will get in trouble."

It took me quite a while to absorb this, but I realized that schoolteachers were vulnerable. If we had boasted that we had been out with him, the consequences would have been very interesting, to say the least. But these—it was just a little touch of a man in a small town, and

really wanting some fun, and not knowing quite how to get it, and scared purple for fear he would be found out. Something so innocent as taking us out for a drink. But it was the place where he took us.

We used to think nothing of driving into Los Angeles. We would leave at three o'clock on Friday, drive in. Oh, it took a good ten hours then, and when we got there, I guess we would go to sleep. That is not the part that stands out in my mind. Saturday and Sunday, Saturday particularly, we would shop, we would walk, we would go to what museums there were there. We would go to theatres; I remember going to three shows in the afternoon—someplace in the middle, and late. And then we [would] probably go someplace, you know, afterward and dance.

And it usually ended up that because I was the quietest one in the group, so I had to drive home. And I have never forgotten those long drives across that beautiful desert at night, but not until we got to Baker, Nevada, did I think we were going to make it.

I remember on one of those trips making up my mind that I was going to go to New York and I was going to get my master's; and I was probably going to get my doctor's and I was just going to be—oh, just do all the things that life offered. But I'll never forget those drives across that desert. Ohhhh! We used to do it all the time. We would come home for Easter which was sometimes a one-day holiday. And eventually it got so we drove from here to Vegas without too much qualm.

One Christmas I shall never forget: my first introduction to Senator McCarran. Four of us left here on Sunday morning to drive to Las Vegas, and we got as far as Goldfield. And the snow was coming down, and they told us we couldn't get across Goldfield summit. They weren't letting cars leave Goldfield by then. Goldfield, once a great thriving community

once had a fine, fine hotel—the Goldfield Hotel—but it hadn't been open for some ten years. But people kept *pouring* in from both directions. You could get up over the summit into Goldfield, but you couldn't get over the ones going out north or south, and we certainly couldn't get back, so there were at least forty stranded motorists in the Goldfield Hotel. [Laughs] All I could think of was poor Miss Frazier. We were four high school teachers stranded, but we spent the night in the Goldfield Hotel in a room that hadn't been swept, dusted, cared for, for ten years. I tell you, I never had so many nightmares in my life.

But we got along. [Laughs] Somewhere along around ten or eleven o'clock there was great commotion, because Senator McCarran also was stranded, along with his entourage. I've forgotten who was with him. In fact, I didn't even know the senator when I saw him at that point.

But he came in and bought drinks for everybody, and he wasn't runnin', and I thought, what a nice man. [Laughs] Everybody seemed sort of in awe of him, but I just thought he was kind of nice. Very dignified, always. The next morning we woke up, and the thing I remember most of all was the icicles. I never saw such long icicles in my life. So everybody was out "dueling." We had a family friend there, and I told him we had to get to Vegas, or the high school wouldn't run. And he said, "Well, what would happen if those damn kids missed a day?" (Pardon me [laughing], but that's what he said.) I said, "It'd be terrible," and we laughed. He thought that was something.

Finally about tour o'clock in the afternoon, they said the snowplow was going to try to make it, so I asked this Mr. Brown about following along behind the snowplow. We were in a little old Chevy from the vintage

of—well, you can imagine. 1930, and the fellow who owned the car was afraid to drive, and I had to drive it, and we followed along right smack behind that snowplow. Three cars got out. But we got to Las Vegas that night. But I've often thought of the rigors of travel in Nevada in the early days. [Laughs] That was great. Miss Frazier was very proud of us. I was proud of us too, because those roads weren't easy.

One trip—for some reason or other nobody was driving back and forth—and I had gotten a ride up, but I had to go back on the bus, and the bus broke down in Beatty. Have you ever slept in a hotel in Beatty, over the bar, on the second floor, and there are knotholes, and the knots had fallen out? [Laughs] And that was the most—ohhh, what a night! And the next day, the bus still wasn't fixed, and by a bus, I mean a lumbering old car, you see in those days.

So they said the local barber was probably going in, and for me to go over and talk with him. And I went over and looked at this barber, and spoke with him. This was one time in my life when I knew what the word *Lecherous* might mean. [Laughs] And I changed my mind and I wouldn't go. He laced into me, said he had closed his place and lost money to take me to Las Vegas, and at that point I wouldn't go. So I finally got there on the bus. It was marvelous driving back and forth, because we loved the desert. You never knew what was going to happen. You went through sandstorms, and without even a transition, the sandstorm would turn into a snowstorm.

Down around Tonopah and Goldfield, you would go farther and you would have rain. But nothing daunted—we went back and forth every holiday all the time. Not very wise, maybe, but great experience, and it was a happy, happy time for us as we drove up and

down the desert of Nevada, on those roads, which, thank God, aren't like that any more.

Now when I look off to the left, as you go south, I see Mercury, and all that activity, and see Indian Springs, and even Beatty has grown up—. But you lose things, too, because my favorite character in Beatty was a man who owned a service station, and of course, it was usually pretty hot, and one day we stopped there, and I said, I've never been in Beatty when it rained."

He said, "Lady, it always gets right to the top of that mountain, and it never comes over," [laughs] which I thought was wonderful. But he was so dear to us. And the Revert family, of course, were from that part of the country, and we became great friends. Mrs. Gibson, who was the postmistress forever—. So as you teach school and travel around, you also meet an awful lot of people. And I think it was an interesting time.

Anything further of Vegas we should discuss? Being a teacher in a town such as Vegas at such a time—is so vital, and probably has more influence and importance, than now. Now the teachers are sort of swallowed up in the community. But we brought in fresh ideas, because we had traveled, most of us. We were new, everybody was curious, it was small enough that everybody noticed the teachers when they came in the fall, and I think, probably we contributed more to the community, because if they wanted a club organized, teachers would contribute to the communities. And I think perhaps it's a bit regrettable now, that the talents and the knowledge and the personality contributions of teachers in all the schools, and particularly in high school and the university—I always have a feeling they could be utilized more. But that may simply be that I was in a peppier town, and a more exhilarating time, when there was so much opportunity. And that's

how I got to know everybody in town, and why now I have so many friends down there, because they were neat and the teachers went everywhere.

However, I had one horrible experience. A new teacher was coming in from Goldfield—a prominent Nevada family. Her name was Isabel Slavin and she will remember. Miss Frazier asked me to meet her. The Cahlans lived next door to us, and I didn't have a car. For some reason, I asked Mr. Cahlan if I could borrow his car to meet Isabel. So he said yes, and I borrowed his car, picked her up, and asked her if she wanted to see some of the town because she was from Tonopah. She said yes; we drove around, and then she said, "Where is this Block Sixteen I hear about so much?"

So, you know what Block Sixteen was? Well, it wasn't dull. All we did was drive through Block Sixteen, and of course, I was absolutely petrified because that was one place I stayed away from. But we drove through Block Sixteen. I took her to the hotel, went back the next morning to school when Mr. Cahlan called me. He said, "What was my car doing in Block Sixteen last night?"

I said, "You're kidding."

He said, "The police are looking for my car."

I said, "Well, you have it. I put it in the garage and I saw you go out this morning." They lived next door to us. But it seems there had been a murder in Block Sixteen, and the police were watching everybody, you know, coming or going, and I almost got involved in a real juicy [laughs] story, with the car of a member of the school board.

We had quite a time keeping that from Miss Frazier. She would not have approved of that at all. [Laughs] Just shows, "The Perils of Pauline" in a small town. I never found out about the murder, though. That's always intrigued me.

I think of the little—these kids that I had, and these girls who were wide-eyed and pigtails and so forth, many of them have grown up to be capable and beautiful and highly successful people. But I would never have thought it could happen when I tried to get them interested in reading Longfellow or something.

I think in a place like Las Vegas the quality of the schools is a very important thing because you're living in a school" that the parents, I know, hope won't be the one which really influences you. And the influence of the schools is tremendous in offsetting any possible problems that arise because of the gambling community.

I was so proud of some of my students, like Bill Ogle, who was a funny little guy with black eyes that—I never knew whether he was laughing at the teacher or just laughing. And he became one of the top nuclear people in the whole country. He was in charge of that island in the Pacific—[Eniwetok].

And there's a young man who just threw me! He put Three T's on *it*, he never combed his hair, he was a very, sort of sad-sack type. I taught him at the University and the faculty didn't think he should graduate because he wrote so horribly. I mean, sometimes they couldn't read his paper for an exam. He became a physicist, one of the outstanding—Ernest Jorgenson was his name—one of the outstanding physicists in the whole country.

#### **INTERIM AT COLUMBIA GRADUATE SCHOOL**

I did go to Columbia. And again I went on the bus, because I was trying to be independent and pay my own way. But my father told me I couldn't travel at night. I must stop overnight. Well, if he knew the hotels which are near the bus stations, he wouldn't have had me do that. [Laughs] But I saw an awful lot of country.

I don't know if you can still do it, but you buy a ticket from Las Vegas to New York and you can go anyplace in—just as long as you keep going in the general direction, and so I saw every place. El Paso, Texas—I don't know how I got clear down there, but—when I arrived in New York, not only in a snowstorm, but in a cab strike—oh, that perhaps is another story.

Comparing Columbia University to the University of Nevada was most interesting. In many, many ways, just exactly the same. Of course, I was in graduate school, so that makes a bit of a difference. I had one English teacher who was a chain smoker, just like Professor Duerr. [Laughs] This guy would smoke, light one cigarette off another. Absolutely fascinating. He didn't teach me because I was so fascinated by his smoking. But I enjoyed that, and I not only lived an interesting life in International House with all these amazing people from other lands, but I again was caught up in this transition from what you consider normal loyalty and patriotism to a very rebellious attitude, and it was hard.

I don't know where I got this idea about living at International House, but somewhere I had heard of it and felt that that was where I wanted to live. But when I arrived there, the cab strike—and people said take the subway. Me and my sixteen pieces of luggage. But kid-like, I carried everything with me, and I tell you this was a traumatic experience because I didn't know what to do. Finally, I found a nice old porter who got me a scab cab, and we drove up to International House. They threw rocks at that taxi; a group came out on one occasion, and tried to turn it over. Ohhhh, what an introduction to any city! It was really weird. But my year at International House was most gratifying because of the people I met—people from all over the world. And I learned to play bridge. I was taught by a

Chinese man and an Arab and a Jewish man. The combination to me meant nothing at all. It was just part of life to be—it anybody had ever told me then of the struggles that would have ensued through the years, I couldn't have believed them.

But this was beautiful. We "did" New York thoroughly. We went down in the Bowery because we couldn't afford lunch anywhere else, and the fellows would take you where, for a nickel beer, you could also get practically a full lunch. But the university itself, to me was stupendous, of course, quite an adventure for someone coming from having gone through college here, and so forth. And to be in that huge, huge university. I don't think anybody realizes how big a place like that can be.

I was in a class—in one class there were six hundred students, and I'll bet I'm one of the few who got anything out of it, because it's hard to concentrate and it's hard even to hear! I don't care for that sort of thing.

I was there during a strike. I guess it was a protest, it would be called, and I shall never forget. I loved the teacher I had in this particular class, and I wanted to go to class, and here were these students standing out, saying, "We're striking today," more pay for the teachers, or something or other. I don't know what they were striking about, and they didn't either. They tried to keep me from going to class, but I went. And I was sort of threatened a little bit, and I was the only one that came. [Laughs] I was so distressed. Even the faculty member didn't arrive. My ideal didn't show, and I was mad at everyone. But that gave me a lot of food for thought, because even though you knew what strikers were, and you knew what the unrest was, you didn't realize how it could come right down to your everyday life. Now, when I read of strikes at universities, I just wonder about the student reaction to them—because most of the people

who stayed out of classes that day didn't have the vaguest idea what was going on.

But they were afraid. Groups of students, you know, saying, "Don't come in." In one area they were holding their hands, you know—barrier, a human barrier. And those were the days, I think, when I became aware of the foment that were fomenting, and probably the seeds that were being spread, leading to problems which came later.

But at International House I met great people. One of [my] dearest friends, was and today still is Burl Ives. He was "hashing" at the cafeteria at International House. [Laughs] And we would be sitting on the front steps, strumming his guitar. So we would stop and sing, and I taught him the "Rootin' Tootin' Son of a Gun from Arizona," among other songs, and we are still good friends.

One of the people I knew (and I'm sorry, I just didn't care for him) was Mitch Miller. I didn't particularly care for him, because he was so arrogant, and I guess in those days, we would have said stuck-up. [Laughs] Except he was always joining our little group. He didn't stay away, but none of us liked him; we all sort of laughed. A group of us got together not many years ago, when he had his famous singing group, and we all were amazed that this rather obnoxious character had climbed to such a pinnacle of success in his singing. But it was good. I'm glad he did.

On the other hand, Burl was always sweet. This had a carryover later, which was very interesting, because Burl was accused of being a Communist. Senator McCarran had a great, great insight, and he said that no committee on Capitol Hill should be just seeking to prove people guilty, that it should also be a forum where they could prove their innocence. And Burl Ives was one person who got a clean bill of health, because as he said, he was too lazy to be a Communist. All

he wanted to do was sing. [Laughs] But he is a great, great person.

I remember one night this girl from here asked me to go with her to a meeting of the Sailors Union. And I never saw a more red-hot, rebellious, strange group of people. I didn't understand all that was going on. Believe me I didn't, and I can still see a challenger, talking to me, talking to us, but concentrating on me because he thought I needed reforming, about the capitalists, how horrible they were and they were using the seamen and the people, that the capitalistic system was evil, and oh me, he went on and on. I could have shot him! But I think all of that climaxed one Christmas day. I was going with a young chap from Sweden, who was one of the nicest people I ever knew, and this man who was teaching at Union Theological Seminary, a very prominent man, invited some of us over to his home for Christmas dinner. They lived over in New Jersey. We went walking through the woods, and his wife was a lovely, white-haired beautiful little, typical American mother, who served a lovely turkey dinner.

After dinner they suggested we sing some songs, and he said, "I think it would be appropriate if we started out with 'The Third Comintern.'" Well, Franklin, this Swedish friend of mine, rose to his full six-feet-three; he nearly exploded—I didn't know what they were singing, but I knew I didn't like it.

And then, the suggestion was made that we go down to the local theatre and picket, because there was a show which was depicting the longshoreman in it in unpleasant light. They suggested that we go down and picket, and I'll never forget this Franklin, he said, "I tank [think] we go home." [Laughs] We went home. [Laughs]

But later, our host was recognized as being quite an active member of the Communist

party, and was teaching potential ministers, and I'm telling you, this really did something to my feeling. Later I found out it was part of the technique to get them working on teachers, ministers, mothers, and everybody else. But that was my first exposure to the fact that a seemingly happy, prosperous American family could be actively working for a cause which was not in line with the patriotic attitudes which I felt one should have. But isn't that interesting—that this should happen to me?

But of course, at International House you met every body. You met Russians; there were Russians there, who were constantly preaching their ideology. And you met all types of people, whom I loved. I treasure those friendships greatly. You got to know people. As I have said, my father had told me once that everybody should know how to play poker, that it was just a necessary something or other, so he taught me poker. Frequently, I would find myself in poker game with mostly men. But every time I saw a Chinese [laughs] I knew very well that I'd better be careful. [Laughs] They are natural-born gamblers, and you don't learn those things, you know, unless you have real ability.

But, oh, that was fascinating to have that experience. You would go out with a fellow from South Africa, whose father owned all of the stores, dry goods stores, down there. I'll never forget him. We used to go down to Seventh Avenue and buy thousands of clothes for wholesale to ship to South Africa. And I would get so upset, but you see, it was a store that was cheap, and catered to the mass of people, and he would say, "Ah, it would—" but I was correct. I finally got him down a couple of dozen.

[Laughs] But then, to take you out—this was Depression days—you would go riding on the subway, and ride to someplace you'd

never been, and just go up and see what it was like. I know New York, probably better than most New Yorkers simply because of this. We would walk four blocks to save a nickel, because the subway was a nickel, and the bus was a dime. We would go to the opera at night, and ohhhh, stand up, and come back and type manuscripts for other students and people to make some money. It was great—but grueling.

I'll never forget my first exposure to a Wagnerian opera. I stood up five hours one Sunday at the Metropolitan. Oh, I'm telling you, it was like five minutes. I think it was my first time to appreciate beautiful music to the point of being so engrossed. And I had a rare experience. I was standing up one evening and this beautifully dressed man in a tux came up and said, "I have two extra seats. Would you like to" (and he looked at the woman beside me) "join my wife and me?" I remember my mother's admonition, not to pick up a stranger, so I said, "No thank you."

And this woman said, "Oh, I'd love it."

And he smiled at me and he said, "Oh, come on, it's all right. My wife is down there." And I sat right behind Pauline Frederick, the movie star, and all these people—just elegant. And these kind souls were the Kemmerers from a town in Wyoming named Kemmerer, and we became fast friends.

But isn't that an interesting little, lucky thing that happened to us! Kid from the country—I just think how fortunate I was. Of course, a lot of unpleasant things, I guess, but I forget those. I guess that's good, isn't it? Getting lost in the subway, and coming out in Harlem Ohhhh, that fear which possessed me, not of individuals, not—it wasn't a racial situation, but it was just that I was conspicuously in a place where I didn't belong. And I—oh, that feeling was something, but it wasn't a matter that they were black and I was

white; I didn't care about that, but I just didn't know my way around.

Oh, so it was sort of interesting. New York meant a lot to me, and I did a lot of growing up there. I worked my way partially, through Columbia, indexing a professor's [Brooks Atkinson] writings. To save my soul, I can't remember what he called it, because he was running around between the letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the man. But I indexed that whole big tome. [Laughs] But I've never forgotten Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Laughs]

But it was good for me. To go to those beautiful churches in New York. This I loved—in fact New York itself, I cherished. But there was so much to do and so much to see. I remember one time going to the Metropolitan Museum with a group. I signed up with this group that went to the Metropolitan every so often. I was so sleepy that I got smack in the front row, and while they were explaining a picture, I'd take a nap. I mean I was that exhausted, but loving it, I wouldn't have changed a minute of it. And some of those people are very good friends, including the artists!

Columbia was a great experience for me because, partly because of the transition—the need to do battle with mobs, and the subways, and all of that you had to know; you had to adjust to an entirely new life. But it was beautiful. I met some fascinating people. I met a girl who—her boyfriend was a terribly important man, who didn't like the way she talked. She didn't know her grammar, and so forth. Oh, through the personnel office at the university, I was employed to teach her to speak better English. [Laughs] And this was very interesting. And through her, of course I had a lot of wild adventures, because she really wasn't interested in studying. She was interested in having fun. But it was a glimpse

of another type of life—very wealthy man and this woman, with whom he was in love, and she had no more loyalty to him than a flea.

I met a man who was top director of the dance studios in New York. Oh, you know, the dance man? People all learn to dance with Arthur Murray, and he was the second man, so so I had a lot of free dancing lessons. And I used to go out with a Guatemalan. He, too, could dance beautifully. We had great times together. And throughout all this, you had to study hard because Columbia was a bit rough in those days. I took a journalism course from the famous Mr. Pitkin who wrote *Life Begins at Forty*, which only those of us in his class know we wrote, because what he did was to take our little write-ups and compositions and put them all together. [Laughs] I could have killed him. But I learned a lot about how things are done.

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Then came the great decision—that I had promised Miss Frazier I would come back to Las Vegas. You see, I still didn't have my master's, because of the time—you had to spend two semesters—so I went back to Vegas and fulfilled my contract, then went back to New York (through the Panama Canal), and completed my master's in the one semester and stayed the next semester—. Really, I kept on studying because by then I wanted to get my doctorate. But I also wanted to know more about New York, and also more about school.

I attended the New York School for Social Research, which was the wildest place I ever went in my life. How they ever did any research is beyond me. [Laughs] It was an interesting experience. I went to New York University for a while, which was a strange

mixture of most serious people, and most frivolous people.

I had a great experience because when I was in Las Vegas, down in Nelson Canyon which is in the general direction of Searchlight, lived a kind of a hermit-miner. But you could tell he was educated. And one day I get a call in New York, and it was a woman with an elegant voice, and she was one of the deans at Barnard College which is part of Columbia, and she wanted me to have dinner with her at the Women's Faculty Club, because she had been in Las Vegas and she had fallen in love with this hermit down in the canyon. Isn't that interesting? They never got together again, I don't think, but oh I loved him, and I became very fond of her. I said, "You couldn't marry him; he couldn't live here, and you couldn't live there."

She said, "I could live there."

I said, "No you couldn't." He ate on the newspapers, you know, but clean—was a clean, fine educated person, but I thought that was most interesting.

Coming across the continent because of a hermit down in a canyon. People came from Vegas and from here [Reno]. So I saw New York very thoroughly, but after the second time around I felt maybe I shouldn't go back to Vegas again. But I didn't know quite what to do. In the interim, I had met some people from Alaska, and through them I met one of the regents of the University of Alaska, and they asked me to go up there to teach; and I was sort of excited, and I think I might have done it, except simultaneously the suggestion was made that I teach at the University of Nevada. One thing I was, was staunchly loyal, and I just felt that it would be a great thing to teach at the University after having been there, and I could be at home. The pay was awful, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. So that's how come I came back to the University of Nevada

instead of the University of Alaska. I have often wondered what would have happened.

Did you know that nice Dean Wood, Dr. Wood, who went up there? He's retired, I understand, but I met him later in Alaska, and he laughed about—because he knew I had been offered a place up there, which I thought was sort of an interesting going-around of fate again.

#### TEACHING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

The University of Nevada, when I went there to teach, in 1936, was bigger. We had some presidential troubles. For some reason or other there used to be more of a loyalty, than try to find things to complain about. But when I got back, the faculty meetings were awful. Of course, I hadn't been to one when I was a student, but I sensed this thing coming on, where to be an administrator, or president of the University is a very sacrificial obligation. You're putting yourself on the block. For no reason at all, people complain, and this was something which confused me greatly when I first went back. It was a happy, happy time because I was having a ball, going out all the time, living at home, thoroughly enjoying it at the University. The only thing I didn't quite like was all those papers to correct.

I tell you the life of an English teacher is horrible. We were returning from San Francisco one time, and we had an accident. A car came out of a side road and didn't stop. So, our car turned over, and we fell out—knocked out of the car. So, we stayed at Rainbow Tavern until the bus came by, and while we were waiting I corrected my English papers. [Laughs] I gave everybody the lowest grades I ever—had ever handed out in all my life. The big bump on my head had me, I guess. But I've often thought, of the problems of correcting papers, and the strange places

they can get corrected, sometimes. But the students were great for the most part. I loved my teaching days at the University probably more than any because it was happy; I felt I was doing something worthwhile. And we had such fun.

I always have a feeling that a dry subject, like English—which is dry must have a lot of spice and life put into it—I mean just the mechanics of it. You shouldn't be teaching spelling at the university. And you certainly shouldn't be teaching punctuation, the basic punctuation, but you have to because by this time, evidently in the lower grades the fundamental things weren't being emphasized enough, to the point where I had some rough problems with some of those students. But for the most part they were great...my dear, beloved friends.

Only it was very strange because as a result of having gone to the University and then gone back and teaching there, it seemed to me I had known everybody in the world at the University. And one day Johnny Mueller of whom you have heard, who was at least twenty years or twenty-five years older than I, told Senator McCarran I had taught him at the University. [Laughs] The senator got the biggest kick out of that.

You know it's strange. I remember Dr. Hartman very clearly. We had other presidents, but I don't know whether I was so busy, or what, but for some reason or other they have faded a bit from my memory. I wonder why that would be?

I guess there hadn't been a great deal of turmoil, of turnover, had there? I shall never forget Dr. Hartman when it came up about my going to Washington. He said, "The important thing to remember is to save one half of everything you make, and then, Miss Eva, if you ever get married you can buy your own hats; your husband won't have to worry about

them." [Laughs] Maybe it was wise advice. I wish I had saved everything I earned in the interim, half of it, but I naturally didn't. But it was great!

I think that the women at that time, again, had more problems than people realized, because it was a transitory period clothes-wise and everything, and everybody thinks that just happened just five years ago; but I can remember on a snowy day when the snow would be two feet deep, and it would be snowing, but you couldn't wear trousers to school. A girl couldn't. And *boots*, my word, that was most unladylike! And this was in the thirties you see. To me this was a little bit old-fashioned. And one day I appeared in a ski suit because I couldn't get there any other way. Miss Mack, Dean Mack, nearly had a fit. [Laughs]

But things had to give in that regard, because it simply was—it was just inevitable. You couldn't wear crinolines and be a beautiful little doll. Some of us could never have been, but I mean we couldn't dress that way. You know I've always felt that about dress. You have to fit the dress to the occasion, sometimes, and that's when it goes to the other extremes; then you get defiant.

A woman came back from San Francisco last Tuesday, Monday, whenever; she said she had never seen so many hippies in her life. It distressed her greatly. But I still think the hippies are the sons and daughters of the beatniks [laughs] who came along about the time I was at the University. But there was always some group that was rebellious.

But the women students at the University were (as they were when I went there, in my memory) fine and hardworking; they were better students than men—but of course, in different fields. The engineering students had different knacks and different abilities, but there was no particular feeling

of discrimination, except they had an organization called the Sundowners.

And this one gal who was *somethin'*, was hell bent on getting into the Sundowners. [Laughs] They would never in the world even think of having a woman member. You just didn't do that. So she raised a bit of rumpus on that score, which was my first encounter with women's liberation, I would guess.

But the thing was well run. The University was well run. I think by that time we had gotten up to twenty-five hundred or three thousand. I love the University because I have always loved the old campus. I was a little sorry when they changed it. I wish we had stuck to one type of architecture, but that makes me old-fashioned, doesn't it?

I had a great problem when I taught freshman English, though, because you would have these students who were bright as buttons, write a theme that would just hold you entranced, but couldn't spell a word—put three *t*'s on *it*. Couldn't punctuate, and to me that was one of the greatest problems that I ever encountered. The day came when the president of the University (because I used to work with some of the youngsters to get them to realize that you had to be able to put it on paper, so that other people could read it; what you said might be great, but if they couldn't read it)—So he came to me and said that he had decided that I should have two classes of, ah, what do you call?—"bull." We got that from the engineers. So I had these two classes of engineers who thought English was just plain "bull."

That was one of the greatest challenges I ever had. I used to go up at night, and I got the professors on the engineering side of the campus to let me correct the engineering reports. Red pencil, spelling mistakes, punctuation errors, and all of that, and by doing that—but by driving my family crazy

(Mother and Dad used to think this was beyond the call of duty, I'm telling you, which it was). But nevertheless, I got those (many of them) a little more interested in spelling and punctuation.

And the thing that tickled me most was that the engineering professors, themselves, didn't know punctuation [laughs] so they let me do it, and it was good. I've always felt there's a way to motivate, to provide, to pull out of people some inspiration to learn, or to want to learn. And I love that. Some of the things that happened with those students, and many of them are still my dear friends—. There was one who was of Polish extraction, and he just wouldn't write. And he was very interesting, a little older than some of the others, but I used to give him more zeros. The war had been going a little while, when in the mail I got a copy of a song "Johnny Got a Zero Today." You wouldn't remember that song during the war, but it meant he was a hero. You see, Johnny was a hero because Johnny got a Zero. Oh, I laughed at that.

Several of my students who couldn't spell, several of them. I had a horrible time with one from Las Vegas, Bill Ogle, who became head of the atomic energy thing, the project at Eniwetok (I've mentioned him) . He was and is great, but to get him to learn how to spell, or punctuate, was like pulling teeth. And a mathematical genius by the name of Ernest Jorgensen also became very prominent in the atomic energy work. And both of them were great and had lots of interesting experiences to put into a conversation, but oh, you could hardly read it. But it was interesting.

And it always thrills me when somebody comes up and says, "Hi, Teach!" [Laughs]

Then there was the year, one year when I went up to Tahoe and came back with the mumps. And I really had the mumps! And the whole Sigma Nu house also had the

mumps! [Laughs] Just Eva and the Sigma Nus. [Laughs] And that time I was assistant dean of women, too, and that was the time when we had a big bash—have you read anything about "Elsie's knees?"

Well, one of my duties was to assist Dean Mack. That dear Margaret Mack was—oh, she was an angel, but the changing times just baffled her. She wanted the girls to wear heavy cotton hose. She wanted things to stay as they were and of course, they weren't about to, and when the majorettes came out with their short skirts, I tell you she just nearly flipped! Of course, having the mumps, I wasn't there when this happened or I would never—oh, oh, I would have done *anything* to keep her from fussing at Elsie about her short skirt because this became a truly international incident.

She used to tell me that she wanted me to know where the young people were at night, and I would go to some of the places which were considered off limits. Sometimes I would see some of my students, sometimes I wouldn't, but I could spike many a rumor. And this was a great thing, at a time when there was a new freedom among the youngsters, and an unwillingness to recognize that they were going to have that freedom, that they felt that they were adults, which most of them were. They weren't doing anything wrong. But during that period, too, my mother and father were wonderful.

Some of my friends would get a little tipsy [laughs] and be afraid to go back to the dormitory. They would come to our house and my dad had a—he could cure any drunk—he would give them what he called the water treatment. [Laughs] That got to be kind of a joke, really.

Those days were just budding into the ``radical age. I felt that any thought of challenging the decisions of the managerial group, which is what they are—the president,

vice president, or whatever you have, really are managers of a business institution, in effect. There didn't used to be a feeling that you ever challenged them. Of course, I think the war had a real effect—the unrest that preceded the war and certainly followed it, had something to do with this instinctive rebellion, you might say.

Some of the most amazing faculty members were the ones in faculty meetings that would protest the greatest—the most. You would be amazed. I don't think it would be right to tell you Joe Blow was noisier than all-get-out about not getting enough money, and he was one of the highest paid persons on the whole faculty. But he just felt he was more important, and perhaps he was.

And I can remember Dr. Hartman in his sort of phlegmatic manner saying to him, "Well, perhaps you'd better teach someplace else." But instead, the guy retired completely and did some writing. But again, I was younger than most of them, of course, and my experiences as assistant dean of women took, probably, a little more of my time than it should have, because I was too conscientious.

Dr. Hartman recognized that Dean Mack had to have some help, number one, and number two, had to be a little more flexible, so I spent long hours, because I just worshiped her. She was a dear, fine woman, and a great dean of women. She did not have time for individually getting to know the students, as I felt was important, so I took upon myself to try to get to know the ones, particularly who were the problem children.

I had a bit of a problem myself, because, being a Theta I had to be very cautious. Did you ever know the system of assigning dates for dances, and so forth? In those days, a representative of each group, who wished a social function, would gather. And then in theory, they would pull one number out of a

hat, and that gave them first choice. [Laughs] First choice, second choice, third choice, and sometimes it resulted in the weirdest combinations of events that you ever heard of. But maybe it was a good system.

But oh, I used to think they were great. The senior ball, the Theta formal, oh I just loved those things. And you know, I think there should be more of those because when some of these youngsters go to Washington, they all find themselves going into the Heart Ball, and the Hope Ball and various things, and maybe they'll never have been to a ball before, and this won't be so good. But it was a changing time. You could feel, and you knew that the University was—there were changes coming.

I was always extremely proud of our mining school. And it's none of my business to criticize anything that was done, but I felt when they sort of paid less attention to it, and gave less money to the activities of the mining school, and sought to build up the agricultural school, or any other which was—that was good. However, you could go to an agricultural school anywhere in the country, but you couldn't go to a mining school.

Also, one of my feelings was and still is that a university prospers on its having one unique operation or ability which is better than anybody else's. I know half the students, half the children in this town, and this state, go to Colorado for journalism and various things. And we should offer those same, unique advantages by having a superior school in one area. You can't do it all over the lot, even though you have to have basics, too.

But I watched this starting to go down, and it worried me, and I've always felt engineering aspect was tremendously important. At that time we had a fine journalism school. Dear Higginbotham was at his glory, and my, we had fascinating developments—people

writing books, and projects all over the place. It was really great. Some of the people like him, like some of the others, did a great deal for the University, just in their individual ways.

I remember the great quadrangle and I just love that place, and I used to be so happy when they would have a meeting on the “quad.” We used to gather on the quad for speeches by people. I remember the loudspeaker systems weren’t very good then. I think they were just so new, and everything [laughs] that—but you gathered around close and listened. It was one of the first times here when they started importing speakers. We tried to get regularly, like every two weeks or so, a so-called student body meeting where we offered something unique—a speaker or a play or something of that kind. The attendance started out horrible, but curiously grew. And I prefer it that way than have them all come early and then end up the year with none. But I think that was a real good project. I’m sorry maybe they don’t do more of that. Perhaps they can’t. Can’t do everything, and that makes it bad.

But I just loved working with those young adults, because they have such potential. Most of them are so anxious to learn and to prove themselves, and they were all searching as to what they wanted to do next. Oh, I wouldn’t get home sometimes till six o’clock at night, but I had that feeling that was part of teaching, to be available to listen. So I handed more free advice, which probably wasn’t very good, but my heart was in the right place.

Everybody always asked me why I left teaching, left the University. You know I’ve never felt I left because, to this day, I think teaching is one of the finest vocations in the whole world, one of the most important ones—and one of the most stimulating and fun if you put yourself into it and enjoy it. I also found you have two parts to your mind.

You can be standing up in class, teaching, and really with them, and yet back here you’re figuring out something else. Do you ever have that feeling? It seems to me that later that became very important, because when you’re running a great big operation you have to kind of be flexible. This was a cherished experience because of the friends I made and the knowledge I gained, and the people I came to know well, respect and love.

That’s why I guess I’ll always bat my brains out being on boards for schools. Oh dear, I’m on the Board of Trustees of a very fine independent school in Palm Beach now, which has tremendous problems. I’m on the Board of Directors for the Interlochen Center for the Arts which is a most interesting school. Do you know of it? Oh, it’s marvelous. Van Cliburn is a graduate. They stress music and art while giving the basics as well. They have no athletics or anything of that kind. They have a summer camp where their musical talents are—and every summer Van Cliburn returns which I think is great and a real tribute to the school. But it, too, has financial problems.

Inflation has taken its toll in strange ways, and I think unfortunately the schools have suffered as much as anything because teachers have to have more money to buy food, and yet tuitions can’t go up much more, so we have a real problem now.

We had economics at the University then. We had a strong economics department under Dr. Inwood, and the Sutherlands were around, but you know, I think it was a great mistake in many institutions of higher learning when they dropped the emphasis on courses in economics. I think they’re having great trouble trying to get them back. One reason being, now, nobody knows enough about them to teach them. But that was very interesting to me.

When I went to Washington, and it was a combination of circumstances, and as I say, I didn't feel I was leaving the University. I went on a leave of absence, as you may or may not know, which we renewed seven different times, and then finally I got this cute letter saying, "Why don't you just come back when you want to?" [Laughs]

Oh, but when it became known that I had the opportunity to go to Washington, the varied opinions and the free advice I got were *just fascinating!* The most academic people were the ones who said, "Go, get a new experience. Political life is interesting, see the wheels go round." All of that, you know, and this surprised me.

Like this Dr. Harwood I mentioned to you—of all the educated intellectuals I knew, he was it, and when he urged me to go I was delighted. I worked in the little Hall of English with Bill Miller and Bob Griffin, you know, and Miss Riegelhuth was there still and Dr. Harwood. I think they were all a little askance that I was becoming a "politician" (which I could dwell on at length) because I think that word should be a most respected word, and not have the connotation that it does. But actually I had that same feeling because I remember when Senator McCarran—you know he came up there to invite me. Did you know that?

Yes, he literally came up to the little Hall of English and it was between classes. He was a great friend of my father's, and he ambled in, no hat, and oh, it was a cold day, and he mumbled, "Could I speak to you a moment?" And he told me he would like me to come back and take charge of his office.

And I said, "I'm no politician," and he laughed; he got the biggest kick out of that! But it was very interesting, because it turned into something that I did not anticipate. But my actual reasons for leaving the University—?

There weren't any because I was completely happy. There might have been one which was—I can't remember exactly what I was making, but it was a pittance compared to what they paid in Washington.

The job that I went to then in 1939 paid thirty-nine hundred dollars, which doesn't sound like much, but the president of the University was getting six [thousand] as I recall. Oh, the salaries were weird! Now, I don't know what the president of the University makes, buy the guy who has the job I had then in Washington makes thirty-two thousand. Isn't that interesting? So, you never know whether you do the right thing at the right time or not.

*Over the past several years, the proportion of women faculty at the University has been dropping, and I was wondering if you wanted to comment just a little on the women faculty and their special attributes or problems or whatever, in the time that you were there.*

I don't think I ever saw any statistics on what percentage of the faculty, at that time, may have been women. I do a lot of speech making, as you know, and in compiling some material for a speech, I came across an interesting thing which is that of the people getting PhD's, a surprisingly minute percentage of them are women, and that has not gone up—which may be the reason why, with universities seeking people who have advanced degrees, that there aren't more women.

*The women in the fields that are traditional for women (history, political science, economics) well, the proportion has been falling.*

I think probably [laughs] that's because there is an image that I think falsely exists,

that an education of higher learning shall be controlled by and taught by the masculine brain. I don't quite understand that, but I do think that exists, and is growing rather than going backwards, but I don't know about women. That's strange to me. Of course, there are more professional women in medicine, dentistry, lawyers (that sort of thing) than there were. And in Europe and other countries this is fantastic! Behind the Iron Curtain most of the dentists, the doctors and so forth are women; and we met a tremendous number of women lawyers. Very interesting people in Russia, I'm telling you. I really think it's an attitude, probably in the administration part; and maybe as I say, because women don't go in for their advanced degrees as they used to in this country.

It could be one other aspect. Universities don't pay a great deal. An executive secretary, a graduate of Catherine Gibbs, can step almost immediately now, into a job which pays eight or nine thousand, and I would doubt that you would find that at the universities. I don't know what the pay scale would be. I do know also, more women are going into the business world.

I happened to be at the University when we graduated the first women mining engineers, and ohhhhh!—that was a great excitement, but now there are many, many of them. Some women are getting into fields of consulting, and that sort of thing. Maybe they are sick and tired of trying to pound something into the heads of young people. I don't know.



## ADMINISTERING SENATOR McCARRAN'S OFFICE

It was very interesting when I got off that train in the District of Columbia a few days after New Year's of 1940. I was absolutely petrified. I didn't know a soul in Washington except for Senator and Mrs. McCarran. I always called him "Judge," which she didn't like, [laughs] but that was all right. But when I got to Union Station, I called them, and he told me to come to the office the next morning.

I went to stay with some friends, whom I didn't know really, but he was the brother of a friend of mine in Las Vegas and it was a very happy thing, because I stayed with them for a month.

I sort of got my feet on the ground, but I shall never forget that Monday morning, walking into the office at 409 Senate Office Building. A beautiful office. It was a long, narrow reception room, with Indian pictures on the walls, and pictures of Nevada, and files—I never saw so many files. The staff was small, then. Florine Maher, who later moved to Las Vegas and married a Mr. McCuiston, and who has since passed away, was sort of running things.

She was an aggressive, intelligent, very fine person, and she sort of took me under her wing. Harvey Dickerson was in the office, and everybody knows the Dickerson family, I'm sure, because his father was governor, and he had brothers and sisters who have done well. He was handling case work and some of the publicity. And I mention those two first because I think down deep they resented a newcomer arriving to take over the office, because they had been there some time and just naturally would hope to get the job.

There was a vacancy in that position because of a woman by the name of Hazel Smith, who had been a secretary in the law office, here in Reno, for many years, and had gone to Washington when Senator McCarran went in 1932, had set a rather high standard, really, of work and so forth for the office. And she was a little tough, but she was great. She kept in touch with me all the time. If I didn't write to her every week, I would get a note, "Now, what is going on, what are you doing, are the files up?" which was good for me. She was a great person, the senator was very

fond of her, but she was sort of torn. She had married an Ed Reed, who was head of the Veterans Administration here. I think it was a very difficult decision for her to leave the office, but she was very friendly with me and very helpful, and she wanted a new person to take over.

So there was no confusion. They were very nice to me, even though, as I say, down deep, I felt this feeling. There was a woman in the office, who sat in the far corner, whom I shall never forget. Her name was Mary Nulle. She was from Anderson, Indiana. She had worked in congressional and senatorial offices, I guess, most of her life. She knew all there was to know about how to help people, whom to contact in government agencies, and what to do about things. Her only problem was she became very emotional about things. Now, remember, this is 1940. Pretty soon we had to fight the "Battle of the Potomac," as everybody called it. The office was deluged with letters—mothers and fathers, and draftees, who wanted not to go into the service, or wanted to be assigned to a particular place, or something of that kind.

This went on all during the war. The problems—you've no idea of the problems that arose. And I would just say, "Mary, is there any way to handle this?"

She would say, "No, absolutely not. I can't do a thing about it. Give it to me." And she would usually solve the problem. And she was just great. I shall never forget her. Also in the office, there was a delightful young man by the name of Calvin Gory, from Las Vegas. Cal was a slight young man with a great sense of humor. He had great ambitions, and succeeded in them. He became very wealthy before he died. He had one little bad habit with the "elbow" department, but he was great. And there were probably two or three others in the office, but frankly I don't remember all of them.

The senator was on several important committees. The Commerce Committee where he and Harry Truman constantly tangled—. He was on Judiciary Committee and rapidly climbing into a seniority position, which he knew would make him chairman, but in the interim—and he told me of that this day when I walked in. He probably would be chairman of the District of Columbia Committee, shortly. Well, that is the most thankless job in the United States Senate, because here you're the "mayor" of a city that nobody can please, because of the various elements that are constantly in conflict.

But he was very fine at that. Commerce Committee had transportation and all of that, which was part of his reason in becoming very active in aviation, and he became one of the outstanding people in aviation. There was one instance that I shall never forget. I always stayed late in the office, and kept one girl there until about six or six-thirty, because I felt somebody should be there, when they were in session late.

The secretary of the Senate had an open bar, which created problems, frequently, and this night it was a great problem, because Senator McCarran had been at this open bar. He came stomping into the office. By that time I had let everybody go. He said, "I want to send some telegrams." He dictated to me some telegrams to people like Juan Tripp, president of Pan American Airways; Mr. Paterson, president of United; Terry Drinkwater, as I recall, president of Western—the president of every airline, the president of every equipment manufacturing company. The biggest names in the whole country, and the telegram said, "I demand that you be in my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning" (and this is seven o'clock at night) "to discuss the future of aviation." And he dictated the

telegrams, and "Get those off right now," and stomped out of the office.

Well, I typed out these telegrams, and I sat there, and I looked at 'em, and I thought, he doesn't want those telegrams to go. I'll never forget that moment of decision. So I tore up—I kept one copy—tore up the copies I had made. I got some personal things out of my desk, and left, feeling certain that I would be fired the next morning.

He didn't even come in until about ten-thirty. When he arrived, he didn't seem at all surprised nobody was there. He didn't remember. But he did, along in the early afternoon, say to me, "What did I do last night?" And I showed him this telegram he had dictated. He said, "My God, did you send those?"

And I said, "No, and I'm resigning."

He laughed, and said, "You don't have to resign, and thank you for not sending them," which is to me a beautiful example of the character he had. He knew when he was wrong. I mean he knew afterwards, sometimes, when he had been wrong, but didn't always admit it!

And while he never made an issue of it, he was appreciative of someone who would help him, because in the later years, it turned out very helpful in connection with the McCarthy activities.

But that really got to me. I'll never forget that as long as I live. But, as I say, it was interesting.

We had tremendous mail. I never could figure that out, except he was well known; he was called upon for speeches. About the time the war started Lindbergh started an organization called "America First," and the senator was asked to speak at a rally in Chicago. And this was just about the time that the great division was coming between the so-called isolationists and the people who

felt we should enter into every conflict, and be the protectors of the world.

I was sort of on that side, but the senator, in his wisdom, sort of felt we should wait and see what developed and how things went during the war. He was torn with doubt, I know, about accepting that invitation, but Col. Lindbergh personally came to the office, and literally begged him to come and speak, because he was a great speaker. White hair, and he would gesture—oh, he was a magnificent speaker, and Lindbergh really wanted him to come. Had he not come to the office, and insisted, I don't think the senator would have gone. It brought about a lot of criticism here, locally, and nationally, actually. But in his speech the senator said nothing which was extreme at all, but nobody ever read the speech [laughs]. Just the fact that he was there. So it was sort of a hard thing, and I remember his saying, "God damn it, what am I gonna do?"

And I said, "Whatever you think is best," and I was so flabbergasted and awed at seeing the famous Lindbergh, I was inclined to follow him out myself. But we did receive—oh, the mail after that incident was just fantastic. We hired several more secretaries. I've always had the feeling that you can get secretaries and people in the office to whom you don't have to dictate everything, who are intelligent enough once they know the policy. If the senator was against the bill, if a letter came in from somebody saying he was against it, this girl should be able to type a letter saying, "I quite agree with you." Couch it in nice language and nobody has to dictate it.

If the letter came in saying, "I'm for the bill," the senator was not one to say, "Thank you for your letter. I will give it consideration." No, we had to go on the line. He would write back and explain why he was against it, he appreciated their comments but he still was

against it—which I liked him for. He was never one to hide anything under the table. And this I quite admired, and I loved these girls who could handle it so well, because it would have been impossible, really, for him or for me, to dictate all these letters.

He had great faith in his staff, and through my father, I think, mostly, he had faith in me. It was a very interesting thing. I never really liked his having such complete faith that frequently he didn't even read the out-going mail. I would put all the in-going mail on his desk, and he would just look it over and hand it back to me, and he wanted everything taken care of in three days. Well, that was a pretty big order. Like, if we had been there when the MX was discussed, he'd want it settled right now. But it was very interesting because he, as I say, had this complete faith.

He told me to learn to sign his name just as he signed it, which was difficult, because he never signed it the same way twice. So I signed the out-going mail. I had to be most cautious, and if there was something extremely controversial, I would take it to him and try to get him to read it. Sometimes he would, sometimes he wouldn't. But the climax of that was one time [laughs] after I'd been there several years, [laughs] he met a man on the street, who had a letter, and this fella said, "Pat, someone's trying to sign your name."

And the senator said, "Show it to me." And it was a letter that *he* had signed, personally, when I was away. And I don't know what was in it, but he was *furious*!

So he said, "Never let me sign any mail," which I thought was cute. But the volume of correspondence would have knocked most people for a loop, but we just had to take care of it. He would call me at home at night, to ask if we had gotten so-and-so—who might have been a veteran—if we had gotten him into the hospital, or if we had gotten a pension for

some veteran's wife, or some person's wife. He had a great, great devotion to service, the kind of a service that a senator *should* perform. Never in that office, did anybody ask if you were a Democrat or a Republican, which I loved. He had one little complex. He was a great Catholic, as you know, but he never inflicted it upon anybody else, and one time he told me not to hire any Catholics. And I said, "You don't mean that. Do you want me to ask somebody what their religion is?"

And he said, "No, of course not," knowing what he said was illogical, but he laughed, and he let that go by. So we hired people who were capable, not what religion they were. We had good, good help, really, and when he wasn't there, I went to committee meetings for him; I did everything, and that's why I've so many friends in Washington. We never tried to be unreasonable, but we were *firm*. People respected that, basically, which I thought was good.

He used to walk down that hall—you know he held the record for the hundred-yard dash. He held it for years. He could go out that door and be at the end of the hall before I could get up from my desk and get to the door. We used to laugh about that. But it was interesting.

We had a lot of visitors, naturally, not only from here, but from even around the country. And he was always courteous to them. He did not like "special interests"—the word *now* is special interests, but I don't remember what we called them—and his temper sometimes, would get away with him. I'll never forget, one time he asked me to get a young man a job, on the Hill. And I found a job and had it earmarked for this young man. One day the young man's father came to the office, and wanted to see the senator, so I took him in and he closed the door as he went in. Normally the door was always open, between

my office and the senator's. This man closed the door. All of a sudden that door flew open; the senator had him by the back of the neck and the seat of the pants [laughs] propelling him out of the office.

And it was tragic because he was trying to give the senator two thousand dollars to get his son this job, which the senator had already gotten for him. But oh, he was insulted! He was so insulted! I kind of wish things were like that now, and I think they are, in ninety-five percent of the offices. Once in a while you'll find things amiss. He had a philosophy that a drop of ink in a glass of water would spoil the whole glass of water, and that's about what's happened.

But he was scrupulously honest, and he was so dignified and formidable that not many people tried to bribe him or anything, believe me. They would try to convince him, but no more. But it was very interesting from that point of view, and sometimes his own staff members would try to convince him, and that didn't work very well. We always had a great laugh because in Nevada you have two conflicting interests which people don't realize are in conflict, but they were at that time when the railroads were running, and that was the railroads and the trucking. And we got the biggest kick out of it because if somebody from the railroads from Nevada came in, a few hours behind him would be somebody from the trucking industry. [Laughs] One for the bill and one against it, or vice versa. But we just took it in stride.

He was a great advocate, as I say, of hard money and a great believer in silver coins, as well as a great believer in having good backing for the paper money. He did not quite like the Federal Reserve banks. They were a necessary evil in his mind for the mechanical things, in distributing money and so forth, but he always felt they took too much authority.

He must be spinning in his grave now, when they're raising [laughs] the prime rate the way they are. But this sort of thing really wasn't what he had in mind. He was a great friend of Carter Glass, that beautiful, distinguished senator from Virginia, who really was the father of the Federal Reserve Act. They used to argue about the Federal Reserve banks, up and down the corridors.

But basically Senator McCarran was very strong, and in turn, we had in the office, had to reflect this feeling that he had. I won't mention his name, but one young man from Nevada came back there to work. He was dirty and he had strange ideas on legislation, and he would write letters expressing what *he* thought. And believe me, we had to straighten him out because [laughs] we just didn't do that.

The senator also had a—not a fetish, but a conviction, that the livestock industry was one of the most important things to Nevada and to the country, and that some day it would be proved. And he worried so about the importation of cattle from abroad, primarily because of the hoof and mouth disease, which was prevalent every place except in this country, that he fought it vigorously. Some of the livestock people never understood what he was talking about, but they would come back and visit and they would understand. But that has turned out—he was very right because the livestock industry in this country is in a bad way.

Grazing—he held hearings out here for the Bureau of Land Management, and he was just wild about the government taking over more land when they already had (ninety percent, approximately), and the restrictions they put on grazing. He had interesting friends out here who applauded him, and supported him. Many of them were Republicans, many Democrats. I'll never forget the late Louise Marvel from Battle Mountain; she felt that he

was the only friend that the livestock industry had. And she really, really was devoted to him because he—I think maybe he was right.

He, as I said, was very active in aviation and he felt that there should be airports, carefully constructed, wisely constructed, and constructed with a view to the future, all over the country. And he would have built this [Reno] airport for 1980 in 1930, [laughs] instead of having it sort of become a hodgepodge.

He had a great time getting money for airports, but you see, he co-authored the Federal Aviation Act, which set up Civil Aeronautics Administration, it was at that time; now it's Federal Aviation Agency (I guess the A is agency, rather than administration). And then they tried to put it in Commerce, instead of keeping it independent, and they were successful for a few years. But he always felt that we should have an independent aviation authority.

His work with labor was very interesting, we were never allowed to forget. When he first went into the Senate, he was not too well—he had a perennial heart problem. At one point he was ill in a hospital in Massachusetts someplace and a piece of legislation came up, which was anti-labor. He got up out of bed and came down to the Senate and voted against it. It was startling, because later labor sort of turned against him. But those were the days when labor heads were putting their fingers into everything; appointments would come up, and he would get all these communications from labor leaders. They didn't want Joe Blow made assistant secretary of commerce because he wasn't a friend of labor. You know, that's going pretty far. That was the beginning of the senator's quarrel with the CIO and AF of L, which later led to a bad campaign, where they fought him vigorously, but they lost.

He was three thousand percent in favor of the Right-to-Work law. Many was the letter we had to answer, gently saying that Nevada was a state where independence and the rights of free endeavor were honored and to be respected, and to be upheld. And never, as long as he lived, would he vote to repeal the Right-to-Work law (which didn't make life easy).

The immigration problems that came to the office were stupendous. By the time they became prevalent, he had become chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the interim, while he was still chairman of the District Committee, Julien Sourwine had come to work for us. Julien was an ex-Nevadan, a man with a brilliant mind, and so when the senator took over Judiciary, Julien then came over there and worked. We had with us a man by the name of Richard Arens, who had been with some other senators, but who was a walking encyclopedia of the immigration law.

Immigration was becoming a problem from three viewpoints. Not only the mass of applications for admittance to this country. Secondly, the complete confusion of immigration laws. They had been amended and reamended, and amendments to amendments, to the point where you couldn't find what the law was. And thirdly, there was a great feeling that the immigration laws were abused, for the purpose of getting Communists into the country.

The senator coined a phrase which was later quoted widely, the "conquest by immigration." It's very unfashionable, of course, now, to feel that the Communists are trying to influence anybody or take over or be among us. But we all know that they are not giving up, and it's interesting, the things which have occurred, really. He said that they would go to take over all the area there and then they would start toward the Persian

Gulf. [Laughs] I'll never forget that, when the Afghan thing came up.

But they now have at least eighteen countries under their domination. I don't know if you know that. It's what they just said. But the senator was very anti-Communist. He did not handle this problem the way Senator McCarthy did. That to me is one of the vital points of having people around you to do what you want done, and not what they want you to do. Senator McCarthy had people who were headline hunters. A story never came out of his office—a release, that was "Senator McCarthy said," but it was always what one of these assistants said. One of them is just making money hand over fist in New York because of the publicity he got from this. But it was sad because Senator McCarthy actually was a reasonable person.

I shall never forget, one day where one of these men came into the office and wanted to see the senator, and he went in. The senator came out, over to the floor, and on the floor of the Senate, denounced a young man who was working in the Department of Justice, because there had been a case against an assistant attorney general for subversive activity. But this man was not pushing the case through to completion or trial or anything else. He was sort of dillydallying.

The senator got up and blasted him. The phones started ringing in the office. We didn't know what had happened. People asked why Senator McCarran criticized Ed Hummer (which was his name), and I just said, "Did he?" I've never forgotten.

He said, "Well, you better find out what's goin' on."

The senator came back to the office. I had a feeling he was a little uncertain that he had done the right thing, and he called me in and pulled out a little piece of paper and on it was written, "Ed Hummer, Department of Justice,

holding up trial for subversive activity." He said, "Who wrote that? Did you?"

I said, "That's not my writing, and I never heard of Ed Hummer, until now."

And he said, "Well, who gave me this?" Well, that was a pretty big question, and I poked around to find out where it came from. It had come from this man who came in, one of McCarthy's guys, and handed him this note.

We had to apologize to the man in Justice, and the poor senator was just—he was so embarrassed, but he wasn't above apologizing, which I thought was great. And when you say something on the Senate floor, and then have to retract it, it isn't funny. But he did.

I'll never forget writing that letter of apology. But all the way through, he tried never to make any accusations that were not sound. We had the Alger Hiss case before the Internal Security Subcommittee. We had so many of them that it was sad, but we also had facts. And some of those facts involved so many other people, that in some instances we didn't really publicize what we knew. But that always interested me because we had to act; he was chairman of Internal Security, which was the committee charged with what the name said, internal security, seeking out those in the government who would try to destroy the government.

Senator McCarthy was operating sort of on his own. But you never see the McCarran-McCarthy years, or the McCarthy-McCarran years. It's always the McCarthy years because Senator McCarran did it in a logical, legal way, whenever there were accusations for anyone. I thought it was great.

Burl Ives has been friend of mine for years. We went to Columbia together at one point. He was accused by somebody of being inclined toward Communism. He called me, and I told the senator he had called, and I said, "Can't we do something to clear his record?"

He said, "Surely," he said, "If we're going to determine that they are Communists, we should have the authority to determine they aren't." So he said, "Have him come down and we'll have a hearing." And we cleared him completely, which I thought was great. That was an aspect which few people know.

But he did that in many cases. We'd have a hearing, and the decision of the committee was that so-and-so was not engaged in subversive activities, which meant a great deal to a lot of them, believe me.

Those were rough days. This "conquest by immigration" is something that pervaded the atmosphere back there completely, because the technique was to get people the Communists wanted to plant over here into displaced persons camps, and then to have them come here. The only thing Senator McCarran wanted, was that all displaced persons should be investigated and their files cleared by a proper department in the Department of Justice, and that they not be admitted, as was being done. They'd bring in five hundred people from a displaced persons camp. Who were they? No one ever knew.

I read an article the other day that fascinated me—that many of the Germans who had committed atrocities during the war came into this country through the displaced persons camps, and are still here. And I thought, oh my! But that's another reason why he was so against the displaced persons business. He didn't think it was run properly. There were many Jewish people in the displaced persons camp because, of course, they had been kicked out of Germany, and they were sort of wandering, and they were trying to get into this country. He wasn't against them any more, as he put it, than he was against the Irish coming in. [Laughs] But he felt they should be people like his parents, who came to this country because they felt

it was a place they would like to make their home. They didn't come to destroy it.

There was a senior editor of the *Readers Digest* with whom I had cooperated. He was writing a feature called, "A Case History of a Smear," because at that period, everything in the world was being done to discredit Senator McCarran. It was horrible to see the articles and hear some of the commentators. Oh, they didn't understand, and they accused them of everything. They actually just killed him.

During the course of all this quote "smear activity" unquote—I might add, they even attacked Senator McCarran's daughters, and his family, and everything else. He was in St. Mary's Hospital with a heart attack; I was home one day and the phone rang, and this voice, which I could hardly understand, so a woman came on the phone, said I must come to San Francisco and meet him at the Clift Hotel, because the information he had would change the course of history, and it was most important. If I would go to the Clift Hotel and ask for a Mr. Johnson (which was, of course, a fictitious name), he would be waiting.

Well, you can imagine my consternation. I didn't want to go, but on the other hand, I felt that if I didn't go I would always wonder if I could have prevented something horrible from happening. So I finally called one of the enforcement agencies here, told the man in charge what had occurred, and he knew the senator, so he said, "You go, and I will have one of my men meet you, take you to the hotel, and wait for you." So I went tooting down to San Francisco, scared to death. I asked for Mr. Johnson and went up to this luxurious suite. He was obviously a man of means, or he couldn't have even afforded that for a day. And he started talking with me.

I could hardly understand a word he said, he had such an accent. It was unintelligible, truly. I spent two hours up there. I finally

was able to slow him down and unexcite him, if that's a good word, to the point where I realized that what he was telling me was that there was a conspiracy against Senator McCarran because of the displaced persons bit. And they would hound him until he died, and that if I supported the senator in this view, then I would be next. Also that they were digging up every bit of information they could find, and spending thousands of dollars, and that I should tell the senator to do no more on the displaced persons bit.

Well, I said, "Where is the lady who talked on the phone?"

"She is not here. She doesn't know anything about it." And I tried to get him to let me talk with her, but he wouldn't. Because it was all so weird. This man professed to be from Las Vegas. He may have been. He insisted on being called Mr. Johnson, which I knew wasn't his name.

But when I came back down into the lobby after about two hours, this protector of mine [laughs] was pacing the floor. He was just so upset. And I told him what had occurred, and he said, "Well, I don't know what you can do, but you'd better tell Pat to let up on his passage of the Displaced Persons Act, while we simply require a security check on each one of them before they came in." That's all it was.

And I said, "Well, I know he won't do it."

And he said, "Well, they'll hound him to his death," and do you know they did. It just broke him. And I've often wondered if I handled that properly. I tried to tell him, and when I couldn't give him the man's name, couldn't tell him more of the conversation, neither of us could understand this man was well-meaning. When the senator died, the most beautiful bouquet of roses came, and it said, in my care, "From Mr. Johnson." I Laughs]

It was weird. But it was eloquently descriptive of the intense feelings of the

people involved, because a lot of people here were trying to get their relatives in that way because they knew they were just letting them come in by hordes. Others who had less honorable intentions wanted the procedure to continue.

So it was a sensitive thing. The Italians were mad because not enough Italians were coming in. The Irish never spoke a word. [Laughs] But it was very interesting and sad, in a way, and I couldn't talk about it to many people, and this man insisted that I keep it secret, secret. I could understand that, because he evidently was kind of in the middle because he knew this thing was going on. And some of the local people in Las Vegas were involved. It was bad, bad.

In the interim they had put out two vicious articles about the two nuns, the senator's daughters, which deeply hurt the senator—it was horrible. But there was little that anybody could do about it. And that's the story of the Displaced Persons Act.

He went to Europe with his family on his fiftieth wedding anniversary, and while he was gone, they got the bill out of committee and finally passed it on the floor. But it never became law; so they kept coming in. Nobody will ever know how many of the wrong people came in, and by "wrong," I mean those people who were bent on subversive activity, or who, like the Germans, were people who were trying to escape. So it was a very delicate situation, but that's the way it went.

We had other problems, of a nicer type. I'll never forget for instance when a couple of Italian families down the river were having arguments with the Indians about who owned the land. Oh my! This thing became a national issue, which was ridiculous, because they had the title in fee simple to this ranch land of theirs. The Indians, of course, came in under a government regulation, which couldn't

legally obliterate the force and power of the fee simple thing. Oh, that was quite a battle, and the Italians finally were permitted to keep their land. The Indians, therefore, were very mad at the senator, but that was one of the hazards of life, I guess. I'm not sure.

*Where did he get his ideas on Communism? He didn't start out that way, with the conviction that he had to do something about his problem.*

These problems were sort of thrust upon him, actually, because of being Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He had to approve or disprove various pieces of legislation, which were aimed at either slowing down the Communist infiltration in this country, or which were aimed at closing the loopholes in the immigration laws, which permitted them to come in. At one time, One witness said, there were at least twenty Communists in any city or village in this country that had more than ten thousand people, and that number raised accordingly.

I saw a Communist Manifesto, one time, a Comintern thing. When I was in Russia I managed to get there, unknowingly, when the Comintern was meeting. [Laughs] It was most fascinating. But this document not only professed to be, but we established its authenticity, a copy of the dictum of the meeting of those who were interested in undermining America. The items which they stressed were to encourage the use of drugs among young people; to encourage racial tension in the United States; to encourage interracial marriages; to create conflict within the family. It went on and on.

Everything that was in that thing, eventually occurred here. Every time—Haight-Ashbury is down there near the San Francisco Mint, and every time I went

through those streets and saw what was going on, I thought of this document, which would indicate that it was a deliberate accomplishment of a purpose. And I tell you it almost made me into a shouting anti-communist [laughs], although I don't think that's the way to handle it. But that was most, ah, what's the word I want, not only convincing, but frightening. And I'm a little fearful it has come about.

But there was a line in this thing, which I cannot quote, because at that time, I didn't realize its importance, but what it boiled down to was "make it unpopular and unfashionable to be 'against Communism.'" And that for sure has come about. It's very interesting, in circles in Washington in—number one, the subject is never discussed, but number two, if you ever even make a comment, about the Russians being Communists, somebody will, "Oh, don't say that!"

It just startles you, really. But the responsibilities of a chairman of the Judiciary Committee are many. Now there had been chairmen who bury things. If there is a subject which they think is ticklish, it will hurt it in their home area, their home districts, they just let it mold in the file, which is not the proper way to run it. But many issues came up there which were difficult. But the senator had about him a fine staff. Some of them were a little prima donna. He said to me, "Don't you know any placid guy, intelligent, knows his way around, who can handle some of this stuff, without creating a rumpus?" [Laughs] So I found him One—a man from Delaware who had been assistant to some Delaware senators, and who was great!

But it was all significant the government agencies in Washington, that had to deal with security, were equally upset about what was going on in the Communist world.

And this will interest you. I went to Columbia University in '36 and '37, and I can remember practically being pushed into going to a meeting. And I didn't have time to go to such meetings. They weren't any fun. But I went to the thing. I didn't understand it, because it was all, "Down with America!" "Down with the United States!" Right out in plain English. While I was there, I went to a Christmas dinner at the home of a minister, a man who was head of a church on Riverside Drive, near International House. We had a lovely dinner, we walked in the woods, his lovely wife had snowy white hair, and after dinner we started singing, not "Silent Night," or things I loved, but the "Third Comintern," "On With the Conflict," which I'd never heard before or since. Why, I was just flabbergasted!

I was with a young Swedish boy, and he said, "Ve go now." Our hosts later turned out to be fairly active in the movement. You never call it any kind of movement. Now it's just *the* movement, which is sad, really sad. Oh, it makes me sad to talk about it, so we better skip that.

But the senator—we had very interesting experiences. I shall never forget when a woman came up for confirmation to be a judge (see, the Committee had to confirm all the judges) for the Southern District of New York. Every lawyer, every bar association in New York state, was against her, because she was, quote "carrying on" with this other judge. These men were brutally outspoken. One of them said he went into this judge's office without knocking and they were on the sofa. [Laughs] They had them trailed to hotels. It was devastating. The senator made me sit in this hearing because the woman was there, and there was no other woman in the group. I had to sit there. I never felt so sorry

for anybody in my life, because she had been a prominent lawyer in New York, and so forth.

People who were testifying against her should have been her friends. I don't know whether she had a cold, or whether she was crying, but she—it was just tragic. She never realized what happened, because they couldn't have gotten that confirmation out of the committee, for love nor money, because her character simply had been damaged to the point of being irreparable.

So a senator, who was of the opposite party—she was a Democrat, he a Republican—demanded the matter be taken to the floor of the Senate, which would mean that all this would become public. Oh, I nearly died. Senator McCarran pounded that gavel, told him he was out of order, demanded a vote, and said, "If anybody votes for Arthur"—(that was his first name) "Arthur's motion, I'll never give you an assignment again," which meant they would never be a head of a subcommittee. I mean, Senator McCarran used all the authority he had, to keep that from going to the floor of the Senate. She was in such a state, she didn't realize what had happened. She always blamed Senator McCarran, and it sort of broke my heart, because he really saved her name. She later was appointed to another government agency, which wasn't so ticklish. He went so far as to say, "Why, if we were tryin' a case, how would we know whether she and the judge were in on the sofa or—." Oh dear, [laughs] you don't know what happens. It's really fantastic.

My pity for that woman was great. But she had everybody—she had prominent people out here—the head of one of the big agencies in Washington had set her up in a limousine; undoubtedly she had been playing around with him. She had been on a yacht in the Caribbean with a very prominent oil

man from southern California [laughs], who came back to testify for her. She was a strange lady. But everything comes to the Judiciary Committee, so it goes.

*The judiciary Committee makes your relationship with lawyers and judges and supreme court justices very close. I think it would be interesting if you could go on and describe some more of those relationships.*

One that stands out in my mind is Tom Clark, whom I loved. He was nominated to be attorney general, by Truman, as I recall. There were a lot of people against him, for no reason, except they wanted the spot. And that was a real hassle. Justice Clark was the most capable man, and he handled himself with such dignity. Between him and Senator macaroon, they overcame the opposition because, in the middle of it all, Truman withdrew his support of him, and sent up another name, and the senator said, "Well, we haven't acted on Clark." [Laughs]

So the White House said, "We're sending up some other name." McIntrye, it was.

And the senator said, "The procedure is to act on one before we think up another." [Laughs] So Tom Clark became a Supreme Court justice.

I shall never forget when Justice Murphy's name was sent up earlier. That was the first one that came up after he became chairman of Judiciary. Mr. Murphy was from Detroit. He was red-haired Irishman, who was a brilliant lawyer, I gather. He had been ambassador to the Philippines, and so forth, but he was purely a Beatnik, almost. [Laughs] My mother and father came back to see me one time. We went through the Supreme Court and here is Justice Murphy in his shorts, lying out on a bench in the inside patio of the Supreme Court, just in his shorts! And when I told my

mother that was Justice Murphy, she nearly died. But he was confirmed. The senator always said he would be a kooky—or words to that effect—justice, which he was. But there were some fine ones, too.

Mr. Stone was a very fine person. Charles Evans Hughes I did not know. Hugo Black was the one I was thinking of. He had been in the Senate, and he and the senator had tangled a good bit. He was a fine person and to the surprise of everybody, the senator became a great advocate, and he made a good justice. But I think Mr. Black was equally surprised when Senator McCarran came out for him. Felix Frankfurter, he said, had no "horse sense." He was a brilliant man. But I can sort of understand how he felt, because he was purely theory, and not much Practicality, and the senator, I think, voted against him in committee, but eventually he didn't oppose it on the floor, which was good.

Then there was Jimmy Byrnes, the great compromiser. The senator was not chairman of Judiciary at the time he came up. But he went for him. He did not like Sherman Minton, who had been a senator, because Mr. Minton was just not very bright, in the opinion of many people. He was a nice person, and all that, but there are a lot of nice persons in the world, so the senator was not very happy about that. But Mr. Burton had been a senator, too, and he liked him. I remember nothing of the rest of these, except that Jimmy Byrnes, as I say, the great compromiser, fascinated everybody [laughs].

So far as the other members of the Nevada congressional delegation, and Senator McCarran, they all, I am sure, looked upon him as a leader, but there was—existed in several of them, a basic feeling of jealousy, which sometimes would pop out with great force, and I used to worry about that. Particularly when the senator would call a

meeting with this one or that one in *his* office. But for the most part, they got along, because they respected him, number one, and number two, he was senior.

Except for Senator Pittman. That was a very interesting thing, which I never quite understood. There was an inherent competitive spirit between those two, which I think was a hangover from the Tonopah days. I do not know. Senator Pittman was ill, even then, and he would cuss the senator out, publicly [laughs]. The senator would cuss him right back. But you see, they were so close in their thinking on gold and silver, for instance, and they were both fiery loyal to the state. But, underneath was this conflict, which never was erased.

Senator McCarran was ill, again, with his heart, and at the Naval Hospital in Washington, when Senator Pittman died. Senator McCarran insisted on getting up from the hospital bed, and coming out to the funeral, which was the proper but indiscreet thing to do. Mrs. McCarran was furious, and the doctor absolutely forbade it. But you couldn't do anything about it. He said he would walk out in his pajamas if he had to. So he came, and very prominent senators and congressmen also came.

I'll never forget Tom Connally from Texas. He didn't wear an overcoat. It was in the dead of winter. [Laughs] We loaned him my father's overcoat. And I had to go up to his room to get it, and I had a little problem getting out of the room. It was very interesting. But it was a great tribute to Senator Pittman, who I think, was highly regarded. He had been there a long time.

He and his wife were very smart. They had bought some of the most valuable property in Washington, which was undeveloped. Now it is *the* place to live on Foxhall Road, which is very interesting. But in Tonopah, evidently,

the two senators, they were on different sides of the same issue many times, and it carried over, and you can't erase those things. When men get older, the feelings of youth are intensified, I think.

He and Congressman Scrugham were never close. I always think of him as "Congressman" because he had been a congressman for so long, and when he came to the Senate, it was [laughs] sort of confusing. But, they probably worked together better than he and Senator Pittman.

But there were times when they just had to present a unified front, you know. It was never a problem with Scrugham, at least. It used to be a problem, sometimes, with Walter Baring, who was a dear, fine person, but was not a student of the law, for one thing. And it made it very difficult. But he tried, and he was really well-meaning. There was a great schism that developed about the time Senator Scrugham died because there were several people in Las Vegas, who had been active in the Democratic party, one of whom everybody just assumed would get the appointment.

There was a beautiful man, by the name of Ed Clark, who had been head of the Democratic party, whom I knew in Las Vegas. And Al Cahlan, who had always supported the Democratic party, and was a fine man and a dedicated man; and Archie Grant, who was prominent, and was busting to have it. So Governor Carville appointed Berkeley Bunker [laughs], which was a fantastic letdown for everybody. Nothing against Berkeley, but just that nobody had thought about his getting the appointment. And that's when Florine Maher left the office, and went to become his secretary. He and the senator got along fairly well, but sort of at an arm's length. It was a strange appointment, actually.

And later—the chronology escapes me a bit, but eventually Senator Carville came

as senator for a brief time. I can't think who died at that time. I think he defeated Senator Bunker.

*And then Molly Malone was elected.*

Molly Malone was an interesting character. At one time there had been no love lost there. But he was unflappable. He had a thick skin. You could call him a snake and he wouldn't mind. [Laughs] So he and the senator were friendly enemies, not enemies but, it—he used to shake his head when Molly would make some profound speech. I had a girl in the office who was brilliant, just brilliant, and she should have been a research professor. She would read back in the Congressional Record, and one time a speech was made which this girl, Margie, had found already made in another Congressional Record many years ago by someone else. [Laughs] It was just laughable. We debated for a long time, whether we should tell Senator McCarran about that, but we didn't. We felt it was better to keep peace if possible, but isn't that interesting?

Great life! But those were interesting days, and throughout all this, you got to know other senators. Senator George of Georgia was one of the finest men I ever knew, absolutely ever knew. And he was a great friend of the senator's. And Harry Byrd, Sr. of Virginia. I was sort of proud of the senator because these great men of the Senate, the backbone department, were his friends, and thought a great deal of him, and I think there is a lesson in that. He sometimes didn't get along with people, like Wayne Morse and Mr. Kilgore, from West Virginia, and so forth, but he saw eye to eye with the sturdy ones. I never knew who influenced whom.

I'd been in the office about two weeks when Senator Borah died. He had been a

great man, he *was* a great man, he had been a great senator from Idaho. He was one of the few senators who was ever accorded the honor of lying in state in the senate chamber. And he was there, and Senator McCarran said I should go over, and see the ceremony and so forth, and he told me where to sit in the gallery, which was reserved for the top people in the senator's offices. I got in and went clear over adjoining the next little group of seats, which was reserved for the White House people. I was looking down, minding my business, when all of a sudden I saw the hand of this woman next to me. These long, strong fingers, a *beautiful* hand, and I looked up and it was Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt. It quite thrilled me, really, because she was so impressive. Senator Borah was a wonderful person, whom everyone loved. But it wasn't dull, with all these people who were there.

*Senator McCarran and Styles Bridges were great friends?*

Oh yes, yes. You see Styles Bridges, during the Republicans [was] Chairman of Appropriations, and the senator was on appropriations, which was the strategic place to be. That was a real and deep friendship.

*They even kind of shared their patronage, too.*

They did, and Senator Bridges used to come out here, with no fanfare, which I thought was nice. He was a fine, fine person.

I tried to talk with Bill Loeb about him one time and Bill Loeb admired him very much, but to Bill, I don't think anybody is perfect. Just fascinates me. And I was fond of Bill, but he does have a tendency to run people down a bit, which is perhaps unfortunate.

Senator Wiley, from Wisconsin, was a strange person. He was sort of bewildered

by some of the legislation which came up, but he would boom out Yes or No, just as if he knew all about the proposals. One time, I shall never forget this as long as I live, I should have been fired. Senator McCarran was ill, and he had called Senator Kilgore, who was ranking, and told him he didn't want a certain bill passed out of Committee until he came back. So Kilgore promptly called it up. There had been a senator appointed from North Carolina, who had been president of Duke University, and so forth, funny little man, and he blithely said, "Yes

And I was standing right behind him, and I said, "Sir, have you read the bill?"

And he looked up at me so funny, and he said, "No."

And, well, I started, so I couldn't stop, so I said, "Senator Kilgore, you promised Senator McCarran you wouldn't report that bill out." And they changed the subject real fast, and didn't report the bill out. But oh my, that was a violation of all the protocol in the whole United States Senate, for somebody like me to speak up. I thought that was terrible! But to admit he hadn't read the bill, but he voted for it.

I shall never forget the day President Roosevelt died. I guess it's all right to mention names, because Jay Sourwine was the one who sent the word to the off ice. And he said, "My God, Truman is president of the United States!" [Laughs] It just tickled me to death! We all were a little concerned because Mr. Truman, whom I liked—I thought he was great—but he wasn't the most profound intellectual that ever came to the doors of the White House.

And I shall never forget when Stevenson was nominated. (I'm kind of rambling, if that's all right.)

Senator McCarran was delighted because here was an educated man, and a real

intellectual, who would grace the White House, and be a fine president, in the opinion of Senator McCarran. And at the convention he was all for him. My word, he came—it was in Chicago, that convention—he came home and I had a call and he said, "Does Pat know that Stevenson was one of the founders of the Americans for Democratic Action?"

I said, "Oh, he couldn't have been."

He said, "He was."

And I said, "Well, I can't just tell him that; you'd better send me something I can show him." Because I had, you know, [to] be certain. And surely enough, this thing came, and Stevenson was one of the founders of this very leftist, liberal Americans for Democratic Action. And the poor Senator McCarran nearly died! Because he'd been so happy to think that we would have a real intellectual, but we didn't get him. But it was interesting!

Senator McCarran was so sensitive! Something came out in the Nevada paper shortly after I went to him, that he didn't pay his bills. Well, I had been absolutely flabbergasted when I went into the office, because down in the bottom of a file cabinet were a lot of bills addressed to him. One day, I went in and I showed them to him and he said, "Oh, those have been taken care of."

And I said, "Well, then they should be marked." I said, "Are you sure?"

He said, "Well, look at my checkbook. By God, they better have been taken care of!"

Well, they hadn't been taken care of. I don't know whose responsibility it was and I'm not blaming anybody, but he thought they had been taken care of. And the poor man was just crushed because he thought this article was not true when it really was true, through no fault of his, because he had left this up to somebody and, as I say, I don't know who, in his office. But his sensitivity on things like that was very great and it hurt him. Believe me, I

would pay bills before we got 'em, because I knew he wanted them taken care of.

We used to have problems with the local taxes. I'll never forget, they would send it to the house and somebody at the house would forget to forward them. But I had to pay taxes too, so I knew they were due. Many a time he would call up the assessor at six o'clock in the morning [laughs] to tell him he didn't have his tax thing. As he said, "If you call 'em at six o'clock in the morning they remember!" I think about three different years we had a crisis about the taxes [laughs]! But so it went. He, as I say, was just somethin'!

*I was curious about something. In his papers in the State Archives there are a number of long letters that look as if he, himself, had really spent several hours writing them, as if he sat down at the typewriter himself and wrote these. Did he ever do that?*

He never sat at a typewriter. He would write in longhand, but if they're typed, they're not his. He used to sit down after a long day and just deliver himself of a whole lot of thoughts. He would, but he would dictate. And I tell you! We had to have good stenos because he would just go like mad. I don't like to dictate, actually; I prefer to type because I think better on the typewriter. But I don't think he could type—now, if he could, I never knew it and I never saw him type and he wasn't in that office much when I was there. So I seriously doubt that. But he would dictate at a very rapid rate and with feeling, as you say. I could look at letters and know who wrote 'em.

That was a very interesting thing in the office. I had the entire burden of answering the mail, but I was so cautious about it, I'm telling you, because you can commit a senator to something, actually without his knowledge. And there it is in black and white, and what

can he do? So you have to be very, very cautious. And that's the importance of people in public life having people around them whom they can trust and who are absolutely loyal to them. There's an inherent danger in that area of an office. I think we've had some shining examples of that in recent years.

You know, sometimes when the ball starts rolling and if you make a commitment, or if a member of your staff calls for something that may not be entirely up and up, you either have to discredit the member of your staff and say, "I didn't tell him to do that," which makes him useless, or he has to follow through. And I think in some instances, in the years, this has occurred; men have gotten into trouble because somebody on their staff would, probably in good faith, perhaps accept money and promise a favor, or something of that kind. But any money the senator would take came without any strings or he didn't want it, which I know was right.

There was an incident that just threw me. Eddie Questa called—and you know Eddie, he always knew all the beautiful girls—and a friend of his was Anna Maria Alberghetti, who was a very successful singer and movie star. She was Italian. She had a mother and father living, and I don't know how many brothers and sisters. We got her in with no problem; we got her squared away so she was legal. But then, of course, she wanted her whole family to come! And Eddie said, "Why, you know how Italians are! They're not happy unless their family's around—you gotta get 'em in, Baby (he always said) 1"

So, we started working on getting Anna Maria Alberghetti's family legal, too. We had that thing absolutely on the track; it was a (I don't know my French very well) —a *fait accompli*, when some foxy lawyer from California got ahold of her and told her that if she'd give him fifteen thousand dollars he

would see that it went through. And dear little Anna Maria, for some strange reason, gave him the fifteen thousand dollars. Before the check got there, her permits and everything came through. She came to me and she said, "Did I do something wrong?"

And I said, "You certainly did." And you know, I thought that—this man was very close to the then president—I thought that was absolutely horrible that he would take advantage of this situation! He didn't turn his hand for that money! And I was fascinated because later Internal Revenue jumped on him about it. I never said anything to them but somehow or other they—I think the dates; they had a feeling he hadn't earned it, which he certainly hadn't.

But it just shows the traps into which you can fall around Washington because there're unscrupulous people who are just looking for a fast buck. I suppose she could afford it and yet she had great responsibility bringing all these people here. And they have been great citizens! She was a lovely person, and Eddie was so grateful. She promptly married somebody else! Oh my, dear Eddie—he had a horrible time with these women! But so it goes.

Marion Hicks had a secretary by the name of Patricia Foust. Pat knew more people by name and everything about them than anybody I ever knew, I think. She brought many fine people to the Thunderbird. She stayed on when Joe Wells took over the management and Joe, I think, was flabbergasted at her wide circle of acquaintances and friends. But she finally left. She's working at the Union Plaza now. But I've always admired her and liked her.

Growing up—or being in Las Vegas, a woman alone—a very attractive woman, as she was and others are—really have problems. She handled herself beautifully and never sold

herself short. She and many others I could name are, I think, to be admired very much.

I have gotten in trouble with people by saying that I never felt the long arm of discrimination. But see, I had a motto and I believe in it to this day, that if you're going to be in a man's world you have to work harder than any man, and then nobody questions and nobody objects and nobody can be difficult because you're earning what you get. I certainly believe in equal pay for equal work. Sometimes you have inequalities because perhaps a woman has to work a little harder, but she knows that when she goes in. So, I have no compunctions on that score. I just feel very keenly that it's up to the individual.

But as I say, Las Vegas is—like Florence Jones, now Florence Cahlan. She's a magnificent person, and talented, writes beautifully, always fair.

Ruthe Deskin who's with the *Sun* is another one who's made a fine name for herself under difficult circumstances.

I had a unique responsibility. Senator McCarran's heart would flare up at very difficult moments. He had not made his appointments to Annapolis one time when he went in the hospital. Well, if you don't make them, you lose them. We had all these applicants, and I hated to hound him, but the deadline was there. And finally he said, "Don't bother me. You make them. Choose whomever you want, but don't let us lose the appointments."

Well, it turned out we really just had one. And here was this list of applicants and I didn't know what in thunder to do. But on the list was a young man by the name of Nicholson who was from Winnemucca, whose mother was a widow, whose record in school was *just* superior, and out of this group, for some reason, I decided we should recommend Mr. Nicholson, which he did. And he is—oh, he's

been fantastic in the Academy! He's now an admiral; he's been in charge of the nuclear submarine division; he's been in charge of the fleet over in the Adriatic. He is just a great person. And the senators who would go on trips would meet him and he would ask, how was his mentor?—because he knew I had made the appointment.

But we were always properly proud of the people we appointed and the senator kept track of 'em, I'm telling you! I did not know any young man who failed to make it in the Academy after they got in. We had several now prominent Reno lawyers, and so forth, whom he appointed to the Academy. But one year we had three whom the authorities at Annapolis said were color-blind, and the senator just raised thunder! But what could you do? So they had to come home and start over with their careers, but each one of them has done very well, so it's all right.

But they were great days, and it was an interesting thing, entirely because of the faith Senator McCarran had in his staff, which we all felt we had to guard carefully because we knew that we had a great responsibility. We could have made him or broken him. But I hope there was no instance where we did really the wrong thing; if we did, it was with good intent.

*How about the staffs of some of the other members of the Nevada congressional delegation—how did you relate to them?*

We tried to be friendly. We had problems sometimes because of the inevitable jealousies. The senator was on the appropriations committee, so we always had a break on how much money was going to be appropriated for the air bases and everything else, and we fought and worked to get the money. So when the time came for the announcement, [laughs]

I tell you, it was a race to get the information to the papers first. Oh, that used to drive me out of my mind! And I repeatedly said to the senator, "Why don't you all make a joint announcement?"

He said, "By God, I did the work and I want the credit," which I understood because he *did* do the work.

But in this department it was a little difficult sometimes with the other staffs. Once in a while, in their zeal to beat us, they would put out misinformation, which just drove me up the wall, because to have a story saying that you got three million for Nellis Air Force Base and actually you'd gotten six—you hated to make a liar out of the other person and it was sometimes very difficult.

Their staffs were—I have no enmities toward the people who worked for the other senators. As a matter of fact I tried very hard for us to work together. You have to! You're all workin' for the same purpose. But it sometimes was a little difficult.

And—I will not mention his name—but there was one young man who worked for another senator who I knew was gonna get in the jailhouse and get the senator in, if he didn't straighten up a little bit. And the senator kept saying, "Now don't mother hen!" But I felt very badly. He finally died from drinkin' too much. But it was sad.

We had great friends among other senators who were our neighbors in the halls, or that sort of thing. Senator George of Georgia was a magnificent person, and his people were great. Senator Schoepel of Kansas I just loved! And his people were our good friends. It's mighty handy sometimes to have friends in other offices, but the information purposes and activities and—if you ran out of something, why, there they are, and all that sort of thing. I think that's why I so enjoyed it all. They have an association now called

the Ex-SOBs (I don't know if I mentioned that), people who used to work on the Senate staffs. And we have happy memories and no problems.

*Would you say you got along better than with the people from other states than you did—?*

Oh no, I don't mean that. Probably, basically you would because there was no competition. I mean, Senator Schoepel didn't give a hoot about who got the credit in Nevada for getting a project through. But our other senator *did* care who got the credit. I felt there was enough credit to go around.

As I look back on those years, my, the senator did a lot of things for the state! Water-wise, aviation-wise, highway-wise, everything! And he always had time for individual problems. Every veteran I know would just work his heart out for the senator because he knew he wouldn't have gotten in the Veteran's Hospital if the senator hadn't pushed and pounded.

I never quite understood the VA because they really do a great service to veterans and yet they make it sort of difficult.

The senator would call me up at the oddest hours saying, "Did you get so-and-so into the hospital?" And if I hadn't, I'd have to go down to the office and start workin' on it.

But I loved that about him. He had a big heart and that was his happiest moment, when he could do somethin' for an individual. And there could be no publicity on that; there was no credit publicly, but it gave him probably the greatest satisfaction of all. I thought that was remarkable.

*One of the things that is reflected the most in his papers is all of the work he did on aviation. I wondered if maybe you might like to just take your favorite piece of legislation in that field—*

*or another one—and kind of trace it. How did it go through, and what kind of work did you have to do to get it through?*

Well, there were two things he did, landmark accomplishments for aviation. One was the Civil Aeronautics Act. Much of that occurred before I went there. Senator [Harry S.] Truman and he came to blows over that [laughs], which wasn't very good. But it really put aviation on a sensible basis and stopped the competition among airlines, which would cause them not to grow, but to retrogress.

He always wanted the Civil Aeronautics Board to be entirely independent of any department, but that effort was unsuccessful.

But the things he did for aviation brought to our office some fantastic people, like Juan Tripp. (I had taken a course in how to remember names, and when he came in our door I said, "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Fall?" [Laughs] He never forgot that, he *laughed!* But I was tryin').

But it was very interesting, the persistency with which the senator would approach something and keep at it, because you didn't get things done overnight.

The second accomplishment, which probably meant as much to the country and to the individuals who were flying, was changing the Army Air Corps to Force. "Corps" is a word which sounds like the kitchen core, and he felt that was not appropriate, nor did it give proper credit to the importance of the air activities during the war, and so forth. So he bulldogged—and that's the only word I can use—a bill through to re-designate that area in the Defense Department as the Air Force, which I think had a most salutary effect on the whole defense organization, and certainly was appreciated by the individuals who were in aviation activities. But it wasn't easy.

I'll never forget a remark—Senator McKellar of Tennessee was a flamboyant, swearing guy—he called up and he said, "Why is Pat worryin' about the difference between corps and force when we've got a war on?"

And I said, "He thinks it would add to the morale of the people who are doin' the flyin' and really doin' the work."

And he said, "Oh, the hell with morale!"

[Laughs] And I said, "Oh, sir, don't say that! May I quote you?"

And he said, "Of course not!"

And I was very happy because he pitched in and helped the senator get it done. And one time I met him in the hall and I thanked him. He said, "Well, we had to get rid of it because we didn't have time to spend with it." To him it was a very minor thing, the difference between two words. But it wasn't minor. It was, I think, a very significant and fine service he did to the people who were so brave and so active. I think the Air Force actually helped win the war in the Pacific—there's no doubt about it.

General Doolittle is a great friend of mine. He's on the boards of Mutual of Omaha and he thinks of the senator with such great respect that it's very satisfying. An interesting thing about him, which is little known, is that he started out to be a mining engineer, in Virginia City. He was doing sort of apprentice work up there and then World War I came along and he enlisted and got into the Air Corps and flew the jalopies across the Atlantic, then, curiously, went back to his mining engineering. And in World War II, of course, he re-enlisted and became the hero. It just fascinates me whenever General Doolittle's in a group; everybody just loves him. He's a wonderful and wise man; I just think the world of him. He knew the importance of that morale, I'm telling you.

I read a paperback one time that said that General Doolittle's raid over Tokyo was actually unsuccessful because some idealistic young mechanic had fixed it so the nuclear bomb wouldn't eject. But, coincidentally, there was an earthquake at that same time which caused all the havoc [laughs] I tried to give it to Doolittle one day, I've never forgotten it. He said, "I don't know who writes this trash," he said, "now don't you believe that, Miss Eva!" He said, "That's not true. My bombs did go down and I wish they hadn't had to," which I thought is an interesting insight into his feelings, because that must have been a horrible thing to realize that you were causing destruction. But it was an order, he was on a mission he had to perform. Such are the tragedies of war, I guess.

So far as how you got these bills through, that is a very interesting process. And once in a while, as I said, the senator would be out ill. We would prepare the legislation setting forth what he wanted, with the help of the Library of Congress research section. It had to be right; we would always check it with him. And if he were not on the floor of the Senate, the problem was getting somebody to introduce it, and there was a classic incident. He had a bill he wanted put in right now; he was flat on his back in the hospital; I was new. He said, "Just get anybody, but get it in!"

So, there is a corridor, like an anteroom, behind the entrance to the Senate floor, and only authorized people—senators and their top staff—can go in there. And I shall never forget, nobody I knew was around; I couldn't corral any senator that I really knew, but I peeked through this door and there sat Senator Hiram Johnson from California. I curled my finger and beckoned him [laughs]. He came, strangely. I told him what I needed and he put the bill in right away.

The senator was slightly horrified at my audacity. And, of course, Hiram Johnson was a rather definite Republican. But it worked out fine because Hiram Johnson helped us get it through. But I'll never forget being criticized [crooks finger], because a lot of people saw me and I got several calls saying, "Don't do that any more now. You just don't do that to senators," which I guess is true.

After you get a bill introduced, of course, you have a lot of hurdles. It goes to a committee. You have to get it through the committee. If it's something momentous there have to be hearings, and it is a long, rough road. Then it gets out of committee and is reported to the Senate favorably or unfavorably, usually favorably (you hope); then it goes on the calendar. And that calendar is the bane of everybody's existence because a bill can just sit for weeks, simply because they don't get to it. So you have to maneuver about and get attention to it. That's where Bobby Baker had his great strength and power because he could decide what bills could be called up for vote, and sometimes it was very difficult getting him to move.

Then after you get it through the Senate, it goes over to the House and goes through that same whole procedure before it becomes law. Even after it passes the House it has to go to the White House for signature. And in many instances, to put it mildly, Senator McCarran wasn't always really buddy-buddy with the President [laughs]. And that is not always an easy thing to accomplish.

But his record is beautiful because he got a lot of bills through, sometimes under very difficult circumstances. The passage of the revision of the Immigration Act is one of the classic examples; that was one of the most difficult things—the codification. What we set out to do was simply to get a statute, get into

the *Code* where all the laws are set forth as they really are, the whole bundle, because the immigration law had been amended, probably two hundred times. But those amendments were never incorporated directly into the body of the law as it appeared in the *U.S. Code*, and therefore there were misconceptions and there was misinformation; and attorneys, particularly, were furious because how were they to know that this had been reamended and the governing thing wasn't in the code that they had? And that's what he set out to do: was simply to codify the immigration laws. And that created the biggest explosion you ever knew, with which I'm sure you're familiar.

Perhaps it wasn't fair. Perhaps we should have had more quota for Orientals, for instance. Perhaps we should have had more quota for Italians, or whomsoever. But you had two schools of thought: one, that we were letting in too many people, and the other, that we weren't screening them as the law required, and that you just could not permit—in spite of the inscription on the Statue of Liberty—you could not permit everybody in the world to come in here, because this was a time when unemployment was something serious. There just were not jobs enough for everybody, and particularly the veterans, people coming back from the wars. And it created a *tremendous* problem. Getting that accomplished should be a great feather in his cap, or words to that effect, a real star in his crown.

But it was so misinterpreted and got all mixed up with the displaced persons to the point where it became the bane of our existence. And I never knew whether I was glad when it finally got through or not because I came to the point several times when I wished he would just forget about the whole thing. But as Chairman of the Judiciary he *had* to do something about it.

There needs to be more codification of the laws. An example of that is the Mint law. Nobody knows exactly what the law is. They keep amending it, but what they should do is rewrite it and codify it and get it in black and white so everyone can read what the law is; then there wouldn't be all these problems. But that's a hard thing to do. Even in state laws this occurs.

I'm sorry I was away at the time when Don [Donald] McLaughlin—did you read his remarks on gold?<sup>\*</sup> I thought it was very interesting that a man should come to Reno and—I felt it was practically what the senator said. They, as I say, were great friends.

It fascinates me now, all the gold and silver problems have become a household subject and people are beginning to understand the importance of this. I also saw in the paper—and I think at that same conference it was discussed—the importance of the production of minerals and metals. People just have no conception of what can happen if you don't have a certain metal, for instance. Molybdenum is one I think of. When you see these great earth diggers, when you see any operation with a mechanical device where it has to cut into the soil, there's no metal harder than molybdenum, and they line the mouth of this vehicle, you might call it, with molybdenum and then they can accomplish what they want to. Without it, they can't. And it just is amazing.

During the war they had many shortages, titanium, and, oh dear, so many. I just hope we're not heading for that same thing again. I worry about copper because industrially it's so very important, as are silver and gold, which many people didn't realize before, and suddenly they're aware. I was blasted from coast to coast when I took the silver out of coins. But nobody has come along and said, "Oh, I see you were right!" [Laughs] You

can imagine what would have happened had we still been using silver in coins when silver went up so. That little old coin that we produce, worth a quarter would, of course, on the market, would have been—whew! It just fascinates me, though, nobody ever gives you a pat on the back.

But this Conference of Western Senators, to me, could have been even more effective than it was, although it was very effective because they were basically interested in two things: one, the need of the country and our defenses and our industry for metals which were in the ground, but which would cost a great deal to recover; they wanted to solve that problem. Secondly, each one of these Western senators inevitable had mining industries in their states, so it was important from that viewpoint.

But, as I say, they could have been more effective than they were, but you encountered strange things. I'll never forget a day when the senator asked the Secretary of the Treasury, who was Secretary Morgenthau, to come to the office to discuss silver, because they were holding the price down (the Treasury was) and they were discouraging production. They had no conception whatsoever of the demand for silver. And I think the senator felt it would simplify things if he could just talk to Morgenthau. Mr. Morgenthau brought with him one Harry Dexter White—have you ever heard of him? And Mr. Morgenthau said not one word; Mr. White did all the talking and said it was ridiculous for this country to try to develop their mineral or metal resources, they didn't need it. Honestly! To take that approach to weakening our situation, to me was—I didn't realize till afterward who he was. When he committed suicide in New York as he was then known to be a Communist. I

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\**Reno Evening Gazette*, April 22, 1980, p. 1

still was unbelieving that this man was in the Treasury Department and truly undermining (and I'm not being funny) the industry in this country, which we *had* to have! But that meeting I shall never forget as long as I live.

As they left, Senator McCarran said to the Secretary, "I called for a meeting with you—you didn't say word one." And Morgenthau said, "I thought it would be better if you talked to my experts."

The senator said, "Well, the wrong expert did all the talking.

That was a sad day though, really, when I look back on it. The War Production Board came along, as you know, in the early forties and issued all these regulations, among them that no machinery could be made for mining, that—they didn't call 'em food stamps, what was it you had to have to get—[ration stamps] could be used for mining.

We had one situation where a fella on the War Production Board was upset because the senator was tryin' to get some ration stamps for people who worked in the copper mines over around Ely. This man said, "I looked up brass in the encyclopedia and you don't have to mine brass! You just take the metals you have and combine them and you get brass."

The senator said, "I wasn't talkin' about brass, I'm talkin' about copper; you have to get copper to make brass."

That was a jolly argument.

The funniest one that ever happened in that area, though—the sheepherders had to go off into the hinterland for several months, as you know. The War Production Board was reluctant to permit them to get their share of ration stamps for the entire time, in the beginning, so they could buy their supplies for the months they would be away. We went 'round and 'round and finally—it happened to be lambing season and the senator was so upset because they couldn't see that a

sheepherder had to have his supplies ahead. This man in the War Production Board, when the senator said, "The lambing season is here; the sheepherders can't leave to go get supplies, they have to bring 'em in when they come.

This man said, "Well, just tell 'em to postpone the lambing season!"

Now that actually happened, I can tell you [laughs]! It's a shining example of what can happen getting the wrong people into agency—and yet, one person can't know everything, so I was a little inclined to forgive him, but the senator never did. Whew!

We had a strange incident in that regard, the—I think he's called the Rabbinet—the chief rabbi for Los Angeles came back to our office and was introduced to the senator by Milton Kronheim, who was one of the senator's best friends, a *wonderful* man! They had a real problem because the War Production Board was closing butcher shops around the country and among them closing the kosher shops. Any "specialty" shops were not permitted. Well, this dear little rabbi was so sincere, and believe me, we were completely sympathetic, but to convince those people in the OPA and the War Production Board was like hittin' your head against a stone wall. But we succeeded on a Saturday morning, and the Rabbinet (as I called him) was staying at a hotel. I tried to call him, and of course, it was Saturday and he wouldn't pick up the phone. He wouldn't touch anything metal (I don't quite understand the ceremony), but he wouldn't answer the phone! And we finally had to get the manager of the hotel to go up and knock on the door—and then he wouldn't open the knob, so they had to get a key to go in and tell him he was successful. And he said, "Today is my religious day and I will pay my compliments to Senator McCarran on Sunday or Monday." I loved him for it! This was a devout man.

But, really, that was a hassle, the kind of which I haven't seen for a long time. I learned a lot about kosher meat and the procedure, and so forth, which I hadn't known before. I thought it was fascinating. So he finally got some kosher butcher shops in Los Angeles, all through the efforts of an Irish Catholic senator. I loved it!

Life wasn't dull.

## POLITICS AND POWER

*This is a quote, "If I were to have to choose one individual that in my political experience in Washington was the most powerful, I'd choose Eva Adams. I'd choose her above Senator McCarran."\* Would you like to comment on that and talk about power a little bit?*

Well, I'll have to say that isn't accurate because if I had any power, it stemmed from being associated with him. I might have had a little more influence (let me use that word), because I didn't lose my temper (I didn't think that was dignified), and I made friends on the telephone, which is where ninety-five percent of the work is done. And I sort of was fortunate in that people were so fearful of Senator McCarran [laughs], they were very happy to talk with me. And they had no reason to be fearful of him, except he was busy, he was in a hurry, and he would just lay it on the line and cuss 'em out if it took that, where I would reason and discuss things better. But the statement isn't true at all, as I say, because of that fact. If it were not for Senator McCarran it would have been difficult.

But these people became my friends. And sometimes I didn't meet them for several years later and it was always so surprising. I'd meet somebody I'd talked with on the phone—become friends with on the phone,

think of him as a tall, nice-looking man, and he'd turn out to be no taller than I and weigh three hundred pounds [Laughs]! It was very interesting, that aspect of it. But I kept those friends afterwards, and after I got into the Mint, and even after I went with Mutual. It's been interesting, but I do have friends in government agencies, stemming from way back. Of course, now with the passage of time, between thirty and forty years, they're about to retire.

But it was very gratifying to be able to get things done. Sometimes I would have to analyze and figure, and there was always one great problem in any situation: do you insist on talking to the head man or do you talk with his assistant or someone in the office? Well, not being the "head man," I was content many times to talk to the other assistants, and they, of course, could advise their chiefs, and did. And that was another way which made it possible for me to get things done. And getting things done was my creed.

We now have in Washington an organization they call the "Ex-SOBs," which means the people who used to be on the staffs of senators in the Senate Office Building. And they almost all have gone to fine positions and influential jobs. They all look back on the old days, and they all fuss at government not being like it was. But it's—I don't think government is so bad as people are saying. I often wish they could go back there for a month and be in one of those offices and see how it runs. Sometimes people just can't do everything you want them to do.

One veteran I'll never forget—his feet had been frozen during the war, and they gave him something like thirty dollars a month. That case has gone on for years. Jennings Randolph, the senator from West Virginia,

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\*Norman Biltz oral history, p. 181

has been working on it. But the VA has their neck bowed and they're not gonna give that man more than thirty dollars a month, which seems horrible because he is incapacitated. His feet were terribly frozen and they look awful!

Of course, there's another aspect to getting things done, and that is for people not to ask you to do the impossible. Now, whenever somebody asked Senator McCarran to do what was *almost* impossible—to him there was no such thing as anything being impossible, so you learned to be persistent, you learned to overcome hurdles. In most instances we *had* to get things done, because that was his motivating force to do things for people from the state. And nothing was impossible, he felt. There were a few things we gave up on, but not very many, I'm telling you [laughs]! There were heads that rolled because he was— whew! He was a very able and fine senator.

Funny things happened, too. I'll never forget one time when the late Bill Moffat, of whom you've heard, called the office and wanted a passport for his daughter. And just as I was talking to him, Senator McCarran walked in. So I said, "It's Bill Moffat and he wants a pa—

"Let me talk to him."

So he gets on the phone, the two of them, and they were yelling, and Moffat was swearin' like a trooper, and the senator was, now and then. And I gave the senator a note and said, "Get her name," because I knew she was married. [Laughs] I had to take the phone back because Mr. Moffat at said, "Why, her name's Adrian Moffat!" Said, "Doesn't make any difference, she's Adrian Moffat—by God, she's Adrian Moffat!"

[Laughs] I had quite a time with that passport, but we finally got it worked out. But the whole office came and stood in the

door, listening to this conversation! Great, great, great!

Those were interesting days. As I look back, I don't know how I stood it. I would go down there at seven-thirty in the morning. And we would always work until the Senate adjourned, and then I would always stay until the senator left, because there were things that had to be done— follow-ups, stories to go out and so forth. But it was worth it. It was a great training for me.

And in the Mint, when I first went in the Mint, I started coming in at seven in the morning. Nobody ever *thought* of coming to work early. Pretty soon, one by one, they capitulated, mostly because they knew they could talk to me then.

In the state political situation, I don't like the word "machine," because I never know what a machine is. As we would ride through Hawthorne, I would see a lady out hanging up clothes on the clothesline, and she was our friend. And this word had been used shortly before I left Reno, and I would look at her and think, "Is she part of the 'machine' [laughs] they accused us of having?" Because, to me, what you have in state politics and in national, as well, is loyal friends, who will voluntarily get out and work, and help you.

*I have the names of some of these people who worked with the network of friends, and I wondered if you would like to give me some character sketches of them and tell me what they did for the organization.*

The late Dan Shovelin was the greatest person I ever knew: he was a facsimile of the senator. He was tough, he was gentle, he was a great person. His daughter lives up the street here and I just love her! Dan was a patriot—I think that somehow out of all the mishmash that's the most important. And he loved the

senator because he felt the senator was a patriot, a *real* American. Those qualities are something that don't always come out. People feel it inwardly but they don't wear it on their sleeve, and neither did Senator McCarran. But people like Dan Shovelin and others were, in the true sense of the word, patriots to the core. Dan shared some of the senator's likes and dislikes. They argued. Dan wanted jobs for everybody in the community [laughs], which wasn't always possible, but we respected him and liked him for it. He was loyal to the senator, he was a rock of Gibraltar. Senator McCarran had two qualities that he said were the fundamental qualities for success: one was loyalty and the other was persistence. And he exemplified both, and most of his friends did, too, because he imparted this conviction to them.

And it was very interesting—I'll never forget Dan Shovelin, being from the eastern part of the state, was so upset with the Mechling thing—because the DiGrazia girl (his wife) and her father had been a great friend of theirs. Mr. DiGrazia was in a very bad spot. He actually couldn't do much for either side—I don't know what he did do. And I've tried to keep away from it because he was a fine person and I know it must have broken his heart to have Mechling fighting the senator, and fighting Alan Bible, who had been a good friend of theirs, too. Dan Shovelin was great; he was fat and jolly and wonderful. Just something!

John Robbins was from Elko, as you know. He was older. I don't really know that background, because he had been a state senator, and what else he had been, I don't know. He and the senator were, at first, sort of fragile friends, but then the friendship became very warm, and before Jack died, they were very close. He was one of the leaders of the Democratic party in the state, and a fine

person, and a great Democrat. We had a little problem with some of these people because they felt that only Democrats should enjoy favors from a Democratic senator which, again, ran contra to Senator McCarran's belief that a senator served everybody in the state, to which certainly I subscribed, and most of his other friends did. But Robbins was one who didn't; he was very upset about all that. [C. E.] Dutch Horton was like a son to the senator. Dutch worked in Washington for many years in the office of the sergeant-at-arms. He received his education in the law there. And he was always available if we had any problem that needed a strong arm and somebody outside the office, until he left. I so respected Dutch. And although his home was over in McGill, he sent word, "I'm here. What do you want me to do?" which I thought was great. That's typical of Dutch; his loyalty was steadfast, and still is. He's one of my good friends even though I see him very little. He had a nice, nice family. Two, at least, of his children, came back to Washington and got jobs. One of them went to law school; I just love him.

But Dutch was a fine person. He was associated with the late [W.] Howard Gray. And Howard Gray was a steadfast friend of Senator McCarran, and a tremendously intelligent, well-informed person. They were a good pair because Dutch had the impetuosity and the determination to get something done and Howard would have the factual and the legal procedures, to the point where they were almost an unbeatable pair. It was very interesting. Land matters and many others.

I'll never forget a murder case out there—the only name I remember is Robinson—but either Mr. Robinson was accused of murdering somebody or somebody murdered Mr. Robinson [laughs]. But whatever happened, Mr. Robinson had to be *saved*, and that was a little rough. (I think he was accused

of murder, which they all swore he didn't commit.) But he was saved from the jailhouse, legally, no problems!

The senator was accused of many things, such as influencing judges—unduly influencing judges, I should say. He had a philosophy—I never heard him put it into words—but he said, “Get the right man in the beginning and you don't have any problems.” By that he meant somebody who was really fair, and who would listen to every side of the story, and who was not just determined to sentence as many people as he could to life imprisonment.

The senator had deep respect for the judicial profession, naturally, after his having been chief justice of the Supreme Court. And it's fantastic—many of the decisions he wrote at that time are used in law schools, and many of them have never been overturned. And that's something, when the times change and the law has become so elastic.

I'll never forget—when I was Director of the Mint, again, these things come up—but we had a banquet in Philadelphia and there was a judge there who was along in years. Early in the evening he asked me what I had done, and so forth. When I told him I had worked for Senator McCarran, he extravagantly *bowed* and scraped [gestures], [laughs] went on and on. He spoke at the dinner, and by that time he was quite tipsy. And he told of a case that Senator McCarran had decided, and it was a case involving state law versus federal law. Cattle had been transported across to Utah, and this brings about a conflict between what law governs. *His* case had to do with a cow that was run over on the Delaware border. And somehow the poor cow got attached to the car and was dragged into Pennsylvania, and as he repeated that night, in his drunken way, “there was *blood* all over the place!” Gee, everybody nearly died!

But again, he was citing the conflict—did Pennsylvania law govern that case where the corpus delicti ended up, or [laughs] did Delaware? And that was because of this earlier reference to Senator McCarran and his cases. I've had a very—a throwback for twenty years! I thought it delightful.

People like Dutch Horton, however, have meant a lot, I feel, to the state, too, because Dutch is staunch and he's a genuine Nevada product and the eastern end of the state is lucky to have him around. I don't know how active he is now; I haven't talked to him for a long time. But he was great.

I'll never forget the day we dedicated the statue to Senator McCarran—and that's another story—but I'll never forget Dutch just standing in front of this huge statue just lookin' up and shaking his head and almost crying. He loved the senator; he was just like his son. And I thought it a beautiful thing really because it didn't always happen.

In Ely also was the Collins family and they were good friends of the senator's. Jon Collins, as you know has had a great career.

Dir. [Farrell] Seevers I, frankly, didn't know very well. He was Hawthorne. And he was a friend of the senator's and of Pete Petersen's, but I'm not just sure how—I don't know how close the friendship was, except we leaned on him a little bit once in a while when we needed to. He was a thousand percent for the senator, although I don't think he always had been (but that's conjecture on my part, I'm not sure). But he evidently was a fine person.

Art Revert and his family from Beatty were just great people. I think their service station is closed. I always try to stop there but I can't find it any more. But they were strong young men that appealed to the senator because they were self-made and that sort of thing, and he believed strongly in them.

I'm just bustin' to get to Pete Petersen, because Pete Petersen was one of the rarest characters I have ever known. He had been a strong union man earlier in his life. He was a baker here when he came. His English wasn't too good; he was thoroughly Danish, but nobody minded because he was so intelligent and so delightful—he could be utterly charming. He had a philosophy in politics, which I think I mentioned before, that it's the "wotes" that count. And he was dead right. He was perhaps the senator's closest political friend in the Democratic party. And the senator had *such* faith in him. But Pete was a stickler for doin' the right thing; I used to have the impulse to go in his office at the Post Office and type and do things for the senator, and he'd say, "This is federal property!" [Laughing] He was so cute! But he was a wonderful person, and his wife, Teddy (Mary) Petersen, was *very* sharp in her knowledge of how to get "wotes"—she probably learned it from him. She, too, was a great friend of the senator's. And her sister worked in our office for a while, Pat Dales, a very fine young woman who was an excellent secretary.

As the years went on, our office force changed, of course, and we had, really, a top-flight staff there for a while. Some of those girls could type the most beautiful letters in the shortest time that I ever saw. The senator just thought they were great.

But Pete Petersen was interesting from that viewpoint—he would call up and say, "There is a young woman (or however he said it) who should be in your office." Of course, we couldn't take all his young women [laughs], but we took some of them and they were worth having.

Pete's loyalty to the senator amounted almost to adoration. I'll never forget one time when Senator and Mrs. McCarran left for Washington on the train, and we saw them

off. And about two or three hours later I had a phone call from the Southern Pacific people. The senator had had what seemed to be a heart attack on the train, and they were putting him on the westbound train at the next station. So I called Pete, and my father and Pete and I went down to the station to meet them. Pete literally cried all the way down because he just couldn't see how the senator could keep having these attacks and still live. I called Dr. [A. L.] Stadtherr and he got the hospital alerted, and they took him to the hospital. And he recovered! But I shall never forget Pete's emotion that night, because he felt so much of this. He was a great man, I really felt sorry for him—I felt sorrier for the senator—but Pete was one person who would have jumped into the river for Senator McCarran.

George Allard and the senator were good friends. I don't think they always had been—again, I'm not sure of that. But Mr. Allard did yeoman work for him when we needed him, as did so many. It seems a shame to pick some out.

Oh, there were great people—and surprising people. Bill Cashill, for instance, loved the senator. And when the senator and Mrs. McCarran were in Ireland they went to the "Cashill castle," and the senator was delighted. He wrote the only postcard I ever knew him to write, and sent it to Bill Cashill! It was very, very nice.

Joe McDonald, Senior, again, was a rare soul. Just marvelous! And his wife was so dear—Leola.

At that time the two papers were very different. One was thoroughly Democratic and one was thoroughly Republican, which I sort of enjoyed; I miss that. Joe would fuss and fume! He wanted to eliminate the *Gazette* [laughs] if they took out after the senator.

He was a very human person. If the senator lost his temper or would flare up at

somebody and perhaps make an enemy, Joe would just suffer! He'd say, "If Pat wouldn't do that—."

But I said, "You can't change him; he's just like he is! The other person will get over it."

But Joe was wonderful, wonderful! I had the deepest respect for him and I know the senator did. He was on the spot because during a campaign, for instance, he just couldn't take sides, which the senator didn't quite understand [laughs]! But it worked out all right. I think the senator, down deep, understood. But he used to fuss a bit.

His son, Joe F. McDonald, came back and worked for us, and he's quite a person. The senator said he'd never be a lawyer, but he was a great "gopher." You know, a gopher that digs and digs and digs [laughs] until he gets what he wants! I guess Joe's doing all right; I don't know whether it's in the practice of the law or in business. He was tough! I'll never forget—he was associating with a man I couldn't stand, and I said, "Joe, why do you pick up with this character?"

And he said, "Well, you might want somebody to put sugar in some gasoline."

I've never forgotten that! I mentioned it to the senator and he said, "Don't you ever let him put any sugar in anybody's gasoline!" [Laughs] But he was a great person.

I'll never forget we had Joe F. McDonald; we had John Laxalt (Paul's brother); we had Bill Morris and Tom Bell, very prominent attorneys from Las Vegas, among others, working in the office. And Joe T. McDonnell. We had the reception room, then my office, then the senator's office, and then this room in the back, which came to be known as the "bullpen." Great things were done back there; they really were able to—they did the case work. They were very fine young men and very understanding. I'll never forget one of the first times I spoke to the office after

the senator's funeral, these fellows got on extensions and said that I had enough worries, not to worry about them (because I had said I wanted to work something out so everybody would have a job). And they said not to worry about them, which I thought was nice. (They were connivers a bit, but such is life!)

Gordon Rice was important in the senator's life. The senator had a law firm which he said it was unique because it was food for the *body* and food for the *soul*. He had Gordon Rice and Alan Bible in it. And even while he was a senator—his first term or second term, I guess—he would try to be a little protective about the law firm. That is, he was a little fussy about the cases they took; he wouldn't send any to them because he felt it was a conflict of interest, and they didn't. We had a great argument about that.

He always felt that Gordon Rice was one of the most brilliant young men that ever came down the Nevada pike. And I think probably he was right. Gordon is an exceptional person. He had a terrific faculty though, for getting into problems.

I'll never forget the lady who came from Syracuse—I don't know if you ever knew, she owned the Shadow Ranch—Mona something. She'd been married many times and to the senator's *utter* consternation, she and Gordon got married [laughs]! I thought the chandelier in the senator's office would fall down because she wasn't a person who was too constructive, and he loved Gordon very dearly. But the way he dressed him down was just fantastic!

But I mention Gordon because of his brilliance, his loyalty to the senator even though the senator got mad at him, and so forth. Gordon was with him through everything. I think that was interesting.

Alan Bible was too. Alan is such a reserved person and self-contained. He doesn't express

himself too much. The senator used to get very mad with him, which was unfortunate because Alan was loyal to him. And the senator was loyal to Alan but there was this sort of barrier of reserve between them which sometimes was an impediment.

But Gordon was always outspoken, always—he was something! But he did great things for Senator McCarran. They had a mutual friend, a little guy by the name of Cliff Devine. And I tell you! Cliff would break his back for Senator McCarran. And I never knew where that friendship came from, but it was a beautiful thing. And at campaign time, I tell you, it was marvelous! But that was typical of the senator, the people who would work for him.

Then we had, of course, our dear Republican friends, which was great! I laughed—some of the women at meetings who go to the Republican convention, many times, ask me to come along. [Laughs] I think to myself, “I wonder if they know I’m a lifelong Democrat?” I told my father one time that I wanted to register Republican, lie said, “If all the conservative Democrats become Republicans, the country’ll go to hell!”

I said I didn’t understand that.

He said, “Because the masses of people are always the Democrats.” And I never thought of that before, but it is true when you look at it. And numbers frequently do count, and he was probably right.

Governor Scrugham used to call them the “haves” and the “have nots.”

I asked my father once why I was a Democrat and he said, “Because only rich people are Republicans,” which of course isn’t true at all.

I’m delighted at the young—not just young—but the people here who are now active. I know more about the Republican convention, and so forth, than I do about the

Democratic, because I think that’s mostly Las Vegas-based. But I was surprised at the number of people I knew who go there today, the Republican convention. That’s good.

Pete Petersen would have had an absolute *stroke* if I ever stuck my nose in a Republican convention [laughs]!

But we did have great friends in Norman Biltz, and John Mueller, and Marsh Johnson was a loyal, fine person. Howard Doyle, of course. All of them. Ed Waits out of Lovelock. The senator had a lot of friends in editors, who were very important to us, like Walter Cox and Jack McCloskey. They were sturdy souls who’d speak their minds. But they liked him very much and he thought the world of them. Al Cahlan in Las Vegas was a great friend of the senator’s. Al was a bit of a dreamer. The one that brought this to my mind was Paul [K.] Gardner in Lovelock, who was a real character. You never knew what he was going to say or do. He didn’t always get facts; he got rumors (which isn’t nice for me to say, but it’s true)

The senator was very proud of what Norman Biltz was doing in the sense of building up the base of the state by bringing in people he knew, wealthy people. That wasn’t the only criteria but that was one criteria, because their only interest in moving from where they were would be tax advantages. It is well known how many such fine people Norman brought in. And, of course, all of them through Norman, would turn to us for counsel and for help and all that, so that was a rather interesting sidelight of what can happen. But E. L. Cord could come in the office, and Joe Blow from Pahrump, and they got the same treatment, I’m telling you.

The senator had many dreams about doing things for the state. He envisioned (speaking of Pahrump) that the cotton industry could have become fantastically beneficial to the

state. But it involved a lot of work, a lot of money, a lot of people who would develop that land in isolated Pahrump. People didn't like to—when they started out looking for gold and silver—they didn't like to spend their days turning the soil and watering a garden or a harvest in the deserts of Nevada. But I think there was and is great promise in Pahrump. I don't know if they're still growing cotton. I hope so.

Mr. Cord had a very interesting vision of finding water in the mountains by drilling. You know how water seeps sometimes; there won't be any water anywhere, and a little water will be showing on the edge of a vein or a ridge, and it indicated an underground source or storage area. Mr. Cord felt if you drilled in, that you could regulate and have this water for use in arid areas, which I thought was interesting because it had great potential. We tried to help him with that.

We tried to help Mr. Biltz when he had this dream of thermal heating. In Italy they control any steam source (you know, Steamboat is just loaded with *steamy* things), and Norman actually had an engineer come from Italy. Their thought was to pipe the water from Steamboat Springs into Reno for use as steam heat, which might have been very practical except it fell by the wayside; I never knew why. It was tremendously expensive, of course, in the initial stage. But it was a real dream. I wish it had worked, but it didn't, and that's the way things go.

It's interesting, many of these people are still around but not enough. Marsh Johnson was a good friend. [Henry F.] Chick Bennett was never real close to the senator; he was too busy with his beautiful ladies. But he was a great devotee, as was Ben Edwards.

One of the senator's greatest friends was Sister Seraphine. For years I felt as if I built that hospital with my two bare hands. But you

know, she is magnificent! Nobody knows how much federal money would come to St. Mary's when other hospitals just didn't get it and were *furious*! But there's no particular reason, except she did all the paperwork; if she sent a project to us we knew it was complete, we knew it was authentic, and we knew the cause was worthy. And he was very proud of that hospital—his hospital, as he used to call it. It's a great pride to me that she and I are close friends because she's a great woman, just great!

Wallie Warren is and was, always, a loyal, great friend of the senator's, and a Republican, proudly. But a friend first. He was very active in one or two campaigns where we were supporting Republicans [laughs] as well as Democrats. Wallie is very able. He's talented, he had great experience in the media through his radio station and so forth, and he's wise; and I'm so happy that he's so well respected here now.

Tom Wilson is another one who was a great friend of the senator's. There were—you sort of hate to start because there were so many who did so much, quietly and some noisily. But for the most part the quiet ones were the effective ones. And Tom was just magnificent!

And some of the old delightful prospector types—he had a friend called Mickey Klosky. Mickey had a little mine over by Dayton and every once in a while the senator would get tired of it all and go over and see Mickey, and Mickey would make rabbit stew. And they would have a ball! And it did the senator more good, because Mickey was sharp; he wasn't stupid at all. He was a character-type but a delightful one. I loved him. He and the senator were always going to "hit it high." Instead of saying "hit it rich," Mickey'd say, "We hit it high!" But it never quite worked out.

The senator used to worry about John Cavanaugh (this might interest you), because

he always felt John was a little inclined to overextend himself. And I think if he were here now he'd worry about the boy. But he didn't interfere, in that sense. Charlie Cavanaugh was a great friend of his from Tonopah. The Cavanaughs really have done a lot for the state, when you think about it.

And Frank Scott and Sam Boyd and those men from Las Vegas who had the courage—the locals—who had the courage to compete with the big money that came in from other places in the gambling thing. But some of the local people there just kept pluggin' and each establishment got a little bigger and better, and they've done beautifully! I'm so proud of Frank Scott for revitalizing the Mizpah, I could hug him! Sam Boyd is the rock of Gibraltar, he's just great. And it goes on and on and on!

There was a family by the name of Sinnott in Mina who were so loyal to him. This is the first year I haven't gotten a Christmas card from them. I wondered what had happened to them. I'll go through there one day and find out. But it was just all around the state, people who in turn would talk to other people, and so forth. And we didn't tell 'em what to say or do! A machine, to me, is a thing which you *run*.

*We're going to talk a little about this definition of machine.*

The reason to me that it isn't a machine—wasn't, I should say—is because those of us who knew him best, and who were with him constantly, in the office, and all of that, were unaware of his friendship with people who would, during an election pop out, and break their backs for him.

And I remember many times asking him, "How come Charlie over here is working so hard for you?" And he would go into the background and all of that, and how he

happened to be friends. He was always doing little things for people, unnoticed, and when election time came they were there and ready.

But they weren't known by Pete Petersen because if it were a machine, there was someone in charge, and it would have been Pete Petersen. He and I worked together, and so forth, but Pete was equally surprised [laughs] as I was by all these people poppin' up. So I just can't think of it as a machine.

First place, I don't like them. I feel that a machine is an unnatural supportive operation. One dictated, probably by fear of the person losing some position they might have, or something like that. Or a person would be part of a machine just because they always had been a Democrat, this and that. My father would turn over in his grave if somebody said he was part of a machine. [Laughs] But believe me, he worked his heart out for the senator and so did my mother. Simply because they loved him. He had a personal magnetism that was magnificent, and it was so unassuming and so unstudied.

He could stand at the doorway of the Riverside, waiting for someone to pick him up, and in that ten minutes, he'd make seven or eight friends. It was fantastic. Partly his appearance (he had an offer to act the part of a senator in a big movie), partly his shrewd way of sizing other people up. A great deal of that was because of his fine sense of humor.

We had an interesting thing happen. A writer for Drew Pearson was out here, and saw a car from Stead Air Force Base pick the senator up to take him out to the air base to inspect it. They wrote the meanest column you've ever read, on that subject. He spoke of this big limousine from the Defense department [laughs], and I well remember, it was a pokey little old Chevrolet. But what reminded me of it, the little group standing around him there, all volunteered to testify.

[Laughs] This was no great shakes that this officer from out there drove up to pick him up, and he got in the front seat with him, and it wasn't a matter of the Defense department spending two thousand dollars to take Senator McCarran out to the air base.

Things like that, you see, hurt him deeply. I thought that was very interesting. The particular thing was the people who happened to be there that day, and would have been willing to testify if we had wanted to sue Drew Pearson.

Senator McCarran had an expression that I am sure you have heard, but it is very apropos, "You don't get into a squirtin' contest with a skunk." [Laughs] And that took care of Mr. Pearson, in his book. I often wondered if they had sat down and talked things out, if there would have been any advantage, but I—neither one of them would have sat in the same room with the other one. And I never knew why Pearson was so vehement, but he was.

I had a friend out here who was a schoolteacher, and she used to want to do this or do that, and I'd say, "I have to work." Well, she couldn't understand what all the work was about, what we were doing. She, further, particularly, couldn't understand why we were concerned about the spread of Communism. She scoffed a bit at the senator's phrase, which he felt very keenly was most apropos, which was "conquest by immigration." She made fun of all that.

I saw her about a year ago. She came over to me and she said, "I know now what you were trying to do, and I wish the senator had lived to do it." She evidently had encountered some subversives or something, and it was very interesting to see this complete switch-around by this intelligent woman, who hadn't taken the time to realize what he was trying to do, because he very sincerely felt that there

were people in defense plants—there were people everywhere who were there for the good of the country.

But it was a losing battle. Other people couldn't see it. His way of fighting was very, I thought, very dignified. He didn't get into the "gumshoe" operation. Recall, McCarthy's Roy Cohen and David Shine who went to Europe and threw their weight around, and as a result seriously hampered everybody's efforts toward internal security. But that's just the way it goes.

*Well, if this isn't a machine, would you compare the organization to what Wingfield had? You were acquainted with that. Did Wingfield have a machine?*

I loved Mr. Wingfield. Let's start out with that. From the time I was a little kid, he was sort of God, because he owned the mining camps, and the mines where we lived, so I am prejudiced, because I loved him dearly, respected him a thousand percent. He didn't have time for politics, truly, except where friends were concerned, and he thought the world of Senator McCarran, primarily because he had a lot of backbone, which Mr. Wingfield admired.

If he had a machine, it was because he had so many people working for him, that they did what he wanted them to do. That, of course, is a beautiful basis for a machine, but I would doubt seriously that he ever thought of it that way.

If there *was* a machine it was probably of John Mueller's making. And John was very dramatic and very determined and very—the very tact that he didn't talk too much led to much mysticism and much misunderstanding of the man. He was not a friend of Senator McCarran's until one day—and I was not there, but John Mueller told me that he

couldn't stand this old guy. Then he happened to be at the courthouse when a rather famous divorce suit was up in front of the judge. Senator McCarran represented the wife and the husband was fighting the divorce, or vice versa (I don't remember those details). But John Mueller said Senator McCarran—Pat, he called him—stood up and made the most impassioned and sentimental speech about the sanctity of marriage, about—he quoted frequently the words, "your God is my God," and that two people who are not happy cannot live together in peace and harmony and faith if they have stopped believing in their God. It must have been a magnificent speech! I never heard it, and actually had never heard about it before. But John Mueller said that's when he became interested in this man. And the senator's client prevailed, which probably interested John, too, because success was a magnet.

But I thought that a very interesting reason for a friendship which developed very deeply between the two men. John became one of, as the senator used to say it affectionately, "my boys," and I thought it was a very beautiful relationship. And I mention that in regard to Mr. Wingfield because John was supposed to be the hatchet man for Mr. Wingfield, as you may or may not know, but he would never lower the boom on Senator McCarran [laughs]! It was great!

The Woodburn firm has always been deeply interested in politics, as you know, and it still is, and I think constructively. They have fine people there and they are interested in the welfare of the state. And I think further they have a deep belief that lawyers have to have integrity, which I think is very important. And they feel that gambling is a privilege rather than a right, but that it, too, has to conform to the standards which are set by the governing body, which *is* the state. And I think that part

is very interesting because a lot of people don't appreciate the—.

*I've had descriptions of John Mueller, for example—.*

I know, but John was a Republican. John was different, just like the Woodburns. Now Bill Woodburn was a good friend of the senator's and I don't think—I think Bill would "rear" if he were alleged to have been part of a machine. But they always supported him and they—didn't always agree with him, naturally.

Mr. Woodburn, Sr. was a great friend of his, *finally*. In the old days when he was practicing law here—I never quite knew what happened—but there were a lot of—perhaps proximity breeds somethin'—but there were a lot of little quarrels and stuff that sort of hung over. But I was happy when they really became friends. Like the senator and John Mueller who were *bitter* enemies for many years, only because things were done by the Woodburn and Thatcher office through John Mueller that the senator felt wasn't right and he blamed John. But, oh my, they became close in the later years! And people in southern Nevada who should be very happy at the existence of the Henderson facility, really can thank the senator and John Mueller, because some of the things that were carried out there were amazing! As I've said before, it isn't just having an idea about something, it's getting it done! And that was something!

*You probably remember the election between Berkeley Bunker and Scrugham.*

To a degree. We stayed out of it insofar as possible. Ostensibly, at least, the office did. The senator, I know, was for Scrugham, but how much he actually said or did I'm not aware of because we, as I say, meticulously

stayed out of that because when you get two very prominent members of the same party running, it's not good. Plus the fact I truly felt—and I told the senator many times—that he should stay out of it because he'd have to support whomsoever ran. He'd say, "I'm not so sure I'll support 'em!" [Laughs] He was so funny! Bless him.

The elections that impressed me most with those involving Carville, for one thing. Why there was no love lost between them, I don't know. One, I think, was the appointment of Bunker rather than Al Cahlan or Ed Clark or Archie Grant. The senator was very upset with that development. But it was not his prerogative to make the appointment, which he well knew. He said, "Well, you can't keep me from thinkin' it's bad can you?" [Laughs]

I said, "No, that's all right, but it's not your appointment!"

I had a blessed privilege of talking up to him, saying what I felt and what I believed, and he appreciated it. He didn't always agree and he used to "blow" a bit, but he would always thank me for sayin' what I thought. And that's sometimes rare. I know few people in the office of the senator who could tell the senator he was wrong or give advice so freely [laughs] as I gave advice. But it was very interesting. People used to call me and ask me to tell the senator things and I said, "Why don't you tell him?"

"I don't want to get in the doghouse!"

But that's the way it went. Did Russell just serve a single term?

*One term in Congress and two terms as governor.*

He was an interesting personality. Somewhere along the line he [Russell] had a terrific inferiority complex. I don't think he ever achieved his potential because of his lack

of faith in himself. People could sway him and bulldoze him. It was very sad to me because I thought he was quite exceptional in many, many ways. And I loved that Margie, his wife! And you know, after he left Washington—or ostensibly—he got a fine job with the—oh, I don't know what to call it because it changed its name so many times—under the AID program, I think it was. And he did very well in that.

Senator McCarran did have a little faculty of creating problems. [Laughs] Like when he threw a do man out of the office. That was unfortunate, but it was because this person said if he did something, they would contribute, and if he didn't do it, they wouldn't. So he said, "Well, you can take your contribution and go." And it really created all the rumpus that developed during the campaign when Vail Pittman ran against the senator.

And *that* was a campaign, incidentally. When the senator died, one of the people who called, that same night, was Vail Pittman, and he was very warm in his praise of the senator and his admiration for him. He said the Democratic party had been torn up by the previous election, "Which I lost, Eva," as if I didn't know, but he said, "Senator McCarran's speech in Hawthorne tonight I'm sure, will bring the Democratic party back together again." I thought that was something. Did you ever know the circumstances of his death?

The senator made what must have been an impassioned speech. We knew he wasn't too well, because his problem with his heart was, I guess *perennial* is the word, and the doctors at the hospitals around Washington said he had been living on borrowed time for a long time. If he hadn't been so sturdy and strong and determined, he would not be alive at that point, which was several years before that campaign. But he got so worked up. I

wished later I had been there, because this Dr. Mattingly, who was the chief Army physician at Walter Reed Hospital, had given me some pills. I never knew what they were. He said, "Whenever" (he called him) "Pat gets excited, make him take one or two of these—two if he's real excited, one if he's just starting." I later found out they were phenobarbital.

The only time I gave him one, in Judiciary Committee, was when a witness was lying through his teeth, and everybody in the room knew it, and the senator was getting furious, so I had to come in through the back, and ostensibly give him a glass of water. [Laughs] But I've wondered if I had been in Hawthorne, it might have helped, although he had nitroglycerin with him, and later, after the excitement was over and they picked him up, and so forth, he was already gone. But a woman stepped up. He had a little gold box in which he kept his nitroglycerin, and he had had it in his hand. He knew he needed them, but he hadn't had a chance to take it. And then she went off with the box. [Laughs] And we had quite a time getting it back. Mrs. McCarran wanted that box, and I don't blame her. We finally got it back.

But I was really happy that, at the end of his life, he sort of stopped fighting on an individual basis, and worked for the good of the party. He had been a lifelong Democrat, although he and people like George Wingfield, and Norman Biltz, and John Mueller were great, great friends and they were all solid Republicans, but they respected him and he respected them. Never was there a thought of any party involvement, except that I found out later that most of them reregistered Democrat so they could vote for him, [laughs] which I thought was great. Not George Wingfield—he wouldn't do that, but some; I mean he was a staunch Republican.

But the bipartisan aspect of Senator McCarran's political life, to me, was most admirable, and I think that the day has gone when you vote party, rather than people. I think the only chance we have of getting people with backbone and intelligence and integrity in these offices is not because they are a Democrat, not because they are a Republican, but because of what they are. And I just pray that some day the really best man will always win. You have to have a party system for the mechanical situation of contests, but the voter doesn't have to be guided in the general elections by who's a Democrat and who's a Republican. It should be the quality of the person.

I feel so strongly on that, I would like to go campaign for it. There were examples—the Mechling campaign was horrible. And you have, I'm sure, heard much of that.

This campaign was, to me, absolutely weird. You know, he married the DiGrazia girl from Wells who was a lovely girl. Her father had been a great friend of Senator McCarran. Curiously, Mechling, of course, never ran against Senator McCarran, but he ran in the campaign against Alan Bible, and beat him, because he must have had good financial backing. Drew Pearson, who was alive at that time, took credit for the Mechling's victory, and I think probably deserved it, because I have a feeling he must have been financing him. And there was a definite effort among people, not only in Washington, but in New York to get power in small states. You talk of *machines*; you have groups that want to get control of the Senate or they want to do this or they want to eliminate the conservatives or they want to have their way. He [Pearson] hand-picked Tom Mechling. He boasted, after Mechling defeated Bible, to come to this small state where it should be fairly simple

to get elected, if you worked hard, and rang doorbells, and were attractive enough to appeal to the people, which Mechling was.

Mechling himself had great potential, but he was so beholden to people who weren't thinking of Nevada, but were thinking of their having somebody in the Senate that they could control—that was the bad part. Mechling did many strange things. And we had sources—other newspapermen in the East knew him, for some reason, and volunteered their services and came out here (and didn't "spy" because that's a bad word), did evaluate Mechling's statements and his activities, and particularly his Eastern connections, to the point where I was *greatly* disturbed. Curiously, I was traveling in Rome. I shall never forget it, on the Wednesday after that primary election, and Senator McCarran called me and said that Mechling had defeated Alan Bible. And I'm telling you! The senator's voice was just as if the end of the world had come! [Laughs]

He said, "You'd better get back here."

Well, it was kind of silly at that point because it was inevitable, from that point on, Mechling versus Malone. But Mechling was devious; he employed tactics which were not always open, which were not always, in my book, admirable. For instance at one occasion (I'm sure you've heard this), he sent word to the senator to come, Senator McCarran, but he also wanted others to meet him in the dark, in a van, or whatever you call it, a camper. And all of this sort of thing always, to me was—we just didn't do that here in Nevada.

Later he went to see some of the senator's friends, and I didn't particularly admire their taping the conversation, but they did. And I *never* heard that tape! They wouldn't let me hear it because they said everybody used such dirty language! [Laughs] Not only my friends,

but Mechling's, which rather surprised me! So, I never heard the tape; I don't know what was said.

But it was a very interesting phenomenon to me, that a complete stranger to the state would come in and try to take over. He *did* ring doorbells—that young man worked his heart out, and so did his wife—and it shows the importance of personal communication. I've always had a theory that anybody running here in Nevada has to go to the trailer parks, and has to go or send somebody who is closely associated with him to the different, small units of people, like the reservations and all of that. I tell you, Mechling covered everything that was in the book! And I've often wondered what he would have been like in the Senate, but the minute I wonder it, I realize he could not be his own man. And that was the tragedy of it.

I met him in the elevator in Washington one day about five years ago. There were three other people in the elevator and I was talking to one man, when this fellow tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Aren't you Eva Adams?"

And I said, "Yes."

And he said, "I'm Tom Mechling."

And I said, "Oh, how are you?"

And then *he* volunteered to this man to whom I had been speaking, said, "She's my enemy." [Points]

I said, "I don't know what you mean by it, exactly."

He said, "Well, you and that senator kept me from bein' a senator."

I thought, "Oh my!" In a public elevator in the office in which I work!" I didn't like that.

I don't know what he's doing now. But it's curious, we still have some friends in the East and if they ever do hear anything about him, they always let me know! He was considering

running again at one time. I've forgotten who it was that he felt he would oppose, but I think the death of Drew Pearson and the death, actually, of some other people, caused him to lose his financial support so he quit.

Financial problems during a campaign are many. And Senator McCarran's faith in me was demonstrated to an extreme, I felt, because he made everybody go to me if they wanted to make a contribution. And I had to keep track of all the incoming money and all the outgoing money, naturally. And I don't think—I don't know, he may have accepted a contribution when he was out in the hinterland, but he would write it down, and I think he told me all of it. lie was meticulous in that regard.

I'll never forget Bernard Baruch and his two checks for \$2,999 [laughs]. And then called me and asked me if we needed more money. Wasn't that great? Which just *fascinated* me!

And I said, "No, not at that point, sir, but if we get desperate can I call you?"

He was most impressed with that! He said it was the first time he'd ever offered money to anybody who didn't [laughs] take him up on it. He was a fine man. He was a great friend of George Wingfield's, of course.

A little sidelight on that a bit. The following spring, Internal Revenue said they—I always did the senators' income tax—and IRS wanted to audit it. I thought, "Oh, my campaign!" I sat up many a night going over my records, being sure everything was straight. I was ready for that young man, I'm telling you!

He came in and he was questioning a seventy-nine dollar bill for a repair of the roof on Senator McCarran's house, because I had deducted it! I said, "Well, it's rental property and repairs are deductible."

He said, "Oh, I didn't know it was rented," and picked up his little ammunition and left!

[Laughs] I could have literally shot him! Of course, it was overanxiety on my part, but I felt a great responsibility because of the contributions from his friends (the senator's), and then the expenditures, that was the thing.

The things that would happen during a campaign were fascinating. I'll never forget one day one of the wealthiest men in town (whose name I won't mention) came in, and he would have been very helpful because he was sort of a leader of a great group of people here. He said if I'd give him twenty dollars a day he would help Pat. And I said, "I thought you came in to make a contribution.."

[Laughs] He said, "No, I like to walk around and talk to some of these young squirts," or words to that effect, "but I need some walkin' money."

And I couldn't insult him by saying, "Why you know very well, you're taking in two thousand dollars a day."

But I thought those little things were very interesting. Everybody who had a particular segment of the community which they felt they could influence would come in and, not too often with those who were really sincere, but those who were trying to make a buck, were very bold in demanding money to help, and saying if we didn't give them money they'd go over across the Street to the other office. But It's something you can't always do, particularly when you run out of money, you're in trouble.

The senator was a good campaigner because he basically liked people. We always had somebody go with him, naturally, because we knew he did need somebody there.

I'll never forget one time he'd been in the hospital for some months, and he was tired of being in that hospital, and I was so tired of runnin' up to that hospital. The doctor said he thought he could leave on a certain day. So we made plans for a car to pick him

up and a young man to go with him and take him to Death Valley, just to relax in the sun. That morning—and believe me, I was all set to sleep for twenty-four hours or something—that morning they called from the hospital, said, "Senator McCarran said to tell you he can't go today."

Well, I nearly flipped! And I said, "What happened?"

Well, they couldn't tell me, they didn't know (I knew they knew). It turned out he had an upper plate, or lower, I've forgotten which, but one of them. He had put this plate in a glass of water in an open window. It had frozen and the plate had broken, and he had called his dentist and he couldn't fix it, you know, just overnight [laughs]! I thought, "Oh, fate does funny things!" So, trotting up to the hospital I went, but he was so embarrassed he would talk like this [hand to mouth] all the time, because he was a very neat, meticulous person and that was very embarrassing to him.

Which led to his telling a story one time of a very prominent man who came out here [Reno] and wouldn't go home because he became enamored of a young girl here. And they *couldn't* get him to go back, and so finally they stole his false teeth [laughs]! Isn't that wonderful? I got the biggest kick out of that! He had a great sense of humor, just wonderful.

The little nuns loved him. He always went to St. Mary's and they just adored him.

*How much of his poor health, or this hospitalization situation, do you think the people realized in Nevada?*

It wasn't poor health in the general sense. He could handle an eighteen-hour day in the Senate better than most of 'em. He would stay on that floor; he didn't come back to the office to take a nap, and so forth. He was

extremely vigorous. I really don't think that people out here realized that he had this chronic heart problem, *and*, according to the doctors back there, it was a problem. But his constitution (is that the right word?) was so strong that the chances were he might be able to overcome it and live a long time. Well, he did live till seventy-two, and was very vigorous. The day he left here to go to Hawthorne, I felt he was tired. And a curious thing happened. I had a little tiny Irish terrier, and I had a girl from the Washington office out here doing stenographic work. The senator went someplace, then came back here, dictated to Elizabeth, then Chet Smith picked him up and he was all set to go to Hawthorne. And they started out, and then he came back again. And I remember saying, and I guess it sounded sort of negative, I said, "What did you come back for?"

And he looked at me sort of funny, and he said, "I wanted to tell the little doggie good-bye," which kind of got to me after he died that night. But of course, going down the canyon he became sick at his stomach. Then he went to the home of the commanding officer there in Hawthorne, ate a good dinner, but he ate a lot of ham which didn't agree with him. And it was a combination of things, and I think the pressure on him—it was just one of those times when his strong constitution couldn't overcome it.

But he would do his best campaigning after he'd been ill. He'd come out here, and amble around, and sit in the park and talk with people and visit people. It was great! And people knew he'd been ill, but none of them—I don't think they held it against him, because he reacted beautifully to the need for taking care of himself for a little while after an illness. Then, of course he would overdo.

But I don't think really—I can say with assurance that it didn't affect his work in the

Senate, for one thing, except for his necessary absence on three or four occasions when the doctors put him in the hospital. But he, oh, he was vigorous! If just that pump had kept working—. And you know I think now, in this day and age, they probably would have put in a bypass or something and he would have lived longer. But I don't know that.

A friend of ours from Hawthorne came in here recently; he had diabetes and one leg had gangrene, and they were able to operate and save his leg, save him. It was beautiful. But that wasn't the case in the late forties. (Of course, the senator didn't die until '54.)

I was so pleased because they had their fiftieth wedding anniversary, you know, and it marked his fiftieth year in the political scene. He'd been district attorney of Nye County and he'd been on the Supreme Court. And I shall never forget—oh, the people of the state were magnificent in arranging the celebration. And they did a clever thing—and I would give anything to know where that map is—but he and Mrs. McCarran were sitting on the platform out at the fairgrounds, and there were hundreds of people around. And a representative from each county came to the platform with a little piece of copper, the shape of their county, and placed it into this map. And when the seventeen representatives of the seventeen counties were finished, here was a beautiful map of the state of Nevada. And I've often wondered why we didn't record that, but we didn't. I guess you can think of everything, but it would have been beautiful, because each one of them mentioned the things the senator had done for the state.

(I was talking—this is getting off the subject a little bit, but I laughed—I was talking to some people who were on the MX problem, sort of resentful that Nevada had been selected. And I said, "Do you know what would have happened if it hadn't been?

Everybody in the state would have been criticizing our congressional delegation for not getting it for the state." And that is true! It just *fascinates* me—they got it, and now they don't want it. But if they hadn't gotten it, they'd have been *furious*, perhaps justifiably, I don't know.)

One little thing that came up. I felt very badly because I saw in a column, prior to Tom Wilson's beautiful luncheon,\* that Tom had the idea of "Operation Haylift." And the article said Senator McCarran took all the credit for it. Senator McCarran didn't take the credit for the idea, but believe me, he *deserved* the credit for getting it into operation. You have no idea—the Air Force thought that was ridiculous, and he had to pound the table; we *worked* at that. I've never forgotten that! And his heart was in it, you know, as a rancher. And Tom knows he didn't take the credit for the idea, but he certainly deserved the credit for the accomplishment of it. Tom was telling me one time that even he had a telephone call from the Secretary of the Air Force about getting McCarran off his back! But we got it done. And I thought it was great that he did.

But he was so earnest in things like that. He probably would have done more in that regard as the years went on because the old methods of just letting the stock wander in the wilderness doesn't always work when the weather is as it is. And he had lots of ideas. He had some ideas about irrigation for the whole state, but, of course, he didn't get to put that into effect, either.

I recently went to the Reno-Sparks Chamber of Commerce Board of Directors meeting, and they were talking about putting the railroad tracks down, an underpass for the railroad. We worked on that problem for

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\*Testimonial luncheon, Reno Ad Club, 1980

years, and we had a great thing going—we almost made it once—with the highway people in Washington, because of Hawthorne, which was a Navy ammunition depot, Las Vegas, which is a nuclear depot, which people don't realize, out at Nellis Air Force Base, and then we had the one up north of us [Herlong], an Army Ammunition Depot.

And they all had to go through Reno. We certainly needed that underpass. There was irony in that. At his funeral the pallbearers, of course, were in the lead car, and then came the hearse, and then the family car, I was with the family. The pallbearers got through; the hearse got right to the railroad tracks when—toot-toot-toot—here's a freight train. We had to stop there, and wait for that long, pokey freight train to go through. Mrs. McCarran was terribly upset, and so were the girls. I thought it was marvelous, because it was so appropriate. You know, when he was young he used to hop on the freight train at their ranch fourteen miles down the road to come to the University. He used to ride that train back and forth. After he went to Washington, the brakeman and the people on the train used to slow down at the ranch and drop things for the ranch; his mother was still living then. Thus, the freight train had a great, great significance in his life, and for that freight train to pay homage, sort of, I thought was very interesting. And I was just tingling the other day when they were discussing it.

At that point it would have cost, perhaps, four or five million dollars to either lower the railroad tracks, or put some sort of arrangement there, where people like me who lived on the south side wouldn't get held up going to the University. But now the price tag is way, way up. I don't think they're quite sure how much, but it's many times more than five million. I wonder how much it'll be in three years, if we ever do it.

But I thought that was a lovely little twist.

Many things fascinated me at his funeral, which was in the cathedral, of course. There were many people who came to the funeral, a Spanish ambassador, *several* other ambassadors, but Morton Downey, who was a good friend of ours—and you know he has a magnificent tenor voice—stood in the back of that cathedral and sang the "Ave Maria." I tell you—it just thrilled me. I thought it was a great tribute, because the senator did do fine, fine things. He didn't do anything for Morton Downey—nothing to do for him.

I shouldn't speak of this because it sounds self-serving, but I think that one of the things that makes or breaks a public official is the staff, the people around him. They can get him in trouble or keep him out; they can run an efficient office or have it absolutely useless; they can—some of the things that have occurred in Washington of a *horrendous* nature in the last decades have not been the congressmen or the senators, but members of the staff, frequently, who initiated it and sometimes actually effected the illegality. But as an agent of his boss, the boss gets the blame, and that, to me, is sad! I feel that Russell didn't do too well in his selection of people when he was governor, as well as other times. But it's too bad because sometimes they don't realize the importance; sometimes they don't know the people well enough. They don't have someone they can absolutely trust that's looking out, never for himself nor for anything, except keeping in mind his loyalty to the senator, and therefore, he wouldn't hire anybody who wouldn't be disloyal, who would get the office in trouble.

Some of the problems which have never been made public were *definitely* due to activities of people in senators' offices, and I think that's just horrible. I'm very feeling on that subject; I think you carry a sacred trust

if you can call a government official or go around Washington and say you work with Senator McCarran or you're the legislative aide or the administrative assistant, or something, to a senator. Immediately you have a bit of authority you wouldn't have otherwise. And to misuse that should be criminal, but there's no way of stopping it. There's no way of policing it and there's no way of enforcing it. Oh, I just get up in air about it [laughs]—important people and their staffs. Like I feel Mr. Reagan will certainly have good people around him because he has had in his campaign. I think Mr. Carter has had a rough go—in part, because of some staff members who were not loyal. I'm thinking particularly of Peter Bourne—you know, the one who was in charge of the health and drugs and so forth and then wrote prescriptions [laughs]. He's married to a girl who seeks to be a consultant to government departments and who is only looking out for herself. This is wrong, wrong, wrong—now how'd I get off on that? But I think it's a very sensitive part of the government procedure.

As I say, I should have researched it because most of the time, in the Democratic primary, where we weren't involved we truly tried to stay out. And that didn't mean the senator's friends stayed out. And there were one or two elections like the Malone-Mechling thing where we were right square in the middle. We worked our heart out on that campaign. But I believed in that because you couldn't have a carpetbagger like Mechling come in and become United States Senator.

One election that fascinated me; when the senator died—of course, we were heartsick and all of that, and I fully expected to pack up and leave Washington. As you know, Governor Russell appointed Ernest Brown, which was a bit of a surprise because Ernie

had managed to get himself very much out of favor with labor, of which nobody should be afraid nor they shouldn't feel that it's sinful. But this involved an effort to turn back—do you remember that?—turn back a multitude of unemployed and so forth who were pouring in from California. But Senator Brown called me and said he would like me to stay in the office to retain its continuity. This would have been about two or three weeks—I don't remember the exact dates—before the election. He was running against Alan Bible, of course. And I said I would stay but that I felt it was more important that the staff remain—ha, ha!

He said, "It's up to you about the staff; if you're going to run the office you select the staff." I've never been so happy in my life because it gave those kids a chance to get themselves located, and so forth.

And I came to respect Senator Brown very, very much! He was his own man, he had good backbone—which I think is a prime requisite for being a senator—and I quite admired him. And it was certainly a rough time for us and for *him* because we were packing Senator McCarran's things. He just came into the same office because it was for such a short time. And the poor man, it must have been the ultimate in confusion! Both he and his wife were just wonderful. And I enjoyed that short period working for him very much. He had an ability to realize that he didn't know much about it, but he didn't have time to get too far into it. He actually just let us run the office as we had. And to me it was very important.

You know, when Senator Bible came then, he was appalled at the number of files we had in the attic, some of them involving water cases. Now the water problem has gone forever. I felt that it was important to keep those files. There were those who said it was

ridiculous; the current thing is the only thing we have to worry about.

I said, "No, no, they should be kept." And they are kept. They're in the State Archives in Carson City.

That is good, because that was one of the major fights I had [laughs], was to preserve those tiles, and to me it was very important. The story of aviation and many things were involved there, in other files. I'm glad, at least, they were never thrown away. Every now and then somebody sends me something that belonged to me, stuck in some file; sometimes they never say who they are.

We made friends with the head of GSA, Jess Larson. Without his friendship, I don't think that important things would have gotten done. He said he saw the light of day and helped us keep Henderson and the plants there turned over to the state, and they, as you know, kept operating for years and years. Think of the jobs that produced.

The senator used to have a few problems with the Zenoffs. I don't know what the basis of it was, but they didn't do real harm. Morry used to take potshots at everybody just to be takin' potshots, however. But later he became a good friend, which was good.

I'll never forget that I was speaking at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon in Henderson one time after the senator died and everybody was up in arms at the smell from the chemical plants in Henderson. I was just flabbergasted! To me it was just like perfume because I knew that without that odor, believe me they wouldn't have bread and butter for the many people around who needed jobs; you know Henderson just grew and grew and grew. They had to have those plants until something else came along, provided opportunity for the people. Morry got the biggest kick out of that! Since I thought

it smelled like perfume, he took me literally, I guess. But it was a great thing. This state is somethin'.

*That was one of the senator's big achievements, establishing the Basic Magnesium. Would you describe that episode?*

Oh my dear, it was—. This MX thing just fascinates me, because I can see the machinations that we would go through trying to get something. Now, in this instance, it's a little different because I don't know whether we're trying not to get, or what. But you deal with one person in the Defense department and the next week somebody else is in that spot. That's what happened with the Basic Magnesium thing, and so forth. There was a man by the name of Larry McNeil who was a construction man from Los Angeles, who was very helpful in that regard. The War Production Board was antagonistic toward Basic Magnesium starting up, which I never could understand because they needed it; they needed it badly. And as an adjunct to that you had to get the material, which luckily was found at what is now Gabbs. So we had to get that land opened up for the taking of the mineral out; we had to get the trucking thing set up. And I'll never forget Joe Wells [Wells cargo] and the senator fussin' about how to get that material down to Basic. It was very interesting.

But it involved conferences with War Production Board people, with GSA people, with Defense people; it involved people locally. The Defense department insisted that they didn't have the know-how in the area, that they could not get workmen who understood this type of operation, the preparation of the magnesium, and so forth. The senator pounded the table and he said, "They're as

smart as anybody!" And he went on—I'll never forget this one man from Defense said he didn't want to encourage people to go to Nevada because of the gambling. The senator said, "By God, nobody is forced to gamble!" He was very vigorous on that.

The same was true with the Dam and with Boulder City. There were many problems there that were not of anyone's making, but due to circumstances that created quite a problem. And we constantly fought with the City of Los Angeles. If the senator hadn't been as strong as he was it would have been sad. There was a man by the name of Scattergood from Los Angeles Power and Light who wanted every kilowatt of power to go straight down those beautiful poles into Los Angeles. And he was just powerful enough and his senators were sufficiently powerful, that he might have done it, if our senator hadn't been so vigorous and so determined.

Of course, we had a few problems with Boulder City and the Dam while Mr. Ickes was there because they got along *not at all*, which I could understand. Not too many people got along with Mr. Ickes, but he was an able person.

But it was very interesting down there because what that has meant to southern Nevada, nobody realizes. And Nellis Air Force Base, it was closed, on paper, about eight times, I know, while we were still in the Senate. However, they didn't close it! And as a result of Nellis, the Indian Springs activity was developed and eventually Mercury and Jackass Flat. That's a tremendous project which nobody speaks much about.

*Do you remember the details of the disposal of BMI? Senator McCarran and Congressman Russell worked to get it, and Senator Malone didn't agree with their approach.*

Well, that was typical. It was not a factual disagreement, because it wasn't his [Malone's] project. It would have been sheer folly to close that facility abruptly—and by abruptly I mean just shut it down, period, and let it just stand there, or even demolish it. They actually were considering taking it down. And the so-called "cells," you know, that are used in the production, were to be taken elsewhere, but the building and the basic equipment would just stand on the desert and rust, which would have been a shameful waste. But people in Washington aren't always thoughtful about that. They feel they have to "take action." Somebody said, "Get rid of BM1." They have the feeling you get rid of it no matter how; you don't worry about consequences, you don't worry about anything except getting rid of it. But that's when the state officials were wise and offered to purchase it; I mean it had to be done in the name of the state. And it had been turned over in the interim to GSA, which is why Jess Larson was in on the situation and it was up to him to determine the proper disposal of it—in the best interest of the government, not in the best interest of the state. And therein lay a mighty argument!

But it was so worthwhile that there were hard days, believe me! John Mueller spent weeks in Las Vegas! And John was so closemouthed about everything; he worked sort of in his pocket. But he worked! And it was a tremendous victory for those who wanted to keep that facility here.

If the senator were here I think the Hawthorne facility would be in better shape. I understand it's been turned over to the Army, which I think is weird.

There was even a nuclear facility storage plant around Las Vegas behind the mountain down there. And that was so hush-hush, you probably never would find out about it and

I couldn't give you the detail of the exact location. But it was there, which is why there was so much Navy brass and Army brass around Las Vegas on occasion, which nobody understood.

But just to demolish things is bad. The waste, the waste, the waste. I have a friend who did it on a small scale around here and then went over to the islands to do the same. He was interested in scrap. And he told me what he found of Army tanks and equipment and guns, and everything, just piled up and sand thrown over them and just left to rot, you might say. Made great scrap but certainly didn't give the taxpayers any return. I think that's unfortunate, and maybe some of that happened at Basic and I think Hawthorne, probably.

Nellis is still going, thank goodness. North Las Vegas always was the center of a runnin' fight about whether or not the air base was a part of North Las Vegas, and that argument is going on continuously. But a city couldn't appropriate liaison with the Defense department, and there are those who just went ahead and insisted it was part of North Las Vegas. I don't know what the status of it is now, but I'm sure it isn't part of North Las Vegas. But they have their own schools and all of that, although some of the children, I understand, come into the city schools, which is logical.

The same is true of Fallon. Fallon is staying real busy now. That precipitated a great argument. "Fallon was supposed to be an irrigation district; Fallon was an agricultural area, the very idea of having a Naval Air Base there!" Which reminds me so much of this MX thing, I just can't get it out of my mind! The ramifications, of course, are a lot different, with the magnitude of the present one, and the Jane Fonda type reaction. (She's had profound influence, do you know it?—on what goes on in this country—she and her kind.)

Whenever you get something done for the state or for a city, you sometimes have to tramp on people's toes. And is the interest of the few more important than the interest of the many and the interest of the state? And that was a constant problem because you naturally had great sympathy and great feeling for those who might be displaced, but sometimes it has to be done.

The Lovelock area has never achieved its maximum potential in my book. You know, the government took over a *huge* ranch there called the Nevada Nile and made an absolute flop of it! They couldn't make anything grow—the hay wouldn't grow, the beets wouldn't grow, the onions wouldn't grow [laughs]! And they finally just sort of were abandoning it when Norman and a group of his friends came along and offered to buy it. Reluctantly, and only after being kind of pushed, the government decided to let them buy it. It has become one of the most productive areas for hundreds of miles around. The people the government sent to handle it just didn't know how. That's something that you have to consider when you're dealing with the government. But the government is a necessary evil and has to be respected and has to be retained, so I'm not advocating any real changes. But I just wish sometimes they could appreciate the fact they don't know everything about everything. That's part of the problem, and an interesting part.

Oh, it was weird! They didn't see why an irrigation ditch had to be as—you know, so wide, for instance, so they made more of 'em and made 'em real narrow so the water never would flow through them. That sort of thing. And it was alkali land and they didn't put the energy in to remove the alkali from the top of the soil before they planted. It was sad!

But Lovelock, to me, still is tremendously potential. They have a fair supply of water and underneath that alkali is good, good soil. And they have staunch citizens over there.

#### EDUCATION IN THE CAPITAL

There is one facet here, that I think is very interesting. When I went in to "run" Senator McCarran's office, I thought there would be a guidebook for running offices. [Laughs] There would be something which would give you an indication of what to do. There was absolutely nothing. Your friends that you made, your neighbors across the hall and next door, were very kind, but they were too busy to tell you how to do anything. So you just had to work it out yourself. But it interested me very much, when one day, a gentleman came to me from the graduate school of the Department of Agriculture. This was some two years later, after I'd been there. He said that his boss (I don't know who that was) was convinced that somebody ought to have a course in running a senator's office, and would I teach it?

And I said, "Well, I don't know why you come to me. I haven't been here very long, and there surely are some who could do better."

And he said, "Your office has the reputation of being efficiently run, and you seem to be the one that everybody said would be ideal, so far as teaching this course."

So for two nights a week, I would teach this course in how to run a senator's office. And to my utter astonishment, several senators came, with their staffs. Margaret Chase Smith never missed a meeting. [Laughs] She at first brought two or three of her staff members, and then pretty soon, she brought the whole staff. And it was very interesting because there was a crying need for operating details. Not how necessarily to *do* things; but if you didn't know how, *where* you could find out how,

where you could get information. Just like going to law school—they don't teach you all the law, but they teach you where to find it. And that to me was a great experience.

It was perfectly fascinating. They didn't know about certain publications that had in it everything you would want to know about the government, who was in which position, all of that. Nobody ever said how much they earned, but you could look at the local papers, and you could find that out. But that to me, was an interesting experience, and I was so scared and excited when these senators would come. She [Senator Smith] was the only one who came faithfully, every time, but, oh, there were two dozen who came intermittently, and I thought very interesting and showed the need actually, because there certainly was a need for that sort of thing.

I didn't do it too scientifically. I didn't prepare a plan, nor work out a curriculum, or anything—whatever you would call it—or anything of that sort, because I too was floundering. But when I left, they taught that course for several years. And then finally it was dropped. Not because the Senate didn't want it, but because the Department of Agriculture was short of funds. [Laughs] Although I didn't get paid, I never understood why they needed money, because the rent was free, the teacher was free. It was very interesting.

But it showed a little aspect of the Senate that perhaps nobody realized. And at that time, I was going to law school at night, so I tell you I was a busy kid. But that, too, was good for me, because Washington is a place where it's terribly easy to get mixed up in the cocktail circuit, to be blunt, and that time, after work, until early evening, or something, was almost the wasted time. It seemed to me, later, when I quit going to law school, I was lost. [Laughs] But I thoroughly enjoyed going to law school.

Senator McCarran, of course, was a great advocate of people going to law school. I did not realize how much of everyday life, how much of everything is wound up with the law, and what a help it is, to know the basics of law, even though you don't practice.

When I became Director of the Mint, there were innumerable times when it came in very handy. And I shall never forget having an argument with a hotshot lawyer from DuPont [laughs], who later became a good friend, because he didn't know I had studied any law. He just sang my praises everyplace, and it was wonderful, really. I think everybody would do well to take some law. And I feel the same way about economics, although, I'm not sure that they have teachers who are equipped to teach economics. I've heard that, but I don't know. It's nothing against the people who do, but it is very interesting.

I had a hard time, in a way, because basically I wanted to go to Georgetown University. That was at the time I finished my undergraduate work at American University and then I wanted to get my Master's at George Washington, and I wanted to go to Georgetown, but they didn't allow women in the graduate school. You have no idea how that broke my heart! It has changed since. Father Lucey was in charge then, and he simply had a thing about women going [laughs] on in advanced law. That was his privilege. So there was no real problems, but the knowledge was invaluable in office work, for instance. Particularly was this true when the senator became chairman of the Judiciary Committee. You couldn't even have understood some of the proposed legislation if you didn't know some basic law.

In law school I met several people—that is, there were several who were in law school with me, whom I got to know, and eventually, when the senator needed people to work

on the committee or something, I spoke of them and he hired them. For instance, the head of the Ford Motor Company office in Washington, Wayne Smithey, was a chap who used to go to law school with me, and there are several others, who went out in the world afterward and did magnificently, because working on that Judiciary Committee was a great education, and they were fine young men.

The senator, as you know, had been chief justice of the state Supreme Court, and he felt that a study of the law was as I later agreed with him, was vital. He felt that anyone in Washington who had fairly free evenings, and who was not otherwise learning something, should go to law school. And that's why, every time a young man from Nevada would write and say he would like to come to law school, could we help him, because he had to earn some money, the senator would say, "Get him a job!" It wasn't always easy, but we did it.

It's been criticized a little bit, I think, because later these young men who had come back there, and women, were strong for Senator McCarran when the political contest came along. I'll never forget; one of the opposition made a big issue that the senator had a built-in campaign committee. [Laughs] That was purely coincidental. There was no thought of that when he brought these young men and women on. But I am very proud of them because they did beautifully. Most of them had families already. They went on and most of them came back here. The ones we hired in Judiciary were for the most part from here, because the senator had a philosophy that if you were lawyer, you ought to get out and practice. So he encouraged all of them to come back here. And I think if you ever talked to one of them, you find great gratitude on their part.

He was tough. At the most unexpected moment, he would ask me what I knew about

contract law. [Laughs] Well, to tell anybody what you knew about contract law in ten short minutes was weird. But he was very interesting. He was almost like a parent. He did that with all these people. And he kept us on our toes, I'm telling you.

When I took the Nevada Bar—well, first, when I took the D.C. Bar, my father and I were driving up from Las Vegas about two months later and this state police car stopped us. My father was so amazed because he hadn't been doing anything wrong. This fellow said, "No, Senator McCarran sent word to the office to get word to you that you passed the District Bar." [Laughs] I tell you, that was a great moment! The greatest moment was when I passed the Nevada Bar, because it is famous for being tough, as you know. So I was very proud I passed that Bar particularly.

I'll never forget one thing which was the Bar examination here started on Monday after a most vigorous political campaign, which had ended the Tuesday before. You can imagine all the thank-you letters, all the straightening up of everything and so forth that had to be done. I should have taken a Bar review, but in five days, you didn't have much time. And my father drove me to San Francisco. That's one thing I shall never forget. We got a good night's sleep that first night, and then we went to the home of this professor who was fairly famous for giving Bar review course. He was a handsome colored man, and he was so fine that he did something with my mind. He got it off politics and into law in two short hours. And I've always been very grateful to him for that, because I only was able to attend his courses for a total of six hours, but it was a transformation in my thinking. So my father and I came driving back over the mountains and I started to take the Bar Monday.

I get very upset when I see all this controversy about who can take the Bar, and

all of that, because those rules I thought were very clear. I don't know all the problems, but I've seen a lot in the papers and I don't like it, because I think they should keep those up. Keep the standards high, because there are too many people who want to skid in.

### NEVADA GAMBLERS

*You haven't talked about the gamblers, as a group that he worked with, and that you surely had some contact with.*

Well, those were going problems. It's very interesting, I don't think people realize at all, particularly the Kefauvers of the world, or some of the senators who are so quote, "pure," unquote. They don't realize that Nevada is unique in the fact that we are still a frontier state. We have all this open public domain, but no industry. Now, the situation has improved somewhat because we have many things—the Freeport law was the greatest stride that we've made for years. But we have all this non-taxable, open, public domain; we need schools and highways. We need many things, but because of the lack of water and therefore the lack of industry, there is no way to finance them, and never has been.

Gambling, to me, has benefitted the state just as it benefitted every young state that started out. And I would love to do a research thing; I don't know if the sources would be there, but I just wondered if perhaps every state in the Union didn't have that sort of thing when they were very young. I threatened to do that when Kefauver was so vigorous [laughs], to see what Tennessee had done.

But the effort of the federal government to control gambling has always been a great problem. Number one, they don't realize the importance of it to the state. Number two, they would have no conception of the

horrendous situation they would be involved in if they tried to police it, rather than letting the state assume the responsibility. So we had great, great problems in that regard.

And they've approached it from various viewpoints. Kefauver suggested an out-and-out federal control of gaining. And he was one of those who put in this bill which was a funny—it just tickled me to death because it was so ludicrous. They proposed what they called a Gross Gaming Tax. If I put twenty-five cents on the Blackjack table (of course you can't do it, but if I did), theoretically, at that point, they would take twenty percent of my quarter for the federal government. Well now, this was a little silly. But this bill was making great strides and, as a matter of fact, I think it passed the Senate because I remember the important thing was to get the House to realize what they were doing. So a delegation from here came back. I think there were ten or twelve of them. The chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee was a congressman whose name escapes me, from North Carolina, who was a rigid Methodist who hated drinking and gambling and all of that, but who was a very fair person. And I remember saying to the senator, "He doesn't understand!"

The senator looks at him, "Blankety-blank, anybody should understand you can't do that."

So after these men came back we set up an appointment with this congressman. And I'll never forget the group leaving our office, going down the hall, Senator McCarran striding out in front, these dignified lawyers, and some casino owners, trotting along behind. They went over to the House office, got down on the floor, and Senator McCarran was showing this congressman how, if you shot craps [laughs], you couldn't take twenty percent out of every bet. This congressman was a *very* dignified,

beautiful person, and he was actually having fun! They convinced him completely that it was impossible, which it was. But that averted one of the greatest [laughs] threats to Nevada gambling! But, oh, I'd love to have seen that—Senator McCarran, who was always so dignified, and Congressman—. But I thought that was something—a stroke of genius!

*Did the casino owners visit in the office in Washington?*

They came like on that time when this gross tax was threatened. They also were naturally upset about other federal taxes. Do you realize federal, state, county, and city tax must be paid on every slot machine? On the federal tax, Senator Kefauver had put in a measure to make that tax way up in the hundreds, like five hundred dollars a machine. This couldn't be. You see, when you talk about slot machines, you're talking about every drugstore, you're talking about little grocery stores, you're talking about bakeries—I've seen slot machines in bakeries! And it wasn't a matter of necessarily just the big casinos, it's a matter, also, of what it does to the small person. This was why it was so very important to forestall this tremendous tax. I think it finally ended up at fifty dollars. But on top of that, as I say, you have the state, the city, and the county—state, county, city tax on every single little slot machine. And that's no small burden for a little grocery—the neighborhood grocerymen who have slot machines because they did help him survive in this competitive world.

When those problems came up, usually the attorneys for the clubs would come, rather than the owners of the clubs. They came to Washington, they came for inauguration, and that sort of thing, but they didn't haunt our office.

*You could give me a couple of sketches of some of the owners, who were colorful characters?*

Well, there were some I knew; like Marion Hicks who owned the Thunderbird was a delightful person. I've often wondered about his background, his schooling, and all that. I don't think he was a particularly well-educated man. He had a heart as big as gold. He did not run a very tight ship. He had faith in his employees to the point where sometimes it was ridiculous. And he was loyal to his employees. He just worshipped the senator, just worshipped him! He was one of the very—to me, one of the very most colorful owners. And I loved him very dearly. I've even forgotten a lot of them.

*I saw a letter of the senator's saying that he really liked Mr. Hicks.*

Oh, he did! He did like him because Marion was a likable person, number one. He had a beautiful wife, who just thought Senator McCarran was something. He had two children; one of them has had a rough time down there.

But the senator always helped everybody. Isn't it funny, I can see these men but I can't remember their names! The senator felt they had to know their business. There was one—I hate to mention names—but there was a man who came in from Los Angeles who had been a car parker; what do you call them?

He just worked the parking lot at a fancy restaurant in Los Angeles. He came to Las Vegas, and nobody knows where he got the money, but he got the money to buy one of the casinos. He was a friend of the editor of the *Sun*. And he was a very strange person because he, of course, did not like the senator, except when he himself got in trouble. And then, believe me, he came running! But

he brought his attorney with him, thank goodness. So we helped in what way we could, but it was not a legislative matter, so there wasn't much we could do.

I'll never forget Tom Hull who built the El Rancho—was the first actual casino owner, I think, in Las Vegas. He was a real nice, quiet little fellow. And about that same time came this fellow whose name was Benjamin Siegel, and he was trying to build a hotel and casino just about the time the war started, and the War Production Board was trying to prevent them from building almost everything! But that was not fair because they had already ordered the material for the hotel, for the pipes, for the golf courses, and all of that. We got into that a bit, not a lot because there was really no problem. You can't make a law retroactive to the point where it will invalidate an honest contract.

And I'm not sure that this Siegel really was the owner or builder of the hotel. I know we had no correspondence with the man. I never heard of him until I heard of "Bugsy," and I couldn't figure out who "Bugsy" was for years! But it was very, very interesting.

Also the senator was very fond of Sam Boyd, as people are today because Sam is three thousand percent honest. I think he overextends himself, but that's none of my business. He is a fine person. He's been honored by—but he's been given awards by the Conference of Christians and Jews and many other organizations. And all the local people just think the world of him, as we did and do.

But these men in gambling are very interesting to me because they're not necessarily dishonest at all. People seem to try to give them that stamp, that they are stealin' money from the poor people. That's so ridiculous, but it happens.

There was an effort one time in the Senate, spearheaded by the racetrack people,

to outlaw gambling, and the first wording of the bill said, "In Nevada—." [Laughs] But that's a competitive thing that's been going on for years. And the dog racing people joined up with them because Nevada has never, or did not at that time, permit dog racing. I think subsequently they have changed that policy, but I'm not sure. I don't know of any dog races—I think there was one outside Henderson, but I don't think it went over. But the racetrack people in the East felt gambling hurt their industry, and maybe it did. Who's going to go out and sit in a dusty platform, you know, and watch the horses run around, and get hot and tired [laughs] when you can be in an elegant casino where you get free drinks and aren't a captive of the time. It's a very interesting situation.

Joe Wells, when he was running the Thunderbird, tried to get a racetrack going in Las Vegas. He, too, soon was very thoroughly convinced that you couldn't have racetracks where there was gambling. And that is basically the case. They're two different operations. Unless you go into a fantastically elegant racetrack, you're just not going to get the people to come and stay all afternoon, particularly the women. But that's their privilege, I guess.

It's very interesting, the casino people—there were two in Hawthorne, Al Marlia and Joe Viani, who were great people, really, and who did fine things for the little towns. Then the Navy went in there, and protested having gambling. The senator said they had known it was there when they went in, so be quiet about it!

Gambling will always be a bit of an enigma to me because I think it's a strange phenomenon. I don't like extremists of any kind, whether they be the conservative who's so conservative that he's illogical, or the liberal who's so liberal that he's almost radical. I think

one extreme is as bad as the other. And I think the same is true if you get a gambling addict, although I've never heard of a gamblerholic—that's as bad as an alcoholic, really!

Believe me, we have to thank the gambling industry for supporting the schools and doing a *great* many things for the state. I think people forget that.

I was so happy with Frank Scott, you know, who owns the Union Plaza in Las Vegas, taking over the old Mizpah—they say it's perfectly beautiful—in Tonopah. Now he is "gambling" on Tonopah becoming very active again. Of course, he doesn't have to gamble; he doesn't take much risk, because already the mining industry, and so forth, has helped. But to me that's a forward step in the state, and it's something which can't be criticized. You think of dear Newton Crumley who had gambling in Elko. There never was a finer person, and probably Elko wouldn't have been the town it once was, and I think is coming back again, had it not been for Newt, and Red Ellis who was great!

You know, there's a thing in the Senate which always has bothered me. I have had administrative assistants to other senators call me and say, "The boss has to introduce some legislation so he can have his name on a good bill and he can get some publicity for it. Do you have any ideas?"

Well, now that is pretty bad! To introduce a bill *just* to be introducing a bill to me is horrible. But that is the case. And I've often felt that some of this bit about gambling was brought about that way. It would label them as a purist, you know. And it just worried me to death!

At the time of his death there were three different Senators who spoke of investigating Howard Hughes. I was out of the Senate at that time and working downtown, but I thought, "What a strange effort to get publicity!" We

did get it stopped. But it would have been a great publicity vehicle, because you could have brought his wives, you know, who were movie stars, and many other things.

That's the sort of thing that I think is one of the greatest things wrong with the legislative system, but it's something you can't help. In any democracy, you're going to have publicity seekers, no matter at what level. And that is the main reason there has been activity in the gambling thing. Of course, basically, I think some of the surrounding states are a bit jealous because they would like the revenue and all too, but they don't appreciate the problems. Actually, I know some legislators in New Jersey who are just devastated at getting it in there. Florida has been trying to legalize gambling for years, but they realize the difficulties of controlling it (which are many, as you well know). And they have never taken the final step; they've never been able to convince the people of the state that it can be controlled. But I know in Miami and elsewhere there are gambling places running without benefit of license, which is evil.

I'll never forget one time in Atlantic City. I was visiting some friends and to my utter astonishment one night, they went to a place where they had gambling! And they insisted we try it. Well, I didn't need to try it, I had tried it! But I had to go along, and I put a five dollar bill on the crap table on the "Come" line, and the number came. The dealer owed me ten dollars but he didn't pay me. So the game went on and I just left my money there, and I won again. And finally I got very vocal and I said, "Why don't you pay me?"

He said, "You don't know what you're doin'!"

Now that's what happens when you have illegal gambling.

And of course, my friend said, "Don't create any excitement! Be careful of these people, they're tough!"

[Laughs] I thought it was very interesting. That's a fact of life.

And the Atlantic City thing, from some of the people who have been there, is not any way near the type of thing we have out here, nor the high quality, or anything. I'll never forget people in Reno, both the Harrah's and the Smiths of Harolds Club, and other, during the war when there would be people from Stead Air Force Base who would come in and lose a lot of money. These clubs had established a policy that if any service people lost a great deal of money, the pit bosses were to watch it and give them money and send them on their way, which I felt was constructive, and really great! But people don't believe you when you tell them. It's very interesting.

Isn't it strange, of all the things we did in Washington, I think the things which stand out are not connected with the gambling, because I always had the feeling they were self-sufficient and that the state Gaming Control Board and the state officials were watching them and caring for them, and watching it, and that there weren't too many problems— until Kefauver came forward with his hearings. Mr. Kefauver was not exactly a favorite with me.

I shouldn't speak ill of the dead, but I shall never forget I went out to a place called Olney Inn for luncheon one day, and he was making a speech to the WCTU, talking about "Poverty Gulch," the evils of drink, and all of that. That very evening I was going to a dinner and happened to drive by what they called the "elevator entrance" to the Senate, and here was the senator with a drink of scotch in his hand, standing there tryin' to get a taxi [laughs]. I've never forgotten that. Strange man! But, it was his privilege to criticize us.

I think gambling should be the responsibility of the state. Probably they're doing a better job than people realize. Although, there's not much to create too much problem, when they're doing a better job than people realize. Although, there's not much to create too much problem, when they're doing what they can do and what they can't do.

I'm trying to think of the name—oh, Doby Doc [Robert Caudill]. Doby Doc was one of the most interesting persons I have ever known! I don't think he was a thief; I think he was a kleptomaniac. He had an inherent drive to collect things. One time a train pulled into Elko—as I understand it, I wasn't there—but when the train pulled out, it had a lot less on it than when it pulled in! So of course, everybody wanted to put Doby Doc in jail. He called the senator—oh, I've never forgotten that, dear Doby!

I saw his collection one time down in Las Vegas in a chicken yard; it looked like, behind the Tropicana—I don't know where it was. But he had *everything* from miniature trains to rolling pin. He had a collection that was *fantastic*! But he insisted he never took anything [laughs]! And he didn't have money to buy 'em, so I don't know where he got them. And I don't think he was a thief. But I loved him because he was a real character, a real, real one! The last time I saw him he was well along in years and when I walked into that yard, he cried and cried! Wouldn't stop crying—just broke my heart! I think he's gone but I'm not sure.

*He was a great friend of Benny Binion.*

Oh, yes. And I loved Benny Binion. I respected Benny Binion. I don't know what happened in Texas, truly. He always contended that he was unfairly accused. But

I have never seen a prouder man in my life than when he was given a license to own a casino! He said, "I'm legal!" And he had the dearest family; his wife is a little tiny woman, and some of his children have been problems, but that's inevitable, I guess. But the pride of this man in operating legally just touched me so deeply! As you know, he isn't vain, but he had a gold collection—still has I guess and the buttons on his shirts would be three dollar gold pieces I tell you [laughs] it just fascinated me! Great, great person! I think he spends more time at his ranch in Montana, which was his ultimate dream. Reminded me of Bill Harrah— seeking peace and quiet in his later years.

Benny always ran a good operation, so far as I knew. He did very well; it was a profitable operation, and he had a heart. He was like Bill Harrah and some of those—and Raymond Smith—if he knew that somebody gambled and lost what they had, they always gave him what they called a grubstake, and I thought that was a beautiful thing to do because that's one of the heartbreaks of gambling, for people to lose when they can't afford it. But it's none of my business if they want to gamble.

But Benny Binion is a rare soul. "I'm legal!" I'll never forget that!

*Maybe you'd like to talk about some of the other Las Vegas gambling figures besides Benny Binion—like Kell Houssels who was a different type, entirely.*

Kell Houssels, I recall most clearly from the first campaign after I went with the senator. Kell had the El Cortez Hotel (Las Vegas], and our office was in the El Cortez. He was a nice-looking man, very quiet, very stoic, but with a great affection for Senator McCarran, which was another one I never

understood—I mean I didn't know the background. I could understand it but I didn't know how they got together.

He was one of the most gracious persons I've met and everybody else thought he was the toughest, meanest man in the world. I never saw that side of his character! All the girls on our staff out there just loved him, and he did nice things for us while we were off iced in his hotel. He would come to me and make suggestions—never give orders, but tell me that somebody should go to—and I can't remember the name of the restaurant, but there was a restaurant where all the politicians gathered—he said, "You should have somebody down there standin' up for Pat." Little things like that which are important.

But Kell, so far as I know, was a highly reputable, very honest person. He had two children, as you know, Ike (I don't know his real name), who later ran the Tropicana, and I don't know what he's doing now, and a beautiful daughter-in-law by the name of Jean who married Ike. Her father was a local dentist, Dr. Smith. Jean was a beautiful girl and Mr. Houssels was just heartsick when the kids divorced. But that's somethin' a father can't control.

But Ike is also a fine young man, perhaps a bit over his head because he didn't grow up in the industry. He should have because he was there all the time, but Kell kept them away.

I admired Kell. He and Marion Hicks and Sam Boyd, to me, are three of the people who were just great. I never knew where Kell came from. I don't think he was Las Vegas, really!

There is a man who, to me, is of great interest and that's Cliff Jones. Dear Cliff could get in more problems without intent; he never looked beyond the moment. He got mixed up with a girl whom I happened to know and, oh, I nearly died! I thought he was

really going to get involved with her, but he finally ended it, or she did. He is now married to a very beautiful and prominent girl from Washington.

But Cliff had great ideas and great ambitions, and made a lot of money I'm sure, and blew a lot of money when he became interested in the foreign operation.

I have always been so distrustful of having a casino *anyplace*, whether in Yugoslavia or Atlantic City because they're just not geared for the kind of discipline that has to exist if you are going to run a good gambling place. Cliff was always tryin'!

He had a fine family. Florence Jones Cahlan was his sister and Herb Jones was a fine lawyer. And Cliff is a great, handsome, nice guy—you'd never know he had real problems along the way. He always got out of 'em! Which is a compliment to people [laughs]! it takes some quality to get in and another quality to get out.

*He had a lot of trouble with the Thunderbird.*

Well, he was always connivin'. It was just his nature, I think. I don't even know who owns that now, but it isn't called the Thunderbird any more is it? But that was a great hotel. There was a period there when it was wonderful.

#### THE LAS VEGAS SUN CASE

*Well, the senator and you were involved in a lot of other things with the gambling people in the state; I was thinking about the Sun boycott and the lawsuit that followed that—.*

That was a horrible thing! The senator was an extremely sensitive person, which nobody would realize. But the editor of the *Sun* sort of took it upon himself to quote, "get him."

He didn't even know him. I didn't know what that man looked like for months and months and months after all this started.

The senator couldn't understand, after he had done so much for gambling, how these owners would advertise in the *Sun* when the editor of the *Sun* was tearing him up. And they actually had started this smear campaign. And we all tried to tell him this was one of the hazards of war, and so forth, but his feelings were hurt, to the point where it was devastating. And he would lambaste the owners for putting in those ads. So finally the owners, I guess got together, I don't know. I don't think there ever was a conspiracy. I don't think there ever was a violation of the anti-trust thing. They didn't sit down and decide to boycott the *Sun*; I think it was meeting on the golf course, or common consent, or something. If they ever had a meeting aimed directly at establishing a policy in that regard, I didn't know about it.

Then the famous suit was filed. That hit a sensitive chord in me because at that point I was taking anti-trust law at George Washington University. And, oh, this created headlines in the *Washington Post*! And when I walked in that class that night, everything stopped, everybody turned and stared at me. But, that was again, a thing which got to Senator McCarran because it hurt his feelings so. And the association with—I've forgotten all those who were also named, but aside from me there was Costello, who was a real "hood." I don't recall the people who were named in the suit. And they kept threatening the taking of depositions, and at one time a process server came to the office and wanted to see me, and I never knew it, but the girls in the front office wouldn't let him come in. I didn't know it! I don't know to this day what he wanted to do. But finally they trapped the senator who actually, was anxious to make

a deposition because he felt he was right. And I never read the deposition, but I don't think it was in our favor because the senator got mad, and when he got mad he got a little unreasonable.

The editor of the *Sun* had some of the most prominent lawyers in Washington, and curiously, most of them were attorneys for the grocery clerks or labor *unions*, and it was a very mysterious thing to me. I also wondered where he got his money, but I think "Mr. Johnson" probably explained it.

But that deposition, I gather, was devastating, because the senator called him names. The senator acted naturally; he felt that way. But it wasn't so good—there was a fellow by the name of Bell Roberts, who was attorney for the editor, who had never liked the senator. He was also Drew Pearson's attorney. They even brought up the Mechling campaign, I knew that.

But this deposition was pretty bad. And, you'd never believe—I never knew exactly how the case was settled. But it finally was settled out of court, as you know. They dropped my name out shortly after they put it in, but I didn't know it [laughs], which I thought was very interesting. Some of these gangsters they had in there were flabbergasted, because many of them were in New York and Chicago. That was window dressing and guilt by association. They had our names in with these mobsters, which made us look as if we were associated with the wrong people. But that was a *horrible* time in the senator's life and Mrs. McCarran's life, and the daughters and everybody. It was just something which was despicable and uncalled for. It was all the activities of the owners of the casinos in Las Vegas. Nobody up here was involved, to my knowledge. But if they ever got together in determining what to do, I, for one, didn't know it. That's always been a bit mysterious in my life, because I

never did know exactly how it was handled. But it was a horrible thing, just horrible!

*Have you discussed it since with, oh, like Mr. Biltz or—?*

The senator's friends used to talk about it and worry about it, but we didn't—he didn't, I don't think, know any of the factual things as to the activities of the casino people, and so forth. If he did, he never told me. I don't even—someday I'm going to ask Bill Woodburn about it, he might know, but I'm not sure.

It was so—at first it was laughable! It was so ridiculous that it was laughable! I probably contributed to it because some of the casino owners would call me and say, "What's Patsy" (some of 'em called him Patsy) "what's Patsy so mad at me for? I have to run ads in the *Sun*."

And I'd say, "I don't think you do."

And then I would talk to some. I'll never forget, I talked to the senator about it once and he just hit the ceiling! And then I wrote this one casino owner and told him how the senator felt. And I've often wondered if that letter didn't get into the hands of Green[spun's] editor's attorneys. I don't know that it did. But that would have been a bit of evidence on his side. And it was done in complete honesty and without any subterfuge because it was killing the senator, you might say. Not only his pride was hurt, but his motives were challenged, and all the rest, and that's kind of rough. He wasn't getting anything out of whether they put the ads in or not, but he felt that with Greenspun fighting him so, they shouldn't be supporting the man by these ads. On the other hand, I can see the owners' side of it because they had to advertise. The other paper became sort of dull and pokey for a period, and as a result, the *Sun* was more widely read. So therefore they felt they had to advertise, and I could understand.

But it was a traumatic time, I'm telling you.

For instance, a man came out from the *Fortune* magazine, and one came out from some other magazine and wrote stories about Mr. Biltz, and *always* working the senator in, which didn't enhance their reputation really. But they were all well known to and friends of the editor of the *Sun*. It was fascinating.

And I'll never forget one time. I used to quarrel about appointing judges who weren't qualified, who had had no practice, who had never appeared before courts, who were not men of high standards. I felt we should—we should set up some standards as to who could be appointed a judge. So the senator said, "Well, go ahead and write 'em out."

So I did it, and it was discussed in Judiciary Committee and they approved to these standards for federal judges. It wasn't a week or so later but some columnist, whose name I've forgotten, came out with a stinking thing, said that I was tryin' to wheedle the senator into appointing me as a federal judge. Well, that was so ridiculous—I knew—I had never practiced law! I couldn't possibly be—according to my own feeling about it—I couldn't be appointed a federal judge! That hurt, because it was embarrassing and it was untrue.

But it was very cruel. The lengths to which they went to attack the senator were fantastic! And I was impressed by the tentacles of Greenspun reaching so far. Of course, it was partly Pearson and this Mr. Roberts, who was then his attorney, which was his privilege, I'm not criticizing him.

Strangely, in Washington, probably two or three years ago, I met a judge of the Tax Court. And we were sitting around the pool at the apartment where I lived, and he said, "How's Greenspun?"

I said, "Why, I guess he's all right. Why?"

He said, "Well, I did an audit of his income tax once."

And I said, "Amazing! You went clear out there?"

He said, "Yes, it seemed to be important and some rather powerful friends of mine asked me to go out and help him and I did."

And I would love to know more of that story!

But it was indicative of the widespread contacts that this man has. I think he's calmed down, I don't know. But he's a strange fellow. Beautiful wife, lovely wife.

Of course, Senator McCarthy didn't help anything when he spoke and meant to say he was an ex-convict, as he had been convicted. But in his thoughtless way, he called him an ex-Communist, which I think was not justifiable. That didn't help the situation at all.

But it was a sorry time in our lives, I'm telling you! Horrible! And I think it shortened the senator's life, without doubt.

### End of an Era

I'll never forget that night—this may interest you—because Chet Smith had driven the senator to Hawthorne and when Chet called and said the senator had died, naturally we were all in a state of shock, just—it was fantastic. And then Chet called and said that the ambulance had taken off to take the senator to a funeral home to which I knew he wouldn't want to go. And I said, "Why is he going there?"

He said, "Well Mrs. McCarran said."

So I called Mrs. McCarran and I said, "Honey, you know he'd want to go to Ross Burke because they're old friends and that's one instruction I have."

She said, "I told 'em to send him to Ross Burke."

And I said, "Well, then they misunderstood you. But do you mind if we try to correct it if we can?"

So we got somebody in Fallon, I think it was, to meet the ambulance and tell them to go to the right funeral parlor. Oh my, the things that happened, you have no idea! Luckily, there were two girls from the Washington office out here working and they helped greatly. And strange people came forward to help—like Eddie Questa. He was invaluable—and arranged for that state funeral and all the necessary complications that went with—it was really something!

*What about Senator McCarran, would he have run again?*

We never knew. He would have been seventy-eight, as I recall. You never mentioned his age to him because he was vigorous except for his heart condition, which only flared infrequently. I have a feeling he would have run again. I think it might not have been the best thing for him because of the stress and strain.

He did have a great ambition to get the Democratic party together. He was not very close, as you well know, to Vail Pittman. But I shall never forget Mr. Pittman's calling from Hawthorne that very night and telling me that Senator McCarran died a hero because he was trying to get the Democratic party together again. And all throughout the whole thing he was very kind and helpful.

Senator Malone, who was then the other Nevada senator, was helpful. But it was ironic, as the very day Senator McCarran was buried, his son-in-law died in Arizona. That made it bad. I was just amazed at the people who came to Senator McCarran's funeral. Almost all the Senate was there—Republicans and Democrats. The White House sent a special

plane out with Mrs. McCarran and the family and the staff, which also was a bit unusual and certainly a marvelous thing. People like Morton Downey, who flew out from New York to stand in the back of that Catholic cathedral and sing the "Ave Maria" in a manner which was absolutely moving. I don't know when I've heard a crowded place so quiet. And that exquisite tenor voice singing this song because he loved Senator McCarran; this was a real act of love toward a person.

We had quite a time about the headstone. (I didn't know headstones cost so much.) But the family wanted this kind and that kind and the other kind, and the people at Mountain View wanted something else. At this point in time, they were leaning toward simple monuments, if any. So we had a little problem there, but it was finally resolved by friends of Senator McCarran who built this—paid for and built—this very nice stone, or whatever you call it, memorial with a place in it for Mrs. McCarran, which she didn't like, and which I could sort of understand. But, of course, when her time came the girls were very happy it was there.

But the problem was that there wasn't room really for this large memorial. The older graves on both sides—the people who had people buried there were a bit offended, but you couldn't help that.

My mother and father, I loved them. They used to go up every holiday and so forth, and put flowers on the senators grave, which I thought was wonderful. But nobody else did! Isn't that amazing?

*What were the daughters like at that time?*

They were here and they were not easy to work with, which may have been my fault rather than theirs. But they were very used to

having whatever they said. Well, this wasn't that kind of a situation, and we had some problems along the way. They didn't realize, I think for months, their father was no longer a senator, and they would want letters written and they would want manuscripts copied. Their needs were great but there was no one to perform these requests because we were working eight hours, ten hours, doing the work we were paid to do with the new senator and it was impossible really, which they never appreciated.

Mrs. McCarran, I think, felt that we neglected her, but we certainly didn't do it willfully, because two of the girls who stayed out here after the senator died worked many, many days for her. We got out all the cards and this place [701 Skyline] was a beehive of activity because they all worked out of here.

And it was a very difficult thing, the transition. And that transition remained difficult for a long, long time simply, I think, because they found it hard to realize that he wasn't there. I don't think it was an automatic feeling, that the people who had been nice before should be nice again. For instance, Mrs. McCarran loved to go to the races up in Delaware, which was about a two-hour drive. One of the people in government, no less, had been going and driving her up, reluctantly, because the senator had asked him to. Of course, he wasn't going to do that any more and said so. She just couldn't understand that, and I felt sorry for her, truly, because it meant a real change in their way of life.

The sisters had always been rather demanding of their father. I felt very badly when Sister Mercy wrote a book called *Once There Was a Nun* and it said that her father used to embarrass her by doing things for her. On the contrary, the senator was embarrassed because he was asked to do so many things for

each of them. And because he loved them so greatly, he tried to do them. But never did he do anything which would have embarrassed them unless they demanded he do it. And I really felt badly about that, but those things happen, I guess, along the way.

Sister Mary Mercy was a different type than Sister Margaret. Sister Margaret is more intellectual. She had been writing her first book on Fabianism and, of course, the office had to help her, typing and all the rest of it, which was very difficult at that time. Later, I think, she tried to write a second book, but I understand the church felt it ill-advised because Fabianism is a very delicate subject in its relationship to Communism. She was a little reckless once in a while about deciding who was what, but that was her privilege. And she is a very intellectual person and a very determined person, which anyone who knows her now also realizes.

And dear Norinne, who was the youngest daughter, had been ill most of her life with an aftermath of having had sleeping sickness. I think it's comparable to Parkinson's disease. But I always found her very reasonable; you could always talk to her and talk her in and out of things. And I admired her—she worked in the Library of Congress for many, many years and truly earned her pay in spite of her handicap. And people there were fond of her, liked her, and actually were sorry when she left.

Mrs. McCarran moved from the home in which they lived to a home quite far out on Massachusetts Avenue. And about that time, the nuns were given privileges of "taking care of their mother," so it was, ironically, the first time the family was together. But, of course, by that time the senator was gone; he had always wished the nuns could be part of the family. In fact, on his fiftieth wedding

anniversary, during that period, he had taken the whole family to Europe and that must have been a production—it was, getting them going! I remember, he was horrified when the nuns put on bathing suits and went swimming [laughs]! That sort of got to him! But I didn't blame them; they were human beings anyway.



# 4

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## THE OFFICE OF SENATORS BROWN AND BIBLE

And then the next morning people started calling up about—would *I*, of all people, support them for the nomination? I said, “Look, I have one thing on my mind which is to get the rites for the senator properly organized, and after the funeral I might discuss it with you. But,” I said, “it’s none of my business; it’s entirely up to the governor.

They said, “Well, you must know who Senator McCarran wanted to succeed him.”

And I said, “That’s a little rough at this point,” because there was a Republican governor, Charlie Russell, you know, and I said, “The senator, I’m sure, wouldn’t want his wishes necessarily to govern.”

And about that time I get a call that Mrs. McCarran wants to be appointed and, oh, it just broke my heart because she was a rather nervous little lady and of all the people I can think of who would not be happy in that setting, it was Mrs. McCarran. But, evidently she did want it. I don’t know, she never talked to me about it. But that made it very difficult because several of the senators who died, their widows had been appointed briefly.

And it might have been a happy solution, I don’t know.

But Charlie Russell acted fairly rapidly, as I recall, because all of a sudden I had a call from Ernie Brown who asked me if I would stay on and keep whomever I wanted on the staff because he would be going back at least for the interim period and then he would run against Alan Bible for the nomination. Of course, in the interim I had had wires from everybody *including* Alan Bible [laughs]!

Those days and nights were just hectic. And I remember looking at myself in the mirror and saying, “Now you stay steady! Don’t you lose your head!” because everything was happening. Estate matters were coming in; there were seventeen people at the senator’s house and they had to be fed and poor Mrs. McCarran was not in—she just couldn’t handle that. And the people who came forward and helped with that were just—there’s no word for my appreciation for them. Except after the funeral I think the family sort of felt it should continue which, naturally, it couldn’t. People were just marvelous to them.

But all the time, these other pressures, and if it hadn't been for Pete Petersen I think I would've blown my cool. He wanted Alan Bible to be immediately appointed. The governor felt that it was the wrong thing—I *think* (I never talked to him about it)—but I think he felt this was one time when he had to be a Republican.

And Ernie Brown was admired by everybody except the labor people. And he had—you probably know—had that incident [of labor fight many years ago]. But I always liked him.

So Ernest Brown came to Washington. And as fate would have it somebody, when he asked somebody where they should live (and I'll never know who it was), they directed him to the very apartment house in which I lived. [Laughs] It kind of shook me, but it was interesting and convenient, I might say.

And he was very fine. This was at the time when the censure of McCarthy was on the floor and he kept asking me what Senator McCarran would do. And I told him very frankly, "I think the senator would not vote for censure, He might vote for a reprimand to some of the staff, but that certainly Senator McCarthy's objectives were admirable, if not the procedures." And he was one of the few senators who voted against the censure of McCarthy, which didn't make any difference. I mean it didn't mean McCarthy's expulsion from the Senate.

And curiously nobody ever—they can do that, you know. Nobody—Senator Watkins of Utah led the fight against McCarthy, and even in his antagonism and—of course he always played to the stands, but never once even did he recommend expulsion from the Senate, which I thought was very interesting. I mention this incident merely as an example of Senator Brown's backbone and independence, which I admired very much because there

were very few votes supporting Senator McCarthy.

I think it was a difficult thing for Senator Brown to go to the Senate knowing that it was inevitable that he would be leaving after the November election. He didn't even really put on much of a campaign against Senator Bible. I never knew whether it was because he didn't really want to be there, or because he felt it was hopeless. But his friends gave token opposition to the Democratic candidate, but nothing of a serious nature.

So, Alan Bible recognized his lifelong ambition to become a senator and we stayed on with him, of course. By that time the enmities were deep among those who had wanted to be appointed and weren't. The whole atmosphere, I felt in the state was bad. They actually had lost their focus of—I don't like to say power because I don't think it was that—but their focus of somebody in whom they could be confident. And it really led to a period when things weren't so good.

I remember cases we were working on; Alan, quite naturally, felt that we shouldn't be doing things necessarily because Senator McCarran wanted them. He didn't feel that he had to be for them because Senator McCarran was. And I respected his judgment in this. But it made it very difficult because a lot of things we were working on were for friends of the senator. But he wasn't sufficiently vehement in his feeling that he made us quit working.

The greatest problem we had, of course, was clearing out the office. That was horrible! Knowing where to send things and what to send and all of that. So those were really—and as I look back on the years, those were probably the most hectic and unhappy, actually, days and weeks and months of my life in Washington.

But the problems following his death would have been much greater from my

viewpoint had Senator Brown not offered to keep the staff, because I felt a great responsibility for these people who'd been so loyal and to have gotten jobs for those who still were in law school, and for the others, would have been a tremendous burden. So this was a godsend, actually. And Senator Bible, also, when he came, kept the staff. And it was a good thing, because that way we were able to preserve the continuity of things and the files—everybody grimaces when you speak of files, but in an office I think files are extremely important.

And about that time he brought Jack Carpenter from Yerington on to work in the office, and Jack is a very fine person. Some others joined the staff, too, and one by one the people who'd been there a long time left. This Mary Nulle, who was so great and who was there when I first walked into Senator McCarran's office, decided she had to go back to Anderson, Indiana, and she died there not too many years after. But those were interesting days from that viewpoint because we all were sort of half dazed.

*Senator Bible's interests were quite a bit different and his assignments were so different, it must have been really kind of a tough transition.*

It was. And his procedures were different. He didn't have the—well, and he had no reason to probably—but obviously he didn't have the complete faith in the staff that Senator McCarran had, and he certainly didn't have it in me and I did not resent this because I didn't know him that well. And once in a while, I think it was difficult for him with me still there and my contacts, and so forth, going, not to him, but to me. I tried my level best to turn over to him everything that would have helped him as a senator and I think I was fairly successful in that.

During his campaign, I'll never forget, I was trying to help him. I came out—Senator Bible permitted me to come out and it was ludicrous really, but I broke my toe; I dropped a Japanese fishing ball on my toe. And so I was hobbling around Senator Bible's campaign headquarters trying to help and it was very difficult. A lot of people felt he wouldn't make it, but I had no doubt whatsoever, but what he would.

Senator Bible is a very fine person basically. He's certainly well educated, he's Nevada clear through to his very depth. He is a little more studied in his way of doing things and more methodical, which meant it took a long time to get anything done, which was a little difficult when we had so much to do. But that was simply his way and nobody can criticize that. He is a student of politics, I would say.

He has a little bit of stuffiness about him. I remember my father and I had gone to Detroit and I had bought a very small Cadillac and Senator Bible disapproved of my having a Cadillac—[laughs] all the time! And perhaps he was right; maybe it wasn't good for me to have a Cadillac. But that Cadillac cost less than a Buick did at that point because they put out this very small model. I loved that car! I finally changed it for an Oldsmobile, which was better; he was happier, which was all right with me.

He did very well in the Senate, however. He made friends, perhaps a little pointedly, but nevertheless he made them, which, of course, you just have to have friends in the Senate—as a senator. If Senator McCarran had a weak spot in his armor, an Achilles heel, it was that he would at times walk over other senators who might have been more helpful to him, although he, too, had friends who were just devoted to him. But Senator Bible rather methodically worked at this.

I've never put the great emphasis on what they call "The Club" in the Senate because there is no time when any group is unanimous on any one thing. After a few years in the Senate you know how people are going to vote on the issues because of their basic liberalism or conservatism, or whatever. And that is something which makes it very difficult because once you get a "stamp" then I think it's easier for you to vote that way. And I loved the people who were very independent and whom we *didn't* know how they would vote—they were the ones who finally had the power because they would have the swing votes.

There was a great and deep friendship between Senator McCarran and Jack Kennedy, which I thought was of great interest. At the time of his death, the telegrams and the messages that came were beautiful. If you could see those scrapbooks, which I'm sure Sister Margaret must have, it would be very interesting because some of the comments that were made, you couldn't have bought with a million dollars; they came from the hearts of the other senators. I'm thinking particularly of the beautiful telegram that Senator Kennedy sent. But it was a hectic time.

Out here, I'm not sure there was a real vacuum in power. (That depends on your interpretation of the word vacuum, though) . There was a scattering of power; there were power plays all over the place. But it was very interesting to watch the manipulations and the intrigues, most of which I promptly put out of my mind because I didn't like them.

I'll never forget Norman Biltz, who had been so active in politics. He said he was "hangin' up his hat because Patsy died." I'll never forget that. And he almost meant it. I think there may have been one or two instances where he got back into the fray, but there weren't very many. The devotion

between those two was very interesting, and had started out on such a rickety basis.

But when my father died, also, that created an emptiness between friendships. Like the Italian people just loved my father because he had taught them how to put up their potatoes so they'd get the most out of them, and how to pack their onions so they'd get huge prices for Grade A small onions. He had taught them many, many things. And I felt so sorry for many of those farmers; they were almost helpless the first year my father died because they depended on him so much. And the reason I'm mentioning this is because he worked so hard for the senator among the Italians, and among many other people. My father was a great friend of the senator's—had been for many, many years. That's why I went to Washington. And he was one of the few people who would talk up to him, and say, "Now, Pat, I don't think you should do that." They would go the rounds. But it was a very wholesome thing, that they could talk with each other. But that's life.

*Senator Bible certainly didn't seem to like politics the way Senator McCarran did.*

Oh, he loved it, but he didn't feel at home in it, let me put it that way. I think Alan actually is shy. He has a sensitivity about him which in that rough world made it difficult. And Jack Carpenter, of course, was from the deep South, which was a different kind of political situation. Jack was prone to put things off and Alan acquired a bit of that same tendency, which made things very difficult for those of us who had been taught that every letter had to be answered within three days and every problem had to be solved yesterday! But they felt no push, which was very foreign to those of his staff who'd been there before.

Senator Bible had great background for his work on the Interior committee because of his years as attorney general and his knowledge of the water problems, and that sort of thing. He approached them from a different viewpoint. He was inclined, and did permit the government people to shape his thinking more than some of us felt was good, because you know there will forever, I think, be this antagonism between ELM and the Sagebrush Revolution, details which are very real.

His home had been in Fallon, as you know, and so the irrigation and reclamation projects were very close to his heart. But he didn't put any personal feeling into them, let me put it that way, which was certainly his privilege, as I say.

His best friends became people from Washington, which sort of surprised me—rather than from out here.

*What happened in 1956 when he announced that he wasn't going to do this any more?*

You mean resulting in the great petition? I always had a feeling that was a bit contrived—not necessarily by Senator Bible, but by some people around him who were good contrivers—or connivers [laughs], I don't know which you should say. But I never really felt that that was quite from the heart. Of course, he was worried about his mother who was quite ill at that point, and died shortly thereafter; I think she died before the election came up. But it need not have been a great factor because they were not always together anyway.

But that little operation wasn't to my liking, which was none of my business. I felt the people felt, too, that it was an effort to get people on record, which it did. I knew some

people who signed that petition because they thought their candidate could beat him—[laughs] they might not be able to beat somebody else. Oh, that was somethin'! But it's all in the past now. I haven't seen anybody else try it.

He was always insecure. But in all fairness, remember, it was a hard act to follow and he really did a good job considering the fact that the McCarran influence was still very strong. The McCarran people were very much in evidence everywhere, and it was probably hard for him to realize that what he did was not necessarily to his own benefit but was a continuation of the McCarran activities.

When Kennedy—let me put it this way—when the matter was discussed about my becoming Director of the Mint, there was a great deal of conversation went on between Senator Bible and some of his confidants, some of whom were my friends and a few whom I think were not, and at one point I wasn't sure whether he was trying to get rid of me or [laughs] whether he really wanted me to be Director of the Mint. But I'm sure, as I look back, he was very proud that he could have a part in getting that position for a Nevadan, and he was very fine about it all the way through—and proud, I *think*. But I also think it made it easier for him, for me, whom people associated with Senator McCarran, not to be in his office, which I can quite understand. I don't resent it at all.

He gave a beautiful reception for me when I was nominated and confirmed—which, confirmation came very promptly because I knew most of the senators. He gave this beautiful reception and *everybody* came—Lyndon Johnson, who was vice president, Senator George of Georgia, and Senator Byrd. I have pictures which I value so much because it was a happy time.

And in my, perhaps, preoccupation with things of the office, I hadn't realized what a ripple this would make upon the waters because it was somewhat unique for an administrative assistant to a senator to jump to a, well, quite an important spot in the government. It'd happened since perhaps more than it had before. But being a woman, it was doubly significant. But I was happy that it did happen because I had felt for some time that it would have been best for me not to be in the off ice, only because the shadow of Senator McCarran was so great and centered around people who were there because we were there before and not because of his choosing. But I will always be grateful to Senator Bible because he was kind, he was thoughtful to all of us. He certainly deserves great credit for a Nevadan becoming Director of the Mint.

He didn't like to hurt anybody. He had one person in his office I *know* he wanted to get rid of, so he got him a great spot in the Interior department which permitted him to travel around all the time.

I never felt any closeness between Senator Cannon and Senator Bible, if there was some—except just a casual thing. But I never felt there was any great empathy there. Senator Bible had kindness about him. For instance, when he worked with Congressman Baring, it was quite difficult because Mr. Baring, even though he had been a fine student, evidently, in college, found the mechanics of legislation [laughs] a bit difficult. And it was not to his discredit because he was so sincere and anxious to do things right and do the right thing, but there was a bit of impatience from the others who were involved.

I'll never forget one time when there was a matter that came up and all that was required was a mention in the House report to reflect the intent of the bill, and Walter got the idea

it was to be amended. Well, amending a bill after it has passed the Senate and is on the way through the House is not only a stupendous task, but it will probably end up killing the bill because you just don't get to it on the calendar. The impatience of Senator Bible with him on that occasion, I think, was a visible demonstration of what he had sort of kept inside of him all the time.

Senator Cannon wasn't there—yes he was—. Senator Bible was there four years I guess, before Senator Cannon. There was no great, I'm sure, *friendship*—if I may use that word. No great rapport. But there was no enmity, which was good for the state.

*They were both lawyers, both Democrats, both supposedly with some common ground.*

But you have to have a capacity for rapport and for deep friendship or it won't be engendered, really. I think perhaps that's what happened.

Some of his staff—I remember one occasion when Senator Bible felt that a member of his staff was getting too chummy with a member of Cannon's staff [laughs], which he was— over cocktails at noon [laughs]! That created a problem for a time, but time also solved that.

Senator Cannon is a very interesting person. He has a capacity for work which you cannot help but admire! How he got himself on so many committees is a little bit beyond me, but he did, and he worked at every one of them for which you cannot do other than respect him deeply. I think he spread himself thin. If it'd been anyone else except this rather vigorous guy, you couldn't possibly have handled them, and perhaps he didn't do it in depth that others would have wanted. But now, as chairman of the Commerce Committee, he's quite fine.

It's very interesting, in all these years, and the senators I've known so well and the people of the White House, there has never been great—I'm overusing the word *rappor*, but that fits it, I think—between our Democratic senators and the men in the White House, which in a way was, perhaps, unfortunate. But it's one of those things over which nobody has control.

I often try to picture what would happen in Washington if there were different personalities in different places. I wonder how Lyndon Johnson, for instance, would have handled the present situation. Equally, I wonder how Kennedy would have.

I think of the Bay of Pigs thing. That engendered in President Kennedy an absolute, deep-rooted disappointment and even grief that such a thing could happen to this country. And I've never understood why it did.

This last thing [rescue mission to Iran], of course, is very disappointing—more than disappointing; it's heartbreaking from various viewpoints. President Carter, in the judgment of many of my friends in Washington who are so feeling about it that they'd call up, made one mistake, I think, in the whole picture, which was not to act sooner and in a more decisive manner. But, on the other hand, there were factors which he alone knows and which those of us who can criticize—. But I don't see how this mission could ever have worked—which again is none of my business.

I am so geared to what happens in Washington that I'm just on edge about things that do happen. I'm very sorry about Mr. [Cyrus] Vance; however, I gather he is not leaving until the Carter administration changes or is perpetuated—this I don't know. The problems of the world are so stupendous.

*Going back then, to some of these others. Since Kennedy was a friend of Senator McCarran's*

*and then of Senator Bible's, or at least an associate of Senator Bible's, how about some character sketches of some of these people? You could describe your contacts with these people and some anecdotes about them.*

Well, Jack Kennedy was a good friend for a most peculiar reason which people out here don't—I think most of them aren't aware of it. Jackie's aunt—Mrs. Biltz is Jackie's aunt, and therefore, Norman was a great friend of Senator Kennedy. And many times when Norman would come to Washington there would be gatherings where all of us were present, so real friendship developed in that situation. And I respected Jack Kennedy tremendously. I almost resent some of the insinuations and what they deem to be scandals that are written up. Some of them I just can't believe. On the other hand, it may have been true. But I am backed up by Morton Downey who was practically family. He visited at the Kennedy home at least a month of the year. And of all the Kennedy family he thought that Jack was the straightforward one, the one with the backbone, and the—in most un-Morton-like language—he said the "purity of heart," which I thought was very interesting.

The thing I loved about him, Jack Kennedy, was his intellectual capacity, and his tremendous, tremendous knowledge of history, and as well, of traditions and his respect for them. So many others don't have any.

There are some things in this country which are almost sacred. Tradition, to me, is very important, and I have personal knowledge of one situation which demonstrated Mr. Carter's absolute disinterest in anything bespeaking history or tradition or anything of that sort.

In the Mint we had what was called the Assay Commission where fifteen to

twenty citizens would be appointed to this Commission, pay their own way to Philadelphia, pay their own hotel bills, and judge as to whether or not the coins were being properly made. Not only as to content—it didn't have to be gold and silver coins; you can have just as much problem with coins that are too heavy or too light or too thick or too thin. And it's highly important, it seems to me, for a disinterested group to come on occasion. This is the oldest Commission in the history of the country; it was set up in 1792. It's statutory, it's historic, it's beautiful, it's done in every country in the world, but because it cost twenty-five hundred dollars, the Carter administration abolished it. And this just shook me! And the twenty-five hundred dollars, actually, is nebulous because that, theoretically, is the cost of buying their lunch and having a banquet for them. They'd be happy to pay for it themselves! I just couldn't understand it.

But Kennedy would never have permitted that to happen. Kennedy had such a love of things traditional and all of that sort of thing. If he were alive, I would be very active in getting the Wingfield house declared a historic monument for instance.

Lyndon Johnson was a *real* character! And people call him a wheeler-dealer—he was proud of it! He was audacious in his refusal to be dignified as presidents are supposed to be dignified [laughs]! I'll never forget when he showed his operation! But he was warm—when he came to that reception that Senator Bible had for me after Johnson was vice president, he brought me a lighter with the vice president's seal on it, he brought me a great big box of Texas candy, he brought me a book signed by himself and Lady Bird. Now, those are things—I realize his staff, with whom I was very friendly, had gathered them together and handed them to him as he went

out the door—but nevertheless, the fact that he did it, to me, was very important.

He loved Walter Jenkins, and rightfully so. Walter Jenkins had a gift of writing warm letters. Letters that were not just friendly, they were beautiful. And the unfortunate situation with Walter just broke his heart. I know that because—it was interesting. Later the Jenkins family moved to Texas, but Lyndon Johnson had sufficient humanity about him to have one of his people call me and ask me to send samples of coins down there to try to get the Jenkins children interested in coin collecting because they needed a hobby. To me that was beyond the call of duty, really. He was something. He was tough!

And Lady Bird was a firm, determined person. A great businesswoman! She was more of a businesswoman, probably, than he. She, too, is to be admired. I had great respect for them. I didn't particularly like the wheeler-dealer part. I felt he should be a little more dignified. But his virtues were greater than his—whatever you would call them—his refusal to conform, shall I say. So, all in all, I thought he was something.

He had people around him who were, at various times, blamed for some of the things that occurred. But, you know, you have to judge a president, not only by what he does, but the time. Now, there have been presidents who are respected and thought of as great—well, they couldn't make any mistake because nothing was happening which would cause them to make a mistake. And I think that that's something you have to think about when you judge a president.

Everybody speaks of Mr. Truman as the greatest president we ever had. I don't quite agree with that, but that's no loss on his part. He did good things. He will probably be remembered longer for his loyalty to *some* of his staff than for many other things. But I

was disappointed because that loyalty didn't extend to everyone, like Matt Connelly—the press climbed on him and Truman made no effort to help him, and he had been closer to Truman than anyone. But those were interesting days. It's sort of heartbreaking to me because some of the people around him obviously were getting benefits elsewhere because one of them who had been a junior officer in the armed services suddenly bought a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar home and lives the "life of Riley" back there now, so I don't think it's always consistent.

I think the measure of a person in public office also is the ability and integrity of the people around them. I think that can make and break them. I think it's very, very sad that people don't always realize that, because it's something that every man in public life has to remember.



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## THE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES MINT

### INTRODUCTION TO THE MINT

It just fascinates me when people ask me how I became Director of the Mint, because it was an interesting combination of circumstances. Primarily it was a personal relationship between President Kennedy and me. We knew each other. We created a great stir one day when he took me to luncheon in the senate dining room. Everybody was agog! So when I was appointed to the Mint, everybody said, "Oh, I'm not surprised; I knew she was going to get something," which may have been true.

And now I hear of all the people to whom he had promised the job of Director of the Mint. He told himself that, "This is your job if you want it, and I haven't even considered another soul." And now I hear of all these people. So it quite fascinates me.

But it's interesting, getting appointed to a job in government is a combination of many things, but deals mostly with the desires of the President, truly, or if it's somebody like Carter, who leans so heavily on Jordan, then it would

be somebody whom Jordan wanted. But in the Kennedy days, the President—he trusted and leaned on Kenny O'Donnell, Larry O'Brien, and all of those fellows, but he had his own wants and his own convictions.

I really think that's the way he got very good people around him. I don't mean me, but the people he selected were people whom he knew and whom he trusted and whom he had watched and studied well enough that he knew what they would produce.

And I will never forget, one of the troubles of Director of the Mint is that you have ten bosses. You have that Assistant Secretary of Treasury in charge of the Mint, and thinks he knows everything, so he's telling you what to do. Then the Secretary himself will get a bright idea. He'll call down, and say why don't you do this or that. Then you have the ever-present White House, right next door, and some assistant in the White House will call and say, "Eva, why don't you—." Well, making more nickels was a very popular subject, because that meant more seigniorage and they were trying to balance the budget.

Well, we didn't need nickels. And I'll be darned if I was going to make them just to balance the budget, because to me that was dishonest. That's why the Mint is so sensitive. You have to be honest about things. But then when the White House kind of clears up and quits bothering you, then you have forever, Congress.

## ADMINISTRATION

When I walked into the mint it was very confusing, frankly. We had a real problem stemming from the fact that a man by the name of Dr. Leland Howard had been Deputy Director of the Mint for many years under Nellie Tayloe Ross. Mrs. Ross was a wonderful person, but as the years went on she had given more and more authority to him and he had kept it right in his vest pocket. So nobody really knew what was going on. The people in the field were distressed because they felt they were not given responsibility nor any opportunity at all to make suggestions and that sort of thing.

Mrs. Ross had been succeeded in the Eisenhower administration by a Mr. William Brett, who was a fine person but his business was to manufacture bathtubs, which was slightly a far cry from manufacturing coins.

It was very interesting: during those years we had a medal for the anniversary of silver, which concerned the state of Nevada, and things weren't moving well and I had to call Mr. Brett about it. He was *most* cooperative. I just pictured him as a very fine person when I went to the Mint. I found him actually to be somewhat different. He resented mightily that he was not continuing, and he did not make it easy. I went into his office and it was a complete shambles. My desk drawers were full of pieces of paper and torn up bits of

paper, and various things. I never did know what caused it or what constituted those papers. I've often wondered. But Dr. Howard had continued under him to rule with an iron hand.

We had approximately sixty people at that time in the Washington office. Then you had many hundreds in Philadelphia, many hundreds in Denver, not very many in San Francisco; you had Fort Knox, the New York assay office, and you had the silver depository at West Point, all of which were sensitive spots.

Nobody seemed to know what anybody else was doing, which was the first thing that impressed me. The second thing that impressed me, and rather forcefully, was that Doc Howard seemed to think he was still running the Mint. For instance, he called a meeting of all the staff—*everybody*—except me [laughs], which I thought was fantastic! His office was right next door to mine so I just opened the door and walked in and went to the meeting. I still don't know what he had intended to discuss, but it was a very bland meeting; he didn't talk about much.

The problem which I encountered, really, when I first went in the Mint, was an automatic antagonism from the people in the Monetary area in the office of Secretary for Monetary Affairs, who at the time was a Mr. Roosa. He was anything but a hard money man, if you know what I mean. I later found out that he seriously disapproved of the appointment of anyone from the West, feeling that anyone from the West would try to push the use of gold and silver. I asked him later when I got to know him better, what made him think that he could know what I was thinking. And he said, "Why, it's just tradition, it's just history."

I said, "Sir, I'm not that stupid." I knew that we couldn't use gold in coins, and I knew

we were running out of silver and I was much concerned.

They finally solved the Doc Howard problem by creating, under Mr. Roosa, an area which was called the Office of Domestic Gold and Silver and put Doc Howard in charge of it, which made me very happy because he took off with some secretaries which I didn't appreciate and (curiously, they later came back) came back to me, and asked if they could come back and work in the Mint (which I thought was nice).

But the whole place did need a thorough, new look—what was being done, why it was being done that way, and all the rest of it. I went immediately to Philadelphia, which was the so-called "Mother Mint" because it was the first mint, to see what they were doing and to meet the new superintendent. You see, you have the Director of the Mint; then you have a Superintendent in charge of each of the other Mints over whom you must supervise. And I found a lot of confusion and chaos there simply because nobody knew the chain of organization. They didn't have a common goal of trying to improve things; they'd been turnin' out pennies and nickels and dimes forever and were just turning them out—as if they were blindfolded.

So I decided I had to do somethin' to pep it up. I visited all of the mints. I'll never forget going to San Francisco. This was what they called an assay office. Not very important actually, from the business of providing coinage for the commerce of the country, because they didn't make coins, but extremely important to the taxpayers because that was the place where a miner, if he found any values at all—he would first have it assayed, of course—if there were any values in it he would take it to the San Francisco flint. They, in turn, would melt it, see really how much

gold he had, and they would buy it from him at the set price of gold, which then was thirty-five dollars an ounce. This was a tremendous service to the "little people" (words I don't like). But it was a tradition of the Mint because this had been historic. We had been doing this since 1792, ostensibly, to receive material to be used in coinage. But since we were no longer, since '32, using gold in coinage, we were, what you might call, stockpiling it. But we did not refuse to buy it from people who wished to have a place to sell it. This is something that's very difficult because the big companies who deal in metals are not equipped to buy or sell them. For instance, people in dental supply used to come to us and buy gold to sell to dentists. In turn, they would bring us back the dental gold.

Oh, my heart used to break to see the things which were turned in for sale. Wedding rings by the carload, some engagement rings—rings with stones in them! And I would look at them and suffer and say, "Why don't you take the stone out before you melt up, anyway?"

The reply was that you would do that normally, but when you had dozens and dozens of such things you just couldn't take the time to take the stones out. And in most instances the stones were not valuable, otherwise they wouldn't have turned them in with the rings. They were really turning in the gold band that was holding the stone, so the stones, obviously, were not too valuable.

The Secretaries in the Treasury were men with too much to do, really. And, you would be amazed, the Treasury Department—the whole top floor of it—has to do with things which I firmly believe belong in the State Department. You'll have South American Affairs, Australian Affairs—all the "Affairs" have offices in the Treasury. I *never* could

understand that! But that was to provide an easy means of having representatives in these countries available on monetary matters because by this time they were trying to get all countries to get off hard money—substitute in its place, of course, this “paper gold,” as they called it, which was the “money” backed by the assets of the central banks of the Federal Reserve Banks. It hasn’t worked. It never could have worked because it’s too intangible; people need tangible things.

Any time there’s a change in Secretaries [of Treasury] there’s always a shaking up, you might say, in the Treasury, mostly because the new person is unaware of what’s been going on. And it’s always interesting—he is determined to have his theories and policies put into operation, and yet he’s surrounded by—literally, in the Treasury—thousands of people who have been there for a long time and who are determined things are being done in the best way and will continue to be. Oh dear, it’s weird.

Secretary [Henry] Fowler was a very fine man and very popular. He was perhaps not so strong in some ways as other Secretaries because he leaned a great deal on his Assistant Secretaries or theories which were evolved. And you couldn’t move without consulting the White House, which just added fuel to the fire.

It’s sort of a refuge to have somebody to lean on, or you might call it, blame. And when we changed the coinage, that’s what happened. I always noticed the letters which went to the White House said the Secretary of the Treasury felt this was best. The letters that were sent to the Secretary of the Treasury said the White House determined—President Johnson determined—that we had to change the content of the coins. The letters that came from the Mint said we had to change the content of the coins because we were ordered

to J laughs]. (I mean, I thought, why not lay it on the line?) But that’s the way it goes and it just brings a lot of hectic times and almost wasted times.

But the story of gold is something, I’m telling you, because from time immemorial that glittering stuff has been coveted and used stupidly and used beautifully and used practically. But they thought they could overcome all of that and get people to forget gold; but I don’t think they ever will. However, I don’t really know.

But those years in the Mint were something. And no one year sticks out in my mind for the reason that every year was just packed with problems.

We had an Assistant Superintendent in Denver who was doing a most peculiar thing. Gold would come in from Alaska and from Colorado, or from anyplace. He would pick out the gold which assayed the highest and put it in the vaults in Denver and send the lower grade to Philadelphia or to Port Knox. I said, “What are you doing?”

He said, “Well, my records have always been very superior to any institution.”

I said, “Well, sir, I can see why they have been. You haven’t been taking the gold that’s been sent to you; you’ve been taking the gold you want.” Oh, I could have killed him! But, that’s the way it goes!

All during this time—this is the thing that I think every Mint director in the world should be doing—I was trying to improve the state of the art, and other Mint directors were doing the same. But do you know, this art of minting is one of the oldest operations (what’s the oldest profession?)—well, this is the oldest operation! And they still haven’t found any really better procedure than stamping them out.

The Mint was set up so that there was no possibility of connivance among the people

who ran it. You know, it's a very interesting thing, when you're actually dealing with money there can be great connivance. Simple—just make coins and put 'em in your pocket and take 'em home! It's part of it if you don't have great security.

When they had gold they had even more problems, of course, and with silver, too. And even now, with the brass and nickel, with this clad coin, they have problems.

But to have an engraver who made the dies, appointed by the President, was a great protection because he's not about to put his reputation on the line and make any "old" dies so that we can make rarities.

People wonder, you know, why people in the Mint are appointed by the President. That's one reason. You're responsible directly to him and he has to keep you honest.

We've had several people who weren't honest. I had to ask a man to resign and it just broke my heart, because he was working with the private mint, the Franklin Mint, and he was chief engraver of the Philadelphia Mint. And he took the head of the Franklin Mint to Europe and got him into all the forbidden places in the mints in Europe because he was with him. Subsequently, he went to work for him, just on the button with this Jim Conlon thing, the head of [Bureau of] Engraving and printing. And it really throws me.

I asked him, I said, "You're going to have to resign or we're going to have to prosecute for conflict of interest."

He said, "I have heart trouble."

I said, "Well, I'm sorry about that. It doesn't keep you from working for the Franklin Mint while you're working for the United States Mint."

He's one of the richest men in the country now because he bought a lot of Franklin Mint stock [laughs] when it was low and sold it when it was high. So, you encounter every

type when you work anyplace and I think particularly in the Mint.

The people who came before me, my predecessors, were very interesting. I was the second woman—the first woman, of course, being Nellie Tayloe Ross. She just fascinated me! She had little foibles, which I hope I don't have. For instance, all of the police, all of the men who were appointed as guards in the Mint, she insisted should be six feet high, or more. We had a couple of accountants that were real tall and she made their lives miserable because she wanted them to quit accounting and become guards [laughs]. But it was very interesting. It was her idea of a proper type of person to be a guard in the Mint, and I couldn't disrespect her for it. I thought it was awful funny—but the accountant didn't. He was furious; he finally quit! [Laughs]

With regard to influencing policy—. It depends really on what you mean by policy. The most awful thing I went through was when they took the silver out of the coins. I wanted them to do it more gradually.

This was simultaneous, almost, with the Federal Reserve bringing up this "paper gold" bit; so, when the public hears of paper gold and the fact that coinage wasn't going to have any actual metallic value— (gasps) I tell you, the communications we had were something! And I agreed with them. I was on their side.

Paper gold is, perhaps, logical, but as you know, it's based on the assets of the government as reflected by the Federal Reserve. But it's international. And it means the little kingdom of "Podunk" has paper gold too, but they have no assets, so our assets backed them up. Well, this could have been very tragic. It was quietly abandoned later. They use it a little bit; the International Monetary Fund refers to it sometimes but they don't actually do much about it.

But that was one policy level decision that was hard to handle, and one that wasn't international or anything, but—so be it.

But policy-wise, the Mint is influential when they're called in. The Director of the Mint sometimes is called in on Federal Reserve matters, like the present Director took a trip, I guess, that went around the world, checking with Federal Reserve or central banks throughout the world on the use of coins and whether or not they were getting good service from the United States Mint, and so forth. Because, you see, so many countries are dependent on us, as I mentioned, Guam and all of those. Then other countries who don't have sufficient facilities pay us to make their coins for them. Now, that's good for us in a very complicated way because Congress doesn't always realize how much it costs to make coins and how much it costs to hire people. And if a wage raise comes along, I tell you, they're blind, they don't realize that costs us extra money! So sometimes the Mint doesn't have enough money for ordinary operations. But if we make these coins for foreign countries, we can make them and we always charge them more than it costs us to make them, so we have that extra money to operate on. Now, that's a simplified explanation, and perhaps seems unfair to the country for whom we're making coins, but it's a device which has saved the life of the Mint on occasion. So, we went through all that.

But, Mrs. Hackle went with Betty Anderson, the Under Secretary of the Treasury, and they discussed, I guess, with the Federal Reserve people how the supply of coinage was holding out and how the service of the Mint—and, oh my!

It's very interesting, what we call the Federal Reserve Bank in other countries is called the Central Bank—like the Central Bank of Mexico, the Central Bank of the

Philippines, and so forth. They had a jolly trip. [Laughs] I'm not sure what they accomplished. But it was purely a policy matter and it was nice that they went.

Also, we had the people who produce gold and silver, *constantly* on our necks! And there are two different groups: the producers—let's take silver—the producers of silver and the users. Now their goals are entirely different. The producers want to produce all they can, of course, but they don't care who uses it. But the users really needed silver at the time the Mint took the silver out of the coins because we were using up the silver that we had in the depository at West Point. And the silver users were almost desperate—not just the bridal type, the sterling silver lovely things—but silver is a metal which is extremely necessary in industrial activity, and those were the ones who were in serious trouble. So, we had a big to-do with them, too.

The place was just hectic. People were constantly streaming in and out. The producers: "Why don't you let silver go up, or encourage it to go up, and we'll produce more?"

And the users saying, "Don't you dare let the price of silver go up!" Well, I actually had nothing to do with the price of silver anyway. For once, that was the law of supply and demand that operated. But pretty soon it started up and nobody needs to be told what happened. That was a fiasco if there ever was one. It's still almost seven hundred dollars an ounce. Why we were buying it for thirty-five dollars is just inconceivable!

I'll never forget a prominent mining man from here who called me one day several months ago. He said, "For the first time I'm scared."

And I said, "Why are you scared?"

He said, "My God! The price of gold has gone over seven hundred dollars an ounce."

He said, "You know what that's going to do to the world markets and world financial supplies (you know, the money supplies and so forth)?"

And I said, "I can't help you much because I didn't do it [laughs]!" I don't know what the answer is gonna be, but there are those who feel it could be a tragic situation. I read a book the other day called *The Ladder of Gold*. It was a story written by E. Phillip Oppenheimer in 1931, in which he "bought peace" by getting a corner on the gold market and then giving gold to the countries who might cause war. Perfectly fascinating! But as an aside, in this book written in 1931, somebody, in discussing the problem with him, said, "You know, in very few years Russia will invade Afghanistan." My eyes just popped out! Now how did they know that in 1931? Isn't that interesting?

But, gold is entangled with everything. It's a beautiful substance and there'll always be gold, I think, because people like to look at it and they like to use it. And it's the most usable metal aside from silver and platinum that there is because it's malleable, and it doesn't tarnish and it's versatile in every way. People say, "Well, I've had gold rings that tarnished."

And I said, "No, I don't really think you did." But I get in trouble once in a while with that.

However, it's very interesting because, you see, what happened in the old days; a miner out in Wonder, Nevada would mine gold, break it down into raw bullion, which means bullion that isn't completely refined, take it to the window of the San Francisco Mint and they would pay him thirty-five dollars an ounce for it. Now, that miner has to take that gold to a private refiner, and he's completely at the mercy of the bourse. I mean, the buyers can pay him less or pay him more; they do the assaying, and he has no way of judging

whether or not it's accurate. It's really a bad situation, in a way. Thank God for companies like Engelhart and American Smelting and Refining, that we know are honest and handle the situation as well as it can be handled.

The silver producers and users, incidentally, have great influence with the policy level of the government. Not just because they probably make great contributions (because a solid segment of industry. And if the silver producers want something, like to let the price of silver go up, it's quite possible that the government would not interfere, simply because they do have influence, but that can't always work. And the silver users aren't too bad when you mention that you're president of Gorham or [Kodak].

Oh, Kodak! Nobody even dreams of the amount of silver Kodak uses!

But you know, some good things that came out of this, and with Kodak I was partially responsible because they came and complained that they couldn't get silver from the Mint any more at the \$1.29 it was then, and they needed it for their film. And I said, "Why don't you salvage that silver you use in the film?"

This man looked at me with utter consternation! He said, "Why, that would be tremendously expensive."

I said, "Have you tried? Have you experimented? Have you looked into what it would cost you?"

He said, "I'll make a note."

And that's the last I ever heard directly from them, but I've noticed on the television, and so forth, that they are salvaging their silver. Well, it's the only thing to have done.

We had great projects going at the assay office in New York. There is a lot of silver in batteries, and the Navy gave us contracts to salvage the silver which was in those batteries. And the process was to take these big old

batteries, just completely melt 'em down. Everything else was burned up except the silver, and we would rescue (they used the word *rescue*; we did too) —we would return to them tremendous amounts of silver, and it had a side effect which was awfully funny because we had to use some cyanide in the process. Well, that cyanide had to get out of the Mint somehow, so it went out in the sewers of New York [laughs]. Pretty soon the Health Department was on us, so we had to arrange a worthy project because we salvaged thousands of ounces of silver for the Navy, which is the taxpayers' money. They wanted us to do more, but the facilities in New York were a little strained so we couldn't do it all. We suggested they go to private industry.

It's interesting—I learned when I was in the Mint that people almost instinctively (and this is contrary, I think, to the common belief)—they would like a government agency with a good reputation to do something for them rather than going to private industry. Now, that surprised me. But I think it was because they knew the Mint, for instance, was completely controlled. There was no personal interest, there was no profit motive, and therefore they would get the most out of it they possibly could, by way of silver to be returned, and because there was not an exchange of money. We didn't charge them a certain amount for the silver or anything; we only charged them what it cost us to salvage it, then turned the silver over to them. But they didn't pay us for the silver—naturally, it was their silver.

But when I used to see all these batteries going into that furnace it just turned my stomach! I thought, "Can't they reuse 'em?" So many of 'em were brand-new! I resent that a little bit to this day, but there were reasons, I'm sure.

There's silver in funny places.

But I'm glad Kodak has finally gotten on the ball.

As Director of the Mint, you are called upon to make speeches. And, I'm telling you, you can get your foot in knee-deep, as you remember when I spoke to the Rotary Club in Reno.

And I'll never forget, on the long distance phone—Wallie Warren was chairman, and I said, "Wallie, what do you want me to talk about?"

And he said, "Well, there are two coins that interest everybody—your new fifty-cent piece and the silver dollars. So, why don't you tell us what's going to happen?"

And I said, "Well, if I bring up silver dollars I'll get slaughtered because the Treasury is going to sell 'em off and pretty soon there won't be any."

And he said, "Well, I think you ought to tell them that."

Well, I got to thinking about it, and I did it just that way—that it was going to happen *unless* there was political influence on the White House to stop it. I couldn't get our senators off their duff s! I don't know whether they didn't realize what was going on, they didn't want to get involved; they didn't want to seem to be serving the interest just of the state against the federal government, or what. But, to save my soul, I couldn't get them moving! And nobody else could, So, the silver dollars—oh, I'll never forget those horrible men coming in to the Treasury and going away with those silver dollars—at a dollar apiece! But I'll never forget the newspaper articles that came out [laughs]! And the girl who wrote most of them was a little girl from New York who was out here for a divorce; I've forgotten her last name now. But she was a very fine writer. And, being from New York and having worked in banks and worked with the Federal Reserve people and

having ambitions to be on the Securities and Exchange Commission, she was more or less an expert on matters of this kind, which is why those articles were so in-depth.

But it took me a long time to live *that* down—that I let the government sell off the silver dollars that belonged to the state of Nevada. And I had the strangest requests—that they be turned over to the state; that they belonged to Nevada.

Well, I made a feeble suggestion to the Secretary, who by that time must have been Humphrey (I'm not sure). But I made this suggestion that the Carson City dollars, which were the oldest and the most valuable, might well be given, or an arrangement made, whereby the state could buy them, could have priority in purchasing them, simply because they were of Nevada silver [laughs] and really belonged to them. And, "Ohhh, what would my state of Ohio think about that?" (It was Humphrey, I guess.) So, that took care of that.

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But these strange things developed. Just impossible to run an orderly situation!

In addition, you have Mr. McNamara, who, under Kennedy was Secretary of Defense. He came along with something called "program planning budgeting"—I guess "programming, planning, budgeting," which meant that every agent going to the Congress for appropriations would indicate to the budget people what their program would be—he wanted to make it ten years. They finally got it down, I think, in the case of the Mint, to five. But if you can tell me how many coins you're going to need five years from now, you're better than I think you are! We spent *days* on this crazy thing! And time has shown it was most illogical. The Defense Department was up in arms, too, because it

was a ridiculous suggestion. It *couldn't* work! And it created great problems all along the line.

And I thought it was very interesting that a man who was supposed to be Secretary of Defense, was establishing a budget policy that affected every little bureau in the government. But it did. They tried to get rid of it very quietly, but they haven't yet succeeded.

But those were all things that happened in the Mint—those few among many.

And, it was a fascinating experience. I did do a lot of public speaking, I think, mostly because people became aware of problems regarding coins and they didn't understand why there should be any problem with these things that "grew on trees!" And I was invited all over the country, and to Canada and Mexico and Bermuda. It was very interesting, and the Treasury encouraged my doing it. They encouraged my speaking, trying to explain away some of their mistakes, I'm sure, and as a PR thing, as well as helping to sell savings bonds.

So, oh, I tell you, I was on a plane more than I was off because we were not only engaged in the regular activities of the Mint, but we were working toward building the new Philadelphia Mint, and I wanted it the most modern, the best equipped, the best organized (space-wise, and so forth) operation that ever could be, because I had a feeling it might be the last mint for a long time.

So, we would go everywhere like we went down to Huntington, West Virginia, to look at a plant where they had the most marvelous conveyors I ever saw in my life. One of them was a conveyor that would turn clear around.

Well, you know there are things that lift up and down—there's the kind that's stationary, but these new ones were movable and went across. And usually, they go across and they can pick up here [gestures] and they can

pick up there [gestures]. But they had these conveyors that would turn and they could pick up anyplace, and drop anyplace. And, you know, things in the Mint are heavy; you don't pick up great big sacks of metal and great big sacks of coins with a flip of the wrist.

So we were doing that. We were looking at all metals. We had to make a study of possible new metal to use, which took up hours and hours and hours.

All the time while you're working on matters in the Mint, there are people hangin' around back here who say, "You don't need a mint; let us do it, we'll make 'em." It's not only the law—not only statutory—but the Constitution says "only the federal government shall make the coins of the realm." So we could not permit private industry to make the coins of the realm unless we amended the Constitution and several other things. But the *push* was something. And I didn't want to alienate these people, because they were friends—we needed them. But I wasn't going to put the manufacturing of coins out on a contract basis if I could help it. And I finally prevailed in that. They did make some blanks, which is the piece of metal which you stamp. But that was because we just simply didn't have any facilities or anything.

But they were all very friendly. When I left the Mint they had a big party and gave me that sterling silver thing [tray in home] and *signed* it—I thought it was so cute! And half of 'em had been real mad with me because they couldn't get the contracts.

We used this clad material. And that clad material had to be somehow put together in such a manner that it would never separate. And good old DuPont had a process that just fascinated me! They were up in the wilds of Wisconsin, the farthest northern point, and they would take these rolls of nickel and

copper, put them together in a certain way, and blast them. They actually exploded this material so that the metals would combine. And nothing would do but would I go up and see it! I've never been colder in my whole life! I've never felt the frustration because I said, "What if it is good? What if it is logical? We can't do that in the city of Philadelphia. We can't do that in the city of Denver. We can't go out in the mountains because the Bureau of Land Management won't let us." But I went up and saw it!

And all the crackpot people who said they could, you know, take care in getting this clad material worked out. You have to be polite to all of 'em because they have a right; they're citizens. So it wasn't dull!

Then they started sending in the strip, which is what you blank out. And the strip sometimes would be just like a wedge, would be paper thin on one side and wide on the other [laughs I, so we had to ship it back. We were the biggest shippers in the United States for many years because of the metal coming in and going back, and the coins coming in and going out. It was very interesting.

And I often wonder if there is, someplace in this world, a proper metal. I took one trip abroad when I was Director of the Mint. On that trip we went to Spain and Portugal and, oh, the middle European countries, to see if by any chance they had something better. Well, I found that we didn't have a chance to ask a question—they were all asking us. Because—the "state of the art of minting" is very interesting. It hasn't changed, literally, for hundreds of years; there seems to be one way to mint coins, and that's it. And I hated to give up because I've always felt there has to be a better way.

We had an institution in the Mint, which I don't think we've mentioned, called the

Assay Commission which, to me, was almost sacred because it was the oldest commission in the country. It was statutory—that is, it was set up by the law. It was designed for the purpose of permitting the general public to see how the coins (which belonged to them) were made and the whole procedures in the Mint. And the President would appoint about twenty people each year to this commission. They paid their own way to Philadelphia; the only thing the government did was provide a banquet and a luncheon and a certificate. Everybody in the country wanted to be on this commission because it was prestigious. It was abolished by this [Carter] administration because they, as you know, had a campaign against commissions and they said that it probably cost—*probably*—cost the government two thousand dollars. [Laughs] The coin collectors who believed in the tradition of the Assay Commission sent checks in, totalling four thousand dollars [laughs]. That kind of embarrassed me but I couldn't blame them for trying.

This commission meets in every mint in the world. In Mexico and some of the other countries, the members are the members of the Cabinet. The purpose of it is to see the coins are properly done, that they're the proper weight, that they're the proper size, of course, and that they have the proper content, as spelled out by law. Their argument is that since we don't use gold and silver it isn't important. Well, now that, to me, is—oh, it's just ridiculous, because, think of the telephone company where they have these millions of vending machines. If we change the metallic content of the coin, overnight those vending machines wouldn't work. So it *is* important. More than that it's historic. I was just wild! But you can't do anything about it! And the people who were doing the survey

on it didn't know up from down about either the Mint or the Assay Commission, and that kind of broke my heart, too. But so it goes.

Life in the Mint is not dull. I think one of the most difficult things that a Mint Director has to do, which people don't realize, I touched upon it with the San Francisco situation—is the relationship with the labor unions, because nobody in this world is content. And that's probably good because that's what keeps people alert and keeps things improving, and so forth. But the fact that they—oh, they would want the weirdest things! For instance, the Mint is noisy, so they wanted the kind of ear protectors that the men wear at airports when the jets come in. Well, now, that seemed silly because those are highly technical and they cost over a hundred dollars a pair. But we decided if they wanted it we would try it, so we bought several pairs of them. Well, you can't wear them very long comfortably, and pretty soon you'd look around—there wouldn't be a fellow in there with his earphones on (they called 'em earphones). So, I would go up and tap him on the back, and I said, "You wanted something to protect your hearing. Where are your earphones?"

He'd say, "Oh, Miss Adams, they're awkward. I don't want to wear 'em."

But, of course, the labor leaders would be very upset about 'em. Finally we got some smaller ones, which were never really good.

And that is a problem in the Mint, or in any institution, any factory, where you're constantly working with the "bang-bang-bang." We had people trying to silence the stamp machines, but stamp machines don't silence very well, because the whole principle of it is weight going against metal and producing a piece of metal with a design on it.

But, oh, these problems, they're just unbelievable! You would have romances in

the Mint and you would find yourself as a mediator! [Laughs] I said, "I'm not going to get into this!"

This dear man, he was so sweet (a black man); he said, "But my wife loves you and you can talk her into stayin' away from this—" (well, I won't say what he called him). And that one worked out all right; I was successful in that one [laughs !] That was the only one, I think! But it was a very interesting thing!

In 1932, when the Depression was on, the Mint, luckily, acquired some tremendous workers and that made life easier for the Mint and the Mint Director for many years. But they were, at that point, probably in their thirties, maybe forties, so they came to retirement age. I tell you, I nearly died when these most expert men retired, because you just can only learn the techniques of making coins through great experience. And the personalities of a coin—you have no idea! You can do the same thing with three pieces of metal and they all come out differently. It's just weird, but fascinating.

#### CONGRESSIONAL RELATIONS

You know, what was tragic to me, just tragic, were two things. The men responsible for giving us the money which permitted us to operate were great, respected people. But actually, many of them had been in Congress so long they'd lost sight of the little things. This hearing [July, 1964] was probably a bit unique because I'll never forget a congressman from Florida, Congressman [Dante] Fascell, who shook his finger at me and he said, "Miss Eva, why can't you tell me just exactly how many coins people are going to use in the next two years?"

Well, I was very fond of him, but at that point I could've killed him! And, from

nowhere, I said, "Because people's habits change and you cannot—you just cannot—figure out what they're going to do." I said, "Mr. Fascell, do you know how many people are going to vote for you next year?" Well, it brought down the house!

And he said, "Touché!"

[Laughs] That took care of that!

Then we had people who wanted to get outside consultants and spend hundreds of thousands of dollars investigating or trying to find out, how many coins you would need. They had no feeling at all of the changes that occurred! probably have mentioned the school lunch program, the stupidity of each child having to have thirty-two cents in change because the school couldn't afford to have a business manager to take care of the money that could be turned in to buy tickets. No, the children had to bring the thirty-two cents.

A congressman wanted to know why we didn't *make* them buy tickets rather than have the cash. I said, "Sir, that's up to the Department of Agriculture that handles the lunch programs. We can't *make* them do something. There's no law saying they have to have tickets."

He wanted tokens sold to people who traveled on the freeways a lot. Why didn't we make tokens so that they wouldn't use so many coins in the turnstiles?

I said, "They have to have coins anyway for other things. You'd just be adding to our burden."

And he sort of shook his head and decided maybe it would.

But it was so strange.

The funniest thing that ever happened was when this congressman—whose name I won't mention 'cause he's still quite prominent—said, "Eva, have you ever tried to follow a dime and see what happens to it during its lifetime?"

And I said, "I have done a bit on my own, of having, say, thirty coins in my purse, and then suddenly have none and try to remember what I did with each one." But I said, "A dime, sir, for me to follow around a dime, would be a little bit difficult and anyway it would probably end up in the pay device in a men's room," which was being fresh again. But you just had to answer these people because how could I follow a dime around, except my own? But he never got over that. He just couldn't understand why you couldn't just—.

I said, "You mean, like putting a tab on the leg of a duck? Is that what you want?"

And he said, "Well, now that's a thought. Let's think about that." [Laughs] I said, "Oh, sir, I'm being facetious!" I said, "You're talking about billions and billions." I said, "You probably would never see that one again."

They had no idea. Why didn't we get people to use credit cards?

I said, "Well, I have to get back to the ladies' room. I just can't imagine airports and other—" I said, "Just take public facilities. Would you want to appropriate money for them to have intricate devices where, when you put in a credit card, it will mark that you put in a nickel and you can go in?"

He said, "Well, I guess that is a little illogical."

It was just weird!

And then one of them who had done his homework and was from, I guess South Carolina, where they were having shortages of nickels, said, "And why do you send so many nickels to Louisiana?"

I could've popped him because I didn't want to, you know, make an issue of it! But I said, "Sir, since you asked, let me just tell you the reason. In Louisiana they still use nickels for pay phones and, therefore, they need more nickels." Well, that took care of him good!

But you really—it is a surprising thing, the habits people have. San Francisco's another place which uses more nickels because, in that instance because of the ladies' and men's rooms. They use nickels—most places now use dimes.

But all those things! Ohio with its freeways—my lordy, they use more coins than you could shake a stick at! Always out!

And then you get New York where nobody wants to carry around a half dollar. Well—so, it takes two coins to do what they could do with one. But you can't tell them that they have to! And that is the ironic thing about it.

But this business of knowing how many coins you're going to use is just impossible. We tried every device we could find. And one thing we did find: that the usage for coins almost exactly parallels the Gross National Product. Now that isn't too illogical because the goods and services represented by the Gross National Product have to be paid for. I didn't realize so many were paid for in coins; I thought paper money prevailed. But that was interesting to me, that the line is almost parallel. But the thing that kept me awake nights is that within a period of ten years the Gross National Product might go into the trillions. And if that occurs, you can imagine what'll happen to the mints.

Getting prepared for a budget hearing before a congressional committee was one of the weirdest operations you can ever—because you have to anticipate all these questions. And, let me just tell you the appropriating process. About October (for instance right now, October of '79), they had a hearing with the Treasury Department as to how much money the Mint might need. But prior to that you have to go to your budget officer privately and go over these things with him and he'll have his little quirks about why

do you have to have a penny; why can't you just start usin' dollars for sales tax? (When we do that, inflation's really here!) But you discuss with the budget officer by himself then the budget staff.

In addition, now they've thrown in the Congressional Budget group, so that's a third group you have to be prepared to go before and justify your budget. Then you have to go before the Budget Bureau itself, which theoretically represents the White House. So, you have to convince them that you need a new press, or you need ten more people to do this or that. Or they'll say, "Why are you making foreign coins?"

And I will say, "Because we make a profit on them and therefore, we can hire the ten more people you won't let us hire," which is true.

After you go through the Budget Bureau, which is the important thing in a way, then you have to go before the House Appropriations Committee. After you get that done, you have to go through the Senate Appropriations Committee. And then if somebody in the White House decides you're getting too much money, they will cut it. And then you can request to go back to the Bureau of the Budget to try to justify it again.

Now all this preparation and stuff, when your mind is— how many coins are they stealing in San Francisco? I mean, it's really something! And it's quite a task. But nobody realizes all this is necessary, I don't think. I just have the feeling that nobody knows it goes on.

Oh, I'll never forget when a man in the Speaker's office whom I happened to know very well (the Speaker of the House), called me one day and said he wanted two hundred silver dollars, old ones, preferably Carson City, and that the boss wanted them today. And I said, "Look, number one, we don't sell coins; number two, we don't have them, right

here" (we had them in San Francisco and Philadelphia), and I said, number three, it's illegal to do it this way and you know it, and I'm not going to do it."

Ohhh, he hit the ceiling, and my golly, had the Speaker call. I had to tell him the same thing, because it was not only the truth, but it was what I was going to do, and I, in turn—if he had persisted and insisted, I was going to go to the White House, because that would have been very bad. One or two, I could have given him my own, or sold them to him, because my father had been collecting silver dollars for two or three [laughs] years, and I had quite a few. But we didn't have any quantities.

Every day there are calls from Congress, and they would even threaten—. They'll say, "Well, we'll introduce legislation to close the San Francisco Mint. We know that's close to your heart." And you know, to me, this is a part of the thing that made life so difficult. Then when it became obvious that we had a coin shortage, and that we had to have more equipment, more money for people, more people—. In other words, we had to build new facilities—oh, the endless process of getting a bill through the House, because of the various committees it has to go through. And of all the people who was wielding the big stick at that point was Wayne Hays of Ohio, whom I happened to know vaguely. But I knew I just had to go up and talk to him. I never in my life dreaded anything so much, but I went up there and when I walked into his office, I thought, what am I going to start with here. He had some of the most exquisite French provincial chairs that I have ever seen in my life. So I immediately started complimenting him on his chairs, and we got along pretty good, except that he said he needed more room for his office worse than I needed more room for the Mint. So

we discussed it awhile, but he finally went along with it, but not because I bulldozed him, flattered him, or even tried to. A man has a right to his own ideas, whether you like them or not.

But to me that building of that Philadelphia Mint was horrendous. In the first place, Philadelphia has sixteen or seventeen congressmen, and they all wanted the Mint in their district. So we got around that by deciding, with the head of Urban Renewal, and very quietly, where the proper place was for a dignified, federal building, which would attract tourists and industry and prestige for Philadelphia, and so we found a place. Then when some congressman called up and said, "You talking about building a mint in Philadelphia, you didn't ask me, 'cause I want it in my district."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I said, "we had no opportunity because the Urban Renewal people wanted it here." Those are things that you almost have to do. That's why Denver, today, doesn't have a new Mint because everybody is fighting about where it's going to be. But you can't help people; you can't change that, and there won't be a new mint in Denver for a long time because of that. And they need One.

Being Director of the Mint is, to me, a position of great responsibility. People are very polite, but when you make an error in the Mint (I can say it and not offend Mrs. Hackle because it's been printed)—I don't know what word to use, that ridiculous situation with the Susan B. Anthony dollar cost the taxpayers millions because they had public relation programs promoting it, not to mention all the furor of getting it going. Somebody should have had better judgment.

I tried to head her off by showing her some two-franc pieces which were exactly the same size. And I said, "Stella, all over the

world there are coins this size, not to mention our own quarter being so comparable."

She said it's, oh, seventeen hundredths of a milligram smaller or larger, or something. She didn't realize the impact of that.

I saw the other day where some congressman is going to put in a bill—you do have to think of the blind people—he's going to put a bill in—on a one dollar bill he's going to cut off one corner, on a five-dollar bill he's going to cut off two corners, on a ten-dollar bill he's going to cut off all the corners, and on a—he's going to leave the twenty-dollar intact, I guess, I can't remember the details—so the blind people can tell them apart. [Laughs] Now to me that's going pretty far. On the other hand, maybe it's logical. I doubt if the bill will have hearings, and so forth, but it will bring the question up again because you do have to think of people. And one of the many problems with that Anthony dollar is the fact that many people can't tell it from quarters.

You'd be surprised at people who—well, I'm one of 'em, I can't wear glasses all the time, and the doctor told me not to. But, my sight isn't that bad. But there are a lot of people who can't or won't wear glasses all the time and they can't tell the Susan B. Anthony from a quarter. I feel so sorry for the people in the Mint who are taking the blame on this. But the taxpayers have a right to fuss because it cost them an awful lot of money.

I'm going to a convention in Cincinnati, incidentally, next Saturday—big numismatic thing—and they'll be fussing about the dollars and everything. It's very interesting.

#### THE COIN SHORTAGE

So, all in all, I simply felt that we had to take a fresh look at what was being done and how it was being done. And we certainly had to respect the fact that whatever we did had

to be done in such a manner that we were not wasting money. We had a program, of course, of selling coins to the public—proof sets, they were called. Congress sort of took a dim view of this and yet over half of them collected them, so they didn't attempt to legislate them out. This, of course, was in the end of '61. 'Sixty-two dawned and we were considering, at that time, trying to improve our methods because it was becoming very obvious that we were not producing enough coins. See, everybody thinks, well, if you produce five billion coins, there are still five billion coins around. Where they go, I don't know. But it was a fact that the pipelines were just becoming emptied and we were living on coins that we had made before and not keeping up with the demand. 'Sixty-three, we tried very hard to seek new sources of metal and do things in a manner that was more efficient and more economical.

But the Mint had a long history of being very proud of the fact that they took raw material—copper, whatever was used—an the coins—they took the raw material, they *themselves* actually rolled it and worked it and produced strip, and from the strip you pound out the blanks, and then the blanks, of course, are made into coins. They were very tolerant with me because I would ask such questions as, "Why don't we buy the strip already rolled out?" Well, number one, they never had—. Number two, there was no company at that writing who did it, and that was a good idea because counterfeiting is something that we don't talk about but which is with us always. And the people who did that part of the work in the Mint, of course, were a little jealous of somebody stepping in and taking their jobs away, which was logical.

But as '63 wore on I knew we were in bad, bad trouble. You can't go out and buy a coin press because we're the only ones who

use them, so nobody makes them to sell to anybody who comes along, thank goodness. When it became very apparent that we were really running out of coins—we had to start a crash program.

One of the first indications I had that we really had a problem on our hands was when a woman in a gift shop in the Episcopal church called me—she ran the gift shop—and she said, "Eva, you've got to do something. I can't make change and I'm going to have to close."

And you know, this brought it home to me. People don't realize the importance of nickels and dimes and pennies, and so forth, until we don't have them.

A big outfit out in the Middle West was going to make and use scrip. Well, now that's ridiculous for a country like the United States. If you can't make money to take care of the commerce of the country, you should let somebody else do it.

So, we pitched in. We ordered presses, but the lead time on making a press is at least a year. We pulled all the old presses out of wherever they had been, including the old Carson City press. The poor thing was a big mess, and so our people worked it over and put it into good shape, and it went to Denver and was pounding out coins like mad and I was so proud of it.

Then we did a most interesting thing. I had known that the Mint in Moscow made munitions in the Mint, as well as coins, and as I got to thinking about it I thought, "That means that the presses must be able to do both things. And Since the war was not too far back I thought, "I'll bet the Defense department has some old presses which they used to make bullet jackets." So I sent a couple of our people over. They came up with twenty-two old presses—we called them "hunkers." They were *huge*, and their—you know the thing goes up and down to—well, their RPMs,

which means revolutions per minute, were about ten or twelve where ours were about a hundred; ours went just like this—.

So we had to re-do these old presses; but in the process of re-doing them, some of our men had said, "It is possible to put at least two and perhaps four little arms, so every time it stamps it will stamp two or four rather than one coin."

We were the first country in the whole world that did that, and I was so proud of our people for doing it and so happy we could work it out. We had to hit people on the head to get them to let us spend the money. But we did convert those presses into—we couldn't make them do four because they were too awkward, but we did have them [so] they would do two coins at a time. We put them in Denver, primarily, and the noise, my God! Because they were so big and heavy. But it was just an emergency situation.

And while all this was going on, we were constantly working from a management level and a management attitude of seeing where we could take shortcuts, where we were overloaded with people who had been there forever, but that was no good reason for their staying. But we found that from that viewpoint it wasn't bad. The Mint people—something about this business, for the most part, makes them great, loyal people and my hat goes out to them. Once in a while a bad one appears, but that happens everywhere.

We cut down where we could on people who weren't doing something vital. But we didn't always fire them. We had other places for them because we had to increase the supply of coins.

We worked very closely with the Federal Reserve because the Federal Reserve occupies a unique spot which most people don't understand. They are the one customer—the one customer that the Mint has. In other

words, every coin we made is sold, as it were, to the Federal Reserve Bank. Of course, there's no exchange of money; it's a paper operation. They, in turn, distribute the coins to the city banks, the local banks finally the little banks out in the country, and so forth. All of this, however, both from the viewpoint of the Mint and of the Federal Reserve, involves one thing that few people know, which is that the Mint is the largest shipper in the whole country because we ship raw material in to be made into coins, and then we ship the coins out to the Fed, or wherever. Once in a while the Fed would tell us to ship two carloads of nickels to New Orleans. And I learned more funny little irrelevant things—New Orleans was then, as I said before, and I have reason to think it still is, the only place in the country where you could make a telephone call for a nickel. Isn't that fascinating?

And there were many things like that. Simultaneously, all these toll roads had come into existence—oh, my dear, the quarters and the small change, and so forth, that were demanded of the Mint were—it's just inconceivable the amount of coins. School lunches came along; instead of selling tickets and let the children pay with tickets, the schools said, no, they didn't have bookkeepers, they couldn't afford anybody to sell the tickets and keep track of the money, so each child had to have thirty-two cents in change for a school lunch. Well, you figure up in your own mind how many coins [laughs] that means. So, I spent a good bit of time trying to get them to sell tickets, but they never would. And I could understand because it was a Federal program and would require additional people for that purpose. So we went on getting money for school lunches, and all these little things that you have no ideal

The telephone company was sort of a problem to us because, of course, that requires

a lot of coins. But they were very, very helpful because they, too, felt there might be a better way; there might be a better material. And so we, long before there was any change in coinage, had started working with Western Electric and the telephone company and other research groups to see what the situation was.

But we came through the coin shortage, and that, to me, was the biggest accomplishment in the world and, of course, nobody paid any attention to it because nobody realized how bad it was.

As all this was going on, in '63 and '64, they decided to get rid of the silver dollars, which were still in the Treasury. Well, I could have killed them because this meant not only a great run on the mints and the Treasury and the banks, but it meant that a stockpile of silver would be dispersed to the four corners of the earth.

This just fascinated me! When I visited the Hamburg Mint in Germany, they were making coins by the millions, and they make them out of nickel (or this particular mint did). And I said to the mint master, "Why are you making so many coins?"

And he said, "Aaah! You did not go through the last war. You do not realize that in times of danger and crisis you need stockpiles of material. We stockpile our nickel in the form of coins."

Now, that was smart because it served two purposes. And I got to thinking about it, so when they started selling the silver dollars, as I say, I nearly flipped because that was a great stockpile for silver. And silver, as you know—people think of it only as frivolous and wedding gifts—but it is one of the greatest materials for industrial usage that there ever was. And I just hated to see those dollars go out, in addition to the sentimentality of it.

I tried to get people interested and to write to the Treasury and tell them not to let all

the silver dollars go. As a result I got blamed [laughing] for their going because I—well I did speak up! I said, "Perhaps you don't realize it but people are coming in and buying silver dollars." They came to the Treasury with baby carriages, with wheelbarrows—everything they could find to carry anything—and went out with hundreds and hundreds of dollars worth of silver dollars. And, oh! I suffered.

But you see, it's very interesting in the Mint. You have the Director of the Mint who truly has the responsibility for the people under her, and so forth. But over the Director of the Mint is the Treasury Department, the various levels of the Treasury Department. Over the whole kaboodle is Congress and theoretically the President is telling Congress what to do. So it isn't simple.

I'll never forget the day we had to stop making coins with any silver whatsoever in them. Oh, it just broke my heart! And I fought it all the way along because I felt a token bit of silver or just something so the prestige of the coins would be retained was important. But this Mr. Roosa and his group in the Treasury Department were determined to get the silver out of the coins. And most of Congress didn't understand a word of what anybody was talking about. And that's not to their detriment; it's a matter of some technical problems, and therefore they went along with what the Treasury said.

Congress directed us to remove silver from the coins and the President signed the legislation. But before they did it they should have had an alternative substitute, but nobody was working on that because, you see, silver has certain properties that only platinum and gold also have. And when you think of the millions and millions—I don't know the number now but at that point there were a hundred and forty million vending machines in this country, and that did not include slot machines! Those

vending machines were so constructed that the electrical sensitivity, the weight, the metallic content of the coin is what would make it accept it or reject it. So, to change the content of a coin was a tremendously serious thing for all these vending machine people, not to mention the telephone companies (plural) and, locally, the slot machine people (who were legitimate business people), laundromats, everything in the world.

So we had to find a metal which would do what silver would do. And we had three big research companies working on it. Also our own people were working on it. We finally came out with this clad metal, which was a combination of copper and nickel in such percentage of each that it would—they always used to say “mimic”—but what it did was act as silver would have acted up to a point. And so the famous clad coins were born. You have no idea the ruckus that went up with these funny coins! And it took much work; all our PR people spent hours and hours trying to put in words of two syllables why these coins were necessary, and yet we got thousands of letters protesting.

Well, having worked in the Senate and feeling letters should be answered, I had—we had—quite a time. But I felt the people had the right to know. So we finally evolved a form, a sheet of paper which had all the information, and we wrote a little personal note saying, “I think this will answer your questions,” which, with the strain we were under, was about the best we could do.

But it will go down in history as probably the most drastic change that ever occurred in the history of our coinage. Subsequently, many other countries have adopted this clad coinage, and also, there are no countries in the world using silver in their coins now.

Silver was \$1.29 an ounce when we used it, so if you made four quarters they really

had almost an ounce of silver in them, but not quite, so you could justify it. But when silver went higher you couldn't *possibly* put silver in the coins because you see what's happened now: as the silver's gone up the coins have been melted down for the value of the silver. But people wouldn't understand.

Then we had another problem which arose because of this, which was the activity of the speculators. As soon as we started making the new clad coins, these people went around to banks all over the country and bought up all the old coins—bought them by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Well, that meant that our problem was getting worse instead of better [laughs]! Isn't that ironic? So, we finally got legislation passed that it was illegal to melt coins of the country, which would prevent them from wanting to hoard, because the only reason for getting this tremendous amount was later to melt it down for the silver content. But the irony of it was that you couldn't stop them, actually, and people were buying up tremendous numbers of coins and taking them to Canada; Canada had no law that you couldn't melt them down. And small refineries were springing up.

And I was so happy—when I went into the Mint I made it a point, insofar as possible, to get acquainted with the mint masters from other countries, particularly Mexico and Canada. I felt we should be working together. And, oh, did it ever pay off, because the mint master of Canada was a wonderful man, and he immediately saw what was happening when these small refineries started coming along. Norval Parker was his name. Mr. Parker went to the Parliament and got a law passed making it illegal to melt *any* coins, Canadian and American, because the Canadians had used silver in their coins to a point, but not to such a great extent because in Canada are great, great nickel mines and they were using

nickel insofar as possible in their coins. And, of course, when we had to change our alloy, the nickel people—I never knew such pressure as we got from the people from the nickel companies who wanted us to make nickel coins! But pure nickel coins would not work well in our vending machines. Plus the fact that, in my judgment, it was wrong for us to use material which was not produced in this country.

So, life wasn't easy; it was difficult. And you had to be in every place at one time because here they were building these new presses—we would be having a conference in Washington to sign a contract with the company who had been the lowest bidder on building the presses, and these foxy guys would be slipping in little things, you know, which would react to their advantage. And I was very happy I had studied law, believe me, because on several occasions I was able to single-handedly point out something which our people had overlooked—not willfully but just because their minds didn't work that way, as mine did, because I knew they would gyp us if they could. So, we spent a good bit of time on the contracts.

When we had to take the silver out of coins and use a new material—you would be fascinated by the things which were suggested! There were companies (and I have such great respect for glass, crystal companies) they wanted coins made out of glass and crystal. Now that sounds great, but remember, it's very dangerous! There were companies who wanted us to make coins out of powdered material, which they would hold together, you know, with—just like baking a hotcake; I mean, you put little things together. And I didn't feel that those were practical. You always have to remember that children bite and eat and otherwise use coins in such a manner that there must be nothing in the

coin which could injure a child if he were to swallow some of it. And this was a great, great factor, and something that everybody thought, "Oh, bosh!" But you'd be amazed.

There is a—and I can't remember which country and it's just as well—but one country was putting a lot of lead in the coins and had almost an epidemic of lead poisoning among the young people and finally traced it to the fact that these youngsters were putting coins in their mouths. Isn't that sad? When I think of all this I get all wrought up!

But it was a very interesting time and I am happy to say never once did we have any, even tinge, of dishonesty among our people. There were companies who wanted contracts for the strip because by this time we realized we had to let companies make strip for us, at least temporarily. That meant millions of dollars to the company that was the lowest bidder. And these high-powered officials of these companies would come into the Mint and talk to our people who had been used to getting the supplies for us, and I used to think, "Oh, that poor dear Wilbur." His area had been buying millions of dollars worth of material. And he was the most honest person in the world, but so naive it just used to worry me to death! But never once was there any problem even though there were occasions when these companies, I'm sure, would have given him a handout. But our people were staunch and I was proud of them because it was a great opportunity for a little bit of hankypunk.

There's another problem involved in the use of metal which few people think about, which is that you have to be able to stamp that coin so the image will be clear. People say, "Why?" Well, there are coins from all over the world. Our coins have always been respected. You could take a half-dollar or a quarter, or something comparable, to Thailand or to most

any country and they would not only accept it, they'd be delighted to have it. But we had to retain the identity of the coins or else they would not be respected in other countries, plus the fact that people here wouldn't recognize them. And that's a problem which is hard to solve because sometimes when they get worn it is difficult. German silver was a very potential coin; they have a combination of brass and lead with a bit of nickel thrown in to make it soft. But the lead makes it so hard that the dies just collapse after very few uses and it's impossible to do them economically. And then when they do come out, they don't look like our coins.

I'd love to have made some of those—they called 'em ceramic, but they were actually—well, they would be ceramic! Glass, everything else. But we felt metal coins were the things to be used. They had to be bagged, they had to be constantly in use—all these things had to happen.

It's a very interesting process. The Mint will make, say, a thousand dimes. Those thousand dimes are counted and put into a bag which says "One thousand dimes," or whatever. And then those are shipped to the Fed in that bag, and the Fed, in turn, will either store it if they don't have a need for it or will ship it to a bank. And all this counting that goes on is just fantastic. You have no ideal. So we even had some of our technical people working on improving counting.

We had our technical people working on improving skids. Do you know what a skid is? Because when you handle these heavy, heavy things, you have to have something which will handle them with ease. And I was amazed to find out that the gaming casinos had been not only studying this for a long time, but had some very fine skids. For instance, they had a most advanced counting equipment. And—I shouldn't make anything out of it—but I was

proud to be able to make some suggestions to the Mint from our Nevada people.

I also did something which might have been criticized, but I felt it only right. We knew the new clad coin material would work in the telephones, in the vending machines, and in the turnstiles on the freeways, but nobody had tested them in the slot machines. So I brought some blanks out one time and tested them. I felt it was only proper. I don't know why everybody's so squeamish about gambling the way they are. We had some people in the Treasury that really frowned on gambling. But I just felt it was fair, so we did it and if they worked then everybody was happy. They should have done that with the Susan B. Anthony, but they didn't.

The coin shortage is what first caused problems—when all the silver dollars were taken out by individuals, then the casinos here had to go to tokens. Well, you couldn't use tokens as money. You could use it in the establishment and you had to have Treasury approval. And it's very interesting that right today, because the new one-dollar coin did not work well, that Treasury is considering legislation which will make it illegal for tokens to be used by the casinos if they are also used by any other—the same token can't be used by any other casino, can't be used for any other purpose like buying in a gift shop, even in the same hotel, or paying your cab fare, or tipping. It's ridiculous. I pray that doesn't happen.

*How could they enforce it?*

That's just exactly the whole question. That's what I've been arguing with them about. They still call me about it and I've said, "You can't enforce it. You can't possibly!"

If I go to Boomtown and get some tokens, I'm going to come down here and use them in a slot machine, and nobody can follow it

through and nobody really can say it's illegal. So, it's very interesting!

But the poor Mint was caught up in all of this. About that time the International Monetary Fund was manipulating gold. And when I say manipulating, they were trying to get gold out of the picture as a monetary metal all over the world. And they came up with the so-called "paper gold," which would be a credit item on the books of the International Monetary Fund, backed by the assets of the country. Well, that sounded fine but all the countries didn't like it.

I'll never forget one morning about two a.m. (I don't think I've told you this), the phone rang and it was this same Mr. [Paul] Volcker who is now head of the Federal Reserve. I was so mad at him! He told me that I had better go to Fort Knox and take workers down because an Air Force plane would come to Louisville to take—well, it was a fantastic amount; it was twenty-two million worth of gold—from Fort Knox to the Bank of England. They had to have it by, like Friday, and this was Tuesday night when he called. I never forgot that because, to me, it was ludicrous that we had to do this. This gold belonged to our taxpayers. Granted they were being paid thirty-five dollars an ounce, but why should we be sending our gold to be stored in the Bank of England vaults. But we did it, we had to do it!

You know, shipping gold sounds simple. But what you have to do, is get the bars out of wherever they've been stored, you have to put 'em on skids, they have to be wrapped (we called it wrapping, but it really was a use of metal taping which kept the bars of gold solid on the skid), then they had to be taken by some means, usually skids again, to a loading area and put in the trucks. And gold is so heavy! [Laughs] One time they sent a

perfectly beautiful-looking truck [laughs], and after they had put the amount of gold in it which was supposed to be in it, the truck collapsed. It just fascinated me! And the only reason I mention it is because we were dealing with people who didn't know the product, who didn't know how to handle it. Oh, my, the things that could happen! Once in a while they would start a skid down a little platform to put it on the thing and somebody wouldn't hang on and away it'd go and thered be gold all over the place! Not dull.

We had scales at Fort Knox and elsewhere in the Mint which were so delicately balanced that one of the men, Vic Harkin, who was in charge of Fort Knox, asked me if I had a bobby pin, and I did, and we put the bobby pin with the gold and it wouldn't balance. Isn't that amazing? But of course, this meant a great deal to the taxpayers because of the values involved. And now just think! They're still selling gold out of Fort Knox; even when it was seven hundred dollars an ounce they were selling it, and just think what those are worth to us. But so it goes!

Nellie Tayloe Ross was great! One time, President Roosevelt went down to Fort Knox and wanted to go through, and she said he could go through if the Secret Service men left their guns at the front door. And he said nobody was going to take the guns away from the Secret Service and she said, "Well, then you can't go through and they can't go through," [laughs] and they had quite an impasse! Then, finally, both the Mint people and the Secret Service people stacked their guns up at the front door and *nobody* had a gun [laughs]! Then he went through.

And there's nothing to see except corridors with heavy, heavy metal doors. And if it's somebody important they'll open an outer metal door and you can look through some

bars and see gold stacked all around. I thought it was so funny!

And of course, that led to the Treasurer of the United States deciding she wanted to go down there. And not only did she want to come, but she wanted to bring the bishop of the Louisville, Kentucky church. Now on paper, she's sort of over the Director of the Mint insofar only as currency is concerned (and we have nothing to do with currency, so it doesn't affect us), but as gold, insofar as she has to have a certain—*did* have to have a certain amount of backing the currency. So, she and I really tangled. But she didn't go in—and I don't think she ever forgave me! But I thought it was pretty blatant of her; she knew nobody'd ever gone in there. And it's so dull when you get in—just these halls with closed doors! When they started to do the picture *Goldfinger*.—think it was United Artists, but I'm not sure. They would call up—could they go in? No. Could they go on the grounds? No. Could they fly over? No.

Finally this guy said, "What can we do?"

And I said, "Don't make the picture." I said, "That's bad, anyway."

What they did was make a mock-up, almost perfect, and then they flew the planes over [laughs], and they did all this—had the inside of Fort Knox looking magnificent! I got such a kick out of it! But, somehow, we became great friends, and when I resigned from the Mint they offered me a job, which I thought was nice.

And then some outfit made a picture called *Who's Keep the Mint*—it had nothing to do with the Mint; it was all about engraving and printing, where the paper money is made. And it made the guards look like *nuts*, and they were so furious, they wanted me to sue this company for making this picture. But I felt the less said the better, so that's what

happened. I don't know if I got a blot on my escutcheon, but I didn't see any sense in trying to—because half the people who saw it didn't know the difference.

In the Mint there's never any dull time for the Director for the reason that you have projects which have been piling up for so long that one of these days you have to get at them. Therefore, you rush frantically to get things accomplished and then sort of turn the key on that and start on something else.

Nineteen sixty-five was a particularly difficult year because of the change to the clad coins and the resultant discussion and controversy and, almost, fear on the part of the public. The public hates to have the coinage changed, I'm telling you! It's just automatic; it's something you've had since you were a child and you don't want it tampered with. The correspondence during that time was absolutely horrendous! And that, of course, takes a lot of people.

Also, because of the coin shortage, we had to stop making what we called "proof sets," which are dear to the heart of the coin collector. And they were very obstreperous about it, and made many suggestions. But proof sets are made almost by hand, which is ironic because theoretically they're never touched by human hands. They are handled by people with gloves and when they come out, they're a perfect example of coinage. Every country does this. And, whether or not there was a proper answer will never be known—but we did put out what we called "special Mint sets."

We tried to take the best coins that were produced in each mint and put them together so the public would have a continuity of the coinage of the country. Congress frowned upon that, too, even though it made a tremendous amount of money for the general

fund. But it's ironic that they don't give the Mint much credit because it does bring in a lot of money, but they don't seem to understand. Of course, they say it's a paper transaction like seigniorage—do you know what seniorage is? And I'll never forget a discussion I had with a congressman who said, "Seigniorage isn't anything. It's just something put on a piece of paper on one side of the line or the other side of the line."

I said, "Well, sir, just give me the seniorage and we'll be all right." Of course, that wouldn't happen because it amounted to millions and millions.

I tried, as you know, to perfect a machine which we called the coin roller because the penny demand is in billions constantly. And so, through friends and through the Federal Reserve Bank of Detroit, we got General Motors interested in approaching this problem. In one more year, we'd have had it solved but when the administration changed and some of us who had been friendly with the General Motors people left, the General Motors people, who had already put in about three million dollars of their own money on this research, just dropped the whole thing, whereupon the Mint said, "Well, it would have been more expensive anyway. Now, that's not true; it wouldn't have been more expensive."

There was a problem because this coin roller would go like this [gestures lengthwise rolling] with dozens of dies, and of course, they had to be centered and they had to connect properly with the blanks. And it was a problem. But I was so confident that General Motors could correct that. I was just broken-hearted when they dropped that.

That's the first thing that's been done toward trying to improve the state of the art of minting because people just don't try and yet, curiously, years and years ago in Egypt, they had a very crude little coin, or a little thing

which had holes in it and which appears to be an effort to make coins by rolling. So, there's nothing new under the sun, I guess.

But it was all a great adventure. My, riding airplanes and going hither and yon—.

We had more meetings about the coinage situation than you can imagine, resulting in what was called—or creating what was called the Commission on the Coinage. And Mr. Fowler did try to get a good representation of the public. The Director of the Mint represented the Mint. He overloaded it with his own Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, which rendered it a bit difficult to handle because everybody was afraid to cross them. But it was a necessary step, *probably*. Actually, they didn't do anything, and just sort of faded away, which happens with so many commissions—and perhaps properly, but I don't know.

#### MINT INSTALLATIONS OLD AND NEW

The Mint had a problem at that time, and still has a problem, which is the need for new facilities and new equipment. We were able to build a new mint in Philadelphia and it took years to get it started for the very—and I mentioned this before—the very practical reason that every congressman from Philadelphia wanted it in his district. And minute you mention new mint—you can have it down here on the corner of Spring Garden and something or other. And this goes on and on. So, finally, we outfoxed them. We were able to get land which had been set aside for developing the city. It was an Urban Renewal project in large cities under which they deliberately took different sections of the city and planned to build new buildings and utilize that part of town so it would be improved. So we settled on this particular spot on Arch Street, and every time all

of Philadelphia's seventeen congressmen complained we just pointed to the law. It made it very nice!

The other problem which still exists—we did finish the mint in Philadelphia, thank God—but poor Denver needs a new mint so badly. Denver has always produced more coins than any mint in the world. The reason for that is severalfold: one thing, it's strategically located, they can get metal, they can ship out quickly, and many factors enter in there, but the greatest one is the type of people. They have fine, hardworking people in the Denver Mint and around Denver, and they're so proud of the Denver Mint. It's just great! The morale factor is one of the greatest in the world. So I tried very hard tap get a new mint in Denver. Mrs. Brooks, my successor, who was a very close friend of Nixon's, did everything to get a new mint in Denver. And Mrs. Stella Hackle, who was the next Director, devoted great effort toward doing something in Denver. But it's a weird psychology that prevails, I think. Congress doesn't realize that it takes awhile to get something going. They say, "Well, so long as Denver is turning out the coins just let it alone. If they stop turning out the coins, then we'll get a new mint." Well, that would really be a crisis.

I'll never forget an interview I had with the famous Congressman Wayne Hays. This was on the Philadelphia Mint because he wouldn't approve it and he was chairman of the committee that had to approve it. He said, "I need a new office more than you need a new mint."

And I said, "Well, sir, I think you have a blind side and might just as well leave," and I started to leave and he called me back.

But it was very interesting, the little personal reasons, the strange-thinking people in power—and, after all, they hold the purse strings; we couldn't build a mint without

getting the money. I pray someday we'll get a new mint in Denver.

San Francisco was the most difficult; it was horrendous. The typewriter covers on their typewriters, which were vintage of 1900—the typewriter covers were hanging together by threads. The whole group of people and there were just thirty-five as I recall, were squashed together in one office. The melting room was something out of the past because they literally had to melt the gold, you see, to test the values, and those poor men in there working without helmets or without proper safety—this just got to me! But they were great people—they were so enthusiastic and proud of their mint because whatever they had, they'd done it themselves. When I—as I have said before—when I became Director of the Mint and went to San Francisco, I was absolutely appalled. They were in the basement of a GSA building doing important work taking in gold and silver, and so forth. But it was an absolute mess! So we worked quickly and were able to, not get a new one, but take over more of the building and improve the mint there, primarily through the support of the California congressmen.

Now, a lot of people felt we shouldn't have any facility in California. Many people want to put a mint in Indiana, which theoretically is the center of the population. But they forget, as I have mentioned before here, that shipping is one of the greatest costs of producing coins. Therefore, it's logical to have a facility in San Francisco which supplies not only the West Coast, but we have to ship coins to Hawaii, to Guam, to Wake Island, Alaska, of course (I hope I said Hawaii). And this entails a logistical problem which almost is overpowering. We also, historically and consistently, have made coins for the Philippine Islands. So you can imagine how much simpler it would be to make them in

San Francisco than to make them in Indiana or anyplace else in the East because of the shipping costs.

So, getting the San Francisco Mint was important, not only getting it started, but keeping it started, because in the fifties during the Eisenhower administration (and I do not blame him), but there were those who just felt we shouldn't have any mint in San Francisco at all.

I am perhaps a little bit biased on some of these subjects because it's historic. There should always be a fine, big mint in Philadelphia because that's where it started. There should be a good mint in Denver, not only because it's the center of the country (not really, but it serves the whole area), but that's where it started next because they found that it was very, very inconvenient to carry around gold nuggets. That's what started the mint in Denver because there was a private mint there which took those gold nuggets and the gold pokes and would make them into various-size coins, which had to be stopped because there was no similarity, there was no regularity, and you were just as bad off as you were when you had powdered gold, except it was easier to handle.

But both San Francisco and Denver and a little mint which few people have heard of called Daloniga. But the Daloniga Mint, situated right in the middle of a gold area in Georgia, provided much in the way of gold for minting—natural gold, which they made into coins. And those coins today are invaluable; if you can get a coin that was made at the Daloniga Mint, you have it made!

They carried this idea of having the mints where the material was perhaps a bit too far, because we had a mint in Charlotte, Worth Carolina; we had this Daloniga Mint; we had a great mint in New Orleans (they're still fighting about what to do with it—make it a

museum or reopen it or what, but it should be a museum); we had a mint in Fargo, North Dakota; as you know, we had our rather famous mint in Carson City—the reason always being that that's where the metal was. And at that time it was practical because transportation was difficult. It took a long, long time to get a shipment of coins even from Denver to the West Coast, not to mention all the problems of being robbed and all the rest of it, so that did account for these various mints. But gradually they have assimilated them—combined them. And it's logical now because Philadelphia serves the entire East Coast, Denver serves the middle part of the country and San Francisco serves the West and the possessions.

We had a strange thing occur in San Francisco because of the fact that we do ship coins. Mr. Bridges and his—he called it the Maritime Union; and the Longshoremen—and those two unions did everything in the world to unionize the San Francisco Mint. You can imagine the problems we would have had! But that was avoided.

During this particular time, also, which probably history doesn't make much of because I think, for the most part, the media understood and everybody should have understood, we had security problems that were beyond anybody's comprehension. You had to employ people, even if they had prison records. Now to me, that was horrible because here you're putting a person who doesn't have much self-control, whom you know has a tendency to help himself, and here you are putting him in an area where he is handling money all the time—other people's money. So we had quite a time.

I shall never forget a headline in one of the San Francisco papers saying, "United States Mint is a sieve." Oh, it just killed me! But it was pretty hard to control that because they would

carry coins out in their mouths. One chap we caught putting half dollars—you know these cardboard things that come in your shirts, I don't know what you call 'em—but they were light enough for him to tape those on his leg, and then he would tape on top of them (or underneath 'em, I don't know) fifty-cent pieces. Every night he'd go marching out with all this money.

Well, it was so ridiculous and I had been asking Congress for years to get us a metal-detecting machine. All we needed was one at each Mint and it would pay for itself over and over. It took some doing—but that headline, curiously, which was meant to be very critical, helped us and we finally were able to install metal detectors in each one of the mints. And I tell you!

Then funny things happened. Like the Superintendent of the mint at Denver was a lovely lady—she came to me in tears. She said, "I can't go through that metal detector."

I said, "Why not? Why can't you go through it—I go through it."

She said, "I wear corsets with stays in 'em." [Laughs] That was a problem I hadn't anticipated. Oh dear!

But we had various debates on that. And about this time the Civil Liberties Union and the various Civil Rights protective groups criticized and said that it was directed at the colored people, which was ridiculous! We did have eighty-one percent colored people in the San Francisco Mint, but many of them were the finest people in the whole world, and I would have given them my purse to take care of any day. Most of them. But there were a few, just like in any group that would try to bring in marijuana and smoke it in the Mint.

So we had real problems, but particularly with these groups. And I don't know what happened, except I finally got a happy idea. Every good thing which happened—if they

got a raise, if the blue collar workers got a raise, I didn't tell 'em, the superintendent there (the officer in charge) did not tell them; we let the head of their labor union tell them. And that was great because a labor union survives only because it does things for its members. And we'd been doing these things for these people all the time, but we hadn't been letting the unions take the credit, which was very interesting. It gave you the feeling that you were forced to do things, but I didn't mind that because I knew I wasn't.

But San Francisco was a great problem partially because the facility was so bad, partially because we had this great preponderance of—many of them great people, but instinctively they felt abused. And it was rough! The time when this fellow was caught taking out this money wrapped on his legs, I thought to myself, "How many other people are doing that? And where are they doing it?"

So, we decided the only place that they could be doing it were in the men's johns. And because in most areas there were only men working there, I made them take the doors off the johns [laughs]. I tell you, I thought I was going to be drawn and quartered for a while! But I had no intention of making it permanent and within, oh, a month, we put them back on. But it had a very salutary effect.

The basic thing in that, however, was people in the wrong spot. People who—as somebody said, you don't put a rapist in a girls' dormitory. It's just a bad psychological thing.

Now there's another aspect of this that you have to remember too, and dear Carson City didn't make us too proud on occasion, because the very people who work on these coins sometimes are tempted, which is something you can also understand, and *they* take them. There have been some coins, of which we only minted probably a hundred, but fifty of 'em got

out of the mint and today are rarities, naturally, and are selling for tremendous amounts of money. Nobody can explain how they got out, but you know very well they got out because some workman, somebody who was working with them, took them out.

We had a strange situation also, where coin dealers would find out who worked in the Mint. And it was during a period when there was an interest in "Mint errors." And Mint errors were the bane of my existence because, number one, to me it was ridiculous that something which wasn't made right would be increased in value. I just couldn't understand it. But, we had a sudden upturn of Mint errors. And through Secret Service we traced it down and it turned out that some unscrupulous coin dealers had gotten to some Mint workers and offered them money, literally, to make a Mint error and bring it out with them. Just weird! Mint errors are fantastic because if a blank gets caught and keeps spinning around, for instance, in a machine it makes a beautiful, beautiful [gestures sort of spiral for error]—! And you'll see rings come out of the press which look like sombreros. That's because the blank got pulled up in the center in some fashion.

But my whole point is that it's the human element in this area which is bad. Historically, men working with gold in the mints would come into the Mint, change their clothes in locker rooms, put on their working clothes and go about their business in the Mint; but as they came out, they had to change, take off their working clothes, take showers, leave their working clothes, put on the clothes which they had worn in and leave. Well, it was—you have no idea how much gold we found in some of those working clothes. It's like the old story of the men who worked in the sluice mills and gold mines and their boots would be full of gold when they left.

And nobody was trying to be unfair to anybody, but you just had to control—because this was the money that belonged to the people of the country, so we just had to do these things in spite of all the criticism we got. And whenever you have to do something like walking through these coin detectors—or metal detectors—everybody feels it's pointed at him. Absolutely weird! But we did it and they still have them and it's the only possible way to control the taking of money; you know, I have a thing about calling it theft because I know some of these people needed money so badly. They would have seven or eight kids. But once in a while you'd see one who theoretically was very poor, and here he'd drive up in a great big Cadillac, and that somehow was rather indicative that he had another source of income—probably us!

But all these problems! And the very re-doing of the San Francisco Mint required attention constantly. The people in San Francisco could do it to a point but most of them are not trained engineers, most of them are not trained administratively, and it became necessary for the people from Washington to go there a great deal—which also was criticized by Congress. But it had to be! There was nobody there unless we went outside and hired contractors, which they also frowned upon. So, I was running back and forth—*everybody* was running back and forth! And I would fly over Reno and give my eye teeth to stop awhile, but that wasn't part of the plan!

So, it was very, very interesting from that point of view. And I have wondered and wondered how we could have done things better. What we should have done was simply build a new mint in San Francisco instead of re-doing this old one. But, curiously, it has turned out to be very fine.

There is an expression in the Mint which most people don't understand. You have the

mints which actually make the coin, then you have what they call depositories, and our depositories have historically been West Point for silver and Fort Knox for gold. Then you have the assay offices, which was San Francisco and New York City. And that's where people can bring gold and sell it at a price established by the government, which at that point in time was \$1.29 for silver and \$35 an ounce for gold. But this again, is a service to the people because we don't charge them anything extra. If they take it to a private company that deals in metals they don't give them quite so much, number one, they charge them a service charge, which is bad. But it was a service that we did.

### THE GREAT SILVER DOLLAR CRISIS

The "great silver dollar crisis" was another thing because the government had, for years, been printing dollar bills on which was written: "redeemable in silver." Some of them had "redeemable with one silver dollar." Everybody wanted a silver dollar—well, we didn't have the silver dollars!

In the interim the "dear" Secretaries of the Treasury had decided that no silver dollars should be made, that we should not pay any out in spite of what was written on the bills which, to me, was a command. So we were asked to make little packets of good silver, and when you turned in your silver certificate you got a little brown envelope with a lot of silver dust in it. Or, if you were turning in a lot, you would get a bar of silver because we simply were out of anything else. By that time, there had been this great run on silver dollars. I did everything in the world to stop that, but they just opened it up and let everybody, whether they had silver certificates or not, buy it.

I came out here and made a speech about it, hoping to get our senators and congressmen

steamed up, but they never wiggled, so it didn't help any. That probably was one of the hardest things that I went through.

An Assistant Secretary of the Treasury came to me and he said, "Now you know we have all these silver dollars in the vault."

And I said, "Yes, I know. Just leave 'em there."

He said, "NO, we want to sell them, get rid of them."

And I said, "Well, they count in your reserves. What do you want to get rid of them for?"

He said, "Well, we need the space."

(I thought, "Oh, stupid!")

So, he started selling them off. People brought in baby carriages, wheelbarrows—it was disgraceful!

He came to me again and he said, "We're going to pick out the good dollars and save them."

I said, "Why are you going to do that?"

"Well, we don't want any one person to get a bonanza and get a valuable coin."

And I said, "Well, whom do you want to get the valuable coins?"

He said, "The taxpayers."

Well, it was the most illogical situation I ever knew, but he was *adamant*!

I said, "You're putting away 3,682,941 white elephants." And I said, "You're going to rue the day!"

And do you know, they're still having problems with those dollars? It was the silliest thing they could have ever done! And they talk about the money they made on 'em, but they forget to mention what it cost 'em. They actually lost money selling those silver dollars.

But they were adamant, So they put them in vaults in the Treasury and every time I see one of the men involved, I never say a word, but they always look at me sheepishly and

say, "Ohhhh! I'm sorry! You were so right!" Because, that was a stupid thing to do.

I was even asked at one time to ask Mr. Redfield if he would sell us his silver dollars, and I said, "How much will you pay him?"

They said, "Why, a dollar apiece."

And I said, "Well, the answer is 'no' before I ask him!"

But, so it went!

I think perhaps the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me—Senator [Mike] Mansfield, who was very potent, as you know, in the Senate, and he was Majority Leader at that time, of the Senate, he came up with this idea of starting to make silver dollars. This was in 1964. And all the Western senators flocked around him. If we were getting short of them—of course, we were selling them by the carload—if we were getting short of them, why not make more? I'm not sure of the dates, but this could have been in August that he presented this plan. And the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury came down to me and said, "You better make some 1964 silver dollars because next door they want to please Mansfield and maybe it's a good idea."

I said, "It takes legislation."

He said, "No," he said, "it's one of the coins that's never been actually repealed," which was true.

But I said, "We don't have any money for the extra cost."

He said, "Well, find it someplace, but Goddamn it; make them!"

[Laughs] And I tell you! To me it was just like telling me to go out and rob the poor.

So we dillydallied around—and it was perfectly fascinating. We had not made any silver dollars since 1934. Making silver dollars is quite an art because it's a large coin. The dies have to be so perfect, the weights have to be absolutely perfect, else when they are

stamped they throw everything out of kilter. We spent months. But we spent the first few months trying to find somebody still in the Mint who had ever made a silver dollar, and we found a few people and we sent them to Denver. And then we—reluctantly—we made a few silver dollars as pattern pieces, not for circulation. But we had to number them, we had to keep them in a safe because they would be just invaluable to a collector. And all the time I was just dying!

One day the call came from the House Appropriations Committee. They wanted a hearing on the silver dollars we were making. So I told this Assistant Secretary of the Treasury he had to come with me—it was his doing. I said, "You made me do it and I know they're going to land all over me."

It's a perfectly legitimate thing." So he went up there with me. Well, we got taken across the coals—*beautifully!* And he had no recourse; he just came right out and said they did it because Mansfield wanted it, which made Mansfield mad, as I knew it would. But at the end of the hearing Congressman Steed of Oklahoma, who was chairman of the subcommittee, turned to me and right in front of everybody he said, "Eva, when you have friends like this you don't need any enemies!" And I tell you!

On that note ended the making of the silver dollars. They told us *not* to make any more. And to this day the collectors hound me about, didn't I keep one? Did I give one to Lyndon Johnson? Did I give one to Mrs. Johnson? Isn't there one someplace? Well, there aren't any anyplace. And, as I say, we had numbered them and we had put them in the safe, and we had a committee go out and watch them being melted down.

But there're always these guys who pretend to know everything and they say

there are some around. And *then*, there are the counterfeiters. And several instances have arisen where they've changed the date on an old dollar and made it a 1964 dollar, tried to sell it for several thousand dollars.

That was something: "If you have friends like these, you don't need enemies!" I'll never forget that!

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When the Republicans took over, I had been told that I was to stay on as Director of the Mint, but I knew politics too well to think that *any* Republican would keep a Democrat, so I wasn't counting on that. But I did want to finish the new Philadelphia Mint, and that created a bit of a problem because the new administration took over in January and the Mint wasn't to be finished till August. But I stayed.

And I'll never forget that hot August day—ohh! And it was weird! The Secretary of the Treasury flew from Los Angeles to speak at the thing, and he was so tired that he called Mrs. Brooks "Eva Brooks" (her name is Mary). Various things of that type—it was really quite a day.

But that was very interesting because mint masters came from all over the world to see the new mint that the Americans had built, and they were very happy. And it fascinates me because—I may have mentioned before, when I went to Singapore I said to this manager, "I feel as if I've been here before."

And he said, "Well, this is just a small version of your Philadelphia Mint. Remember, you sent me the blueprints?"

But it was very interesting. And the Mint has always been kind to me and the people with whom I worked have stayed friendly and that, to me, has been a great thing.



# 6

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## SUMMARY, EXTRA THOUGHTS AND CONCLUSIONS

[Topic from prepared outline: maintenance of political power base], I never deliberately tried to maintain a power base. I'm not a real political animal. But I love the state and the city and people, so I always tried to keep up my friendships, for one thing. And having taught in Reno and Las Vegas it was very interesting because I had quite a coterie of [laughs] friends, or whatever you want to call them.

There was something in the paper once about my perhaps running for governor, and, my word, the cards and letters came pouring in that they would help, which I thought was very interesting.

You see, it was quite an experience. When Senator McCarran died, the change to Senator Ernest Brown was *drastic*, I think is the right word. It was a completely new ballgame from the state picture, although office-wise he probably gave me more responsibility than I had had before, simply because he realized that he didn't know too much about it and he probably wouldn't be there long. So that was very interesting.

Then when Senator Bible came in, he was an entirely different person in comparison with Senator McCarran. He was so cautious, so fearful that he would do something wrong, or— wrong” is the wrong word. But so fearful that he wouldn't accomplish everything he set out to do that he didn't set out to do it unless he was certain he'd get it right. It made it a little bit difficult because we were used to just plowing in and knocking down the obstacles and getting things done. And it's no criticism of Alan, because he was just a different type of person.

It always fascinated me, in each instance, Senator McCarran would call meetings and invite the other senator and the congressman, and Senator Brown had a meeting in his office once. And Alan did a lot of that. And they really looked upon him as their leader, which was sort of a surprise because he wasn't— seniority-wise he wasn't. But that was good; he did a good job in that regard.

And Walter Baring, I think, was a little reluctant to surrender the mantle of being the leader. But he did.

I never was sure whether anything was accomplished by those meetings because they would agree together and then go off and do their separate things, which is human nature, and human nature's the same all over the world. But it was interesting.

And then a press release would come from each office, and that always bothered me a little bit. I always felt they should have a joint press release, that the public would appreciate it more. Once in a while, they did, but not very often.

It's a strange situation when you work and live and think in one part of the country and three thousand miles away there's entirely different atmosphere, entirely different sense of what's going on. And it's hard sometimes to keep people aware. I would come home and some of my closest friends would be furious because I couldn't drive up to Tahoe with them or go to luncheon with them, or something. Well, I was working! And that made it very difficult in some instances. But so it went. But we worked hard.

And I have people who come up to me right now and say, "Oh, I'll never forget what you did for me." And I feel terrible because I've forgotten!

I don't think it's good to nurse an obligation, I mean to keep in the back of your mind, "Well, now Joe ought to do something for me because I did something for him." That I don't believe in.

Some of them are startled sometimes when I can't remember what we did for them! But I tell them we deliberately put it out of our minds because that's what we were there for. So, it's rather interesting.

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When you work in a senator's office, you have to be very cautious about to whom you

give credit for what. And, I don't know what happened, but all of a sudden I was asked to make speeches everywhere, and that was a difficult thing.

And then when I became Director of the Mint, I was asked to speak to all these banker's groups. I hadn't been in long enough to know everything about—every facet—of our relationship with the banks and with the Federal Reserve. But I did my best.

I like to speak—it's from having taught school. I get carried away sometimes [laughs].

I'll never forget, I was speaking to about seven hundred bankers at a Banking Institute meeting in Chicago, and I was a little overwhelmed. And they looked so stern and so, kind of ornery, you know, it was your typical banker. All of a sudden, an alarm clock went off [laughs] and I didn't know—. So I just stopped and I said, "Well, I can take a hint!" [Laughs] Everybody laughed and it broke the whole difficult atmosphere, and I was relieved once that somebody had mis-set his wristwatch alarm clock. But it was funny. I've met many bankers who remember that clock going off. I literally sat down. I said, "I can take a hint," and I sat down!

Speaking is a little bit like teaching. To me, people are hungry to know something they don't know. And I hate to see a speaker who is perhaps so impressed with himself, or perhaps so bored with hearing himself speak all the time, that he doesn't make an effort, really, to get to his listeners. I think that's a shame. And thank goodness there aren't many of them—I hope.

When you go out in the country to speak to a group it always fascinated me because to them, they're the only place you've ever spoken. They say, "Now, my name is Helen Smith and when I come to Washington I'm going to look you up, and I hope you'll have time to have dinner." It just fascinates me!

And I did, on many occasions, but it was a little difficult to have something in common because I really didn't.

I was surprised after I left the Mint when I kept getting invited to speak. I don't know quite why that was. It was probably a hangover from a jolly session we'd had someplace! But it was very interesting. And I still get invited and like to do it.

It always amazes me how little people know about money and the currency, and the function of the Treasury and the Mint and the Federal Reserve, and so forth. They just have no idea. They take for granted—I think I've probably said that before—that coins grow on trees, and that's a little bit unfortunate.

This world of coin collecting is fascinating. There are thirty-five thousand members of this American Numismatic Association. Now that's quite a few. And they are—oh, they really work at it. They had a convention in Cincinnati, of all places, last month and they had fifteen thousand people register. Now, that doesn't mean they all came and stayed at the hotels (because they couldn't have handled them), but fifteen thousand people actually paid money to get a badge to get into that bourse, which just really interested me.

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But, when I was no longer Director of the Mint, I wanted to come home. I'd been wantin' to come home every year after I went back [laughs], and I planned to be home. When I went back there I went for a year and I was—oh, I was always gonna stay only another year. But then Mutual of Omaha had an office there and I knew them, and particularly knew the chairman, and they wanted me to stay primarily to help with legislation and public relations, and so forth. Just for a year! [Laughs] And I'm still with

'em—since '69. But that's nice. They are great people.

Except I wish there weren't so much paperwork connected with *anything*. That's one you can't ignore.

\*\*\*

Women in political life interests me very much because I've seen so many of them come and go, and fall and rise. Some of them come with a competitive attitude like, "Now, I'm a woman and I've gotten this appointment and you've got to respect me and you have to remember that I'm the boss." That doesn't go over; that's not the way to do it. You have to work real hard but you don't want to boast about it, and you don't want to step on top of—what is that old saying about the hundreds of people that sometimes have to be stepped on to get to the [top] rung of the ladder? That always just offended me.

The Mint Director who succeeded me is a fine person and everything, but she was quite political, so political that she tried, first of all, to get rid of all the Democrats in the Mint. Then it turned out that most of the people had been there since the thirties and she, nor they, were able to identify themselves as Democrats or Republicans because Washington becomes a nonpartisan town except for the people who are in the White House.

I think the people who've stayed on in government for many, many years think of their job and think of the government, but don't think of it in a partisan way, which is 900d; otherwise you have a lot of sabotage, I think.

But she's happy she didn't get rid of all the Democrats in the Mint [laughs]! She couldn't have run it very well. But it was very interesting. She did get rid of one or two she shouldn't have, and she did it in a very

unpleasant manner which brought about enmities, which I don't think is good.

But the Treasury Department is an interesting place because the tone is set partially by whomsoever is Secretary of the Treasury. But, looming like a great shadow over that person, is not just the White House (which would be normal), but also the Federal Reserve. And that makes it—I think that's one of the most difficult Cabinet posts there is. With the International Monetary Fund a step up on the scale of importance, theoretically, and the World Bank, the World Health Organization, and all these groups which are truly international in character, but which in theory the Treasury Department still has authority. Like Interpol, which is the international police organization, the assistant secretary who is in charge of Interpol is like a doctor; he has to carry a beeper in his pocket because they never know when they'll want him. But, that's quite a job!

So, I was lucky because I went into the legislative branch; then when I left there I went into the executive branch in the Treasury Department; and when I came out I went into private business. So I saw government from all three viewpoints and it's amazing. An appropriation—when you're on the Hill and your boss is on the Appropriations Committee, he's trying to save money, so he'll cut here and cut there and cut that agency down. And you're all for it, because that's the name of the game, particularly right now, is to balance the budget. And it's very hard to resist the pleas of different groups who want money appropriated. Then you go to the executive branch, the Treasury, and running the Mint you have to *have* money, so you go begging the Hill to give you money to build a new Mint. And you get an entirely different slant, particularly on the appropriations process.

And then of course in private industry, they hope they won't fund some of the gingerbread, some of the regulatory agencies which are anti-business. And those do exist (but no matter).

That always amazes me because, to me, big business made this country. And big business is not evil, I don't think, because number one, they employ a great many people; they do the things that have to be done that individuals or small companies couldn't do. So I believe very much in big business and I don't like to see them being trampled on.

I think this AT&T thing that Federal Trade did is just ridiculous. But they didn't ask me so it's none of my business. And I think AT&T will survive in spite of it all.

But I was interested that Congress did rap Federal Trade on the knuckles. The last two or three years they've been told that they're not supposed to run the government. They're supposed to see that there isn't a violation of the Anti-trust clause, but they're not supposed to be stepping into everything, which they were doing.

They were—I'll never forget the weirdest thing that ever happened to me (aside from some others)! An antitrust fella called me once and he said, "You live out West." He said, "Are there many areas which are being taken over by bee growers?"

And I said, "Bee growers!"

He said, "Yes, we feel that bee growers should have a certain area where they can operate, but they shouldn't operate on the open public domain."

And I said, "Well, really I'm flabbergasted! I don't know the answer to your question." And I said, "Frankly, I don't think there are any bees grown in Nevada, except down around Fallon, maybe." And I said, "That doesn't hurt anything!"

And he said, "Well, it would be a conflict if they were intruding on federal lands." But, that's the mind of a bureaucrat! I told you about the man who wanted to postpone the lambing season, didn't I?

It's just amazing! But, of course, again it gets back to the thing, nobody can know about everything; therefore, mistakes are gonna be made. But between the "lambing season" and the "bee growers," I once in a while find it hard to keep my faith in government.

And then the congressman who—when you go up on a hearing and they obviously have done no homework and they ask questions which are as unrelated as the moon. I think that also is a waste of time.

Then you have staff members on the Hill who are thinking of themselves. They want to dig up something which is going to make a headline and be a hero, and this is a very bad thing. We had one instance where a young man went over to the travel insurance counter and baited that little black girl to the point where she burst out in tears—about why was she trying to sell him more insurance than he wanted. And she said, "I'm not. I'm just telling you what you can get. You asked."

He said, "You're insolent."

And, why, it was terrible! She resigned. She couldn't stand—she said she just couldn't—. And so they had a hearing about it. Well, I ask you—. We [Mutual of Omaha] won [laughs]! Poor little girl, I felt so sorry for her. When it was all over I tried to find her to tell her to come back on the job and, boy, she'd taken off for Rocky Mount, or wherever she lived; she wasn't going to work in government any more where those young men from the Hill would be rude to her! And I thought that was unfortunate.

I don't know how frequently that happens but I've known of enough instances that I'm

very sure that staff members get too big for their bonnets sometimes. And it's impossible for their bosses—the staffs of the committees and the office of some members are huge, goes up into the hundreds! Well, you can't know what each one is doing every day. And that is an unfortunate thing.

We had eight people working on Senate judiciary when Senator McCarran was chairman and we had a budget that was about \$150,000 which meant—not great salaries and not too much money to travel on and so forth. At present [Ted] Kennedy has a staff of over fifty on there. And he, at one point had a budget of over \$2 million, which is not his doing necessarily—it's like Topsy's just grown up, what with everybody looking for jobs and they forget to fire the one below, you know. If they hire a new one, they don't need to keep the old one also, all the time.

Congress, having been so close there and looking back, I can see a lot of things need reforming. And yet still I have this feeling it's none of my business because the congressmen and the senators know what's going on. They have to run it the way they feel is best. So, I'm real quiet most of the time! But once in a while, I'll speak my mind.

Like the present [Carter] White House is they're just jumping out of the corners and stepping over each other. When they talk about economy—. But, there again, you have a bad thing. You have unemployment and yet you don't want to spend too much money to hire people.

One of the best things that has ever been done in that regard was an alliance of businessmen. I don't know if they operated out here. But, the heads of companies met together, worked together, and tried to find ways of giving employment to people who were truly the unemployed—not the

unemployable—but the unemployed, and who were people deserving of work. The National Alliance of Business just, to me, was one of the greatest things that ever happened. It's still doing a fine job. President Ford was most active in it.

They had an interesting arrangement. They would—each company would supply personnel to run the NAB office in Washington, which would open up three or four jobs back in the hometown where they could hire people. It was a small thing, but it had a snowball effect because lots of people got a start in companies, showed they could do the work and do it well. And so, when the man whose job they had been doing came home, they were put someplace else where their experience, and so forth, would be valuable. I thought it was great!

You can't just go on creating jobs for the purpose of creating jobs. They have to have something to do—. But it gets a little complicated, a little complicated!

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The awards that you get—I have 'em all over the place and I don't know what to do with them! I often wonder what everybody does with plaques and—I much prefer a silver dish! But I can't tell the people who give me the plaque I'd rather have something else. But that's very interesting.

And people are very kind about showing their appreciation if you do, like a speech they enjoy. It takes strange forms

I was always delighted when the Treasury Department would recognize the accomplishments of people on a lower echelon. If a man, by his ingenuity or by his knowledge or by his engineering skill, perhaps, would initiate something which would save a lot of money, the greatest thing in the world to me

was his being publicly recognized and given a cash award.

An interesting example of that is when you make a coin, you have fingers which reach out and grab the blanks and put it where they belong to be stamped out. And one of our people said, "Well, if you can do it with one, you can do it with two, and if you can do it with two you can do it with four." And so, they perfected this thing where four little fingers would reach out and we'd have enough spots to put the blank that it would be made into coins. That's the only way we could make enough pennies to keep this country happy. Where the pennies go, I can't tell you—. But, I thought that was great because that fellow got a sizable award from the Treasury Department.

There's another interesting thing in government. If a bureau more or less invents something, like when we had to change the material of the coins because silver was getting so expensive and in short supply, so we came up with this clad material. And I said, "You'd better get it patented."

And a lawyer, who was sort of a Mickey Mouse, said, "The government can't patent things."

And I said, "Well, then Mr. [Phillip] Neisser and Mr. [Maurice] Boley, who invented this, truly, can patent it and turn over their rights to the patent to the government, which will achieve what we wanted to achieve."

But I thought that was a roundabout way to get something done. But that's true in the scientific area; it's very difficult. But it's proper, because otherwise you'd have young engineers holding individual patents on all the space materials, say, "You can't use that on a satellite unless you pay me so much," you know. You have to have them turn it over right in the beginning.

But those are just little aspects of the great big picture of government, which I wouldn't give up—I wouldn't give away those memories for anything in the world. They were hard years, all of them. They were happy years—I managed to work in a little fun along the way!

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You don't have time as you would like it, but partially that was my fault. When I first went to Washington, I was appalled at the number of cocktail invitations I had. There was a cocktail party or a reception or something every single night of the week, and you were sort of supposed to go. And if the senator weren't going, somebody should represent him. That was one reason why I went to law school, because law school came at that particular time when I could gracefully get out of going to cocktail parties. Although I like cocktail parties and I don't have any objection it was just too many.

Since I've been out here I've been impressed with—I don't like to say lack of know-how, that people way away from Washington have about getting something done. Like there is a woman who is going back there in October and she wants to see the rooms in the State Department—the Franklin Room and the Jefferson Room. (And they're worth seeing because they have this magnificent furniture from those eras.) And she said, "How did you get me that ticket when I was there before?"

And I said, "I didn't get you that ticket."

She said, "Who did?"

And I said, "Well, I don't know who did. But I didn't."

So, she said, "Well, how'll I get one?"

And so I told her to go to the senator's office and have the senator's office call the State Department and get her a ticket. It was

very simple, but she was just flabbergasted! And it's a shame that people don't realize that that's what their representatives are there for; to help them and serve them, whether they're out here or back there.

Washington's a beautiful, beautiful city with treasures to see. But it's too far away and too hard to get to, and too rough when you get there, I guess. A lot of people never go, and I don't blame them.

But I'm glad I went, even though I grew up in Washington! I spent more than half my life there! The trips back and forth—oh my! I used to love it when we could go on the train because there wasn't a telephone around, you just couldn't do anything except sleep and relax!

But it was a great period in my life. And the pride of my mother and father was the thing that mattered most to me, I think. They were so proud of their kid! So, it was interesting.

And my time with Mutual has been very nice because on the boards are people of real quality like Jimmy Doolittle, for instance, and Mrs. Bob Hope, and Mr. Meredith from the Meredith Publishing Company. That's a rare privilege to get to know them.

One of the people I got the biggest kick out of was Christina Ford, who was on the board of Interlaken Center for the Arts when I was. She was a whirlwind if I ever saw one! I can understand why they had problems. But it was nice to get to know her and to watch an elegant lady be difficult (which I shouldn't say, but which is true)! Oh, my!

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I haven't any plans for the future except to "enjoy." And I'm so happy to be in Reno, you have no idea. This place is fantastic! And people don't realize it. But I just thoroughly

enjoy every minute here. And then, I travel;  
I've always liked traveling.

I still haven't done my trip to China and probably won't now, but—. That was a horrible sensation, to be all packed, have everything you need for a trip to China and then the night before you go you get the flu! Ahhh! But this People-to-People one, I know my invitation stems from the fact that I was in government in a fairly high position, and it would be interesting to them.

I take great pride in my friends in the mints around the world because I always felt that we could do it better. And on my own, just once at government expense, I went on a trip to Europe to see if I could find some place that was doing better, and I could not. One reason being that most countries make so few coins—to think of making coins by the billions just—oh, they throw up their hands! Because they make 'em by the thousands. So, it's very interesting. And if that Gross National Product ever gets to the place where we need trillions of coins, I just don't know what's going to happen. But I don't think credit cards and paper money will ever take the place of a coin.

And that's about me! I feel I've talked too much about me and not about people I knew.

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